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MY PERILOUS LIFE IN PALESTINE

ROSAMOND DALE OWEN
(Mrs. Laurence Oliphant)

MY PERILOUS LIFE IN PALESTINE

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BY

ROSAMOND DALE OWEN

Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, the owner of Armageddon

Rosamond Dale (Owen) Oliphant

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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS DEDICATED IN REVERENT
GRATITUDE FOR THE UNFAILING WISDOM
AND LOVE SANELY GUIDING AND
BLESSING THE LIVES OF
THEIR CHILDREN

PREFACE

Being Scotch, Welsh, and Puritan, I am inclined to reticence. But one comes to realize in writing a book of this nature that reticence may become a hindering form of selfism, for it is based on the assumption that one's own experiences have been given only for one's own benefit. Were this the case, one would scarcely have the right to publish an autobiography.

I have sought, therefore, in making a choice, to select not what my own predilections dictated, but the recital of such events in my life as I hoped would benefit and uplift the reader. This, then, has been the criterion used, for it was borne in upon me that I was called on to share these experiences, even when I shrank from doing so, because they have been vouchsafed for the sake of others, striving in the same direction, quite as much as they were for my own enlightenment or solace.

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MY PERILOUS LIFE IN PALESTINE

LAURENCE OLIPHANT

The sun was setting on a cloudless July day, and escaping from the heated house I made my way to a hammock swung between two great trees. Weary from a day of hard literary work, I dropped into it and stretched my tired limbs, thankfully lifting my face to let the cool evening breeze play through my hair. When I had settled myself comfortably and was swinging, lazily, a sudden vision swept before my eyes. The pretty garden, with its white and red roses clambering everywhere, seemed to fade from me, as a scene is changed on a darkened stage; and, instead, a new vista appeared. A strange land, inhabited by people as strange, floated before my inner senses, and I realized, through some subtle impression on my brain, that my life was to be completely transformed.

For many long days I had been engaged in a rather monotonous routine of work, and had been so absorbed in the Philosophy I was seeking to write, on which I had been engaged many years, that I had almost forgotten the world still moved outside the garden walls, which had shut me in as completely as though I were a nun. I had seen no one except the two friends with whom I lived, and I had gone nowhere.

When one of my companions, Dorcas, joined me a few moments later, I said nothing of my vision; but during the evening and late into the night the feeling persisted that there would be, very soon, a complete *volte-face* in my life.

The next morning I awoke with the word "Prepare" on my lips, and after Dorcas's husband had left the breakfast-table I said to her: "Dorcas, can you drive me to town in the pony-cart this morning, for I wish to buy a travelling outfit?"

"Where are you going?" she asked in astonishment.

"I have not the slightest idea," I answered, "but I must buy an outfit, and"—the words almost seemed to speak themselves—"I must get some nice underclothing."

"It sounds very much as though you were preparing a trous-

seau," she said, with her merry laugh, "but, so far as I know, no lover has appeared on the scene recently."

"No," I said, "not yet. But I must get ready to go somewhere."

"I don't know whether it is safe to drive about with a woman who is evidently out of her mind," she laughed, as she rang to give the order for the carriage, "but, in any event, you are uncommonly shabby, certainly, and without doubt you need some new clothes."

We journeyed to the neighbouring town, made our purchases, and returned with our little carriage filled to overflowing.

A day or two later I received a letter from Laurence Oliphant, my future husband, followed by a copy of his recently published *Scientific Religion*. He wrote from New York, and asked if he might come to Southern Indiana, where I was then living, and call upon me.

I handed the communication to Dorcas, who said: "Extraordinary letter; why does this noted Englishman want to travel two days and a night by rail to come and call on a woman hidden away in this little corner of Indiana, a woman he has never seen?"

I spent a busy period preparing my clothes, and at the end of it Laurence appeared in our drawing-room.

I had lived so much out of the world, working on the book which I began in 1882 and which is not yet finished, that I was inclined to be timid when I met a stranger, but I felt completely at home with Mr. Oliphant from the moment he took my hand in his.

As the afternoon wore away we went on the veranda, shaded by its clambering roses, and, after a few words, fell into that long, full silence which only unites those who know each other intimately. Presently, as we sat side by side, he turned to me with an almost boyish simplicity of manner, although he was a grey-haired man, and said to me: "Are you happy, resting here?"

"Yes, I am—very happy," I answered.

He then drew from his pocket a picture of Alice, his late wife, and handed it to me.

"A beautiful face," I said, and as I looked I felt that she also was of my kindred, both she and Laurence seeming nearer to me than friends I had known for years.

We sat through the quiet, moonlight evening, saying little to each other; but, as he rose to bid me good-night, I saw reflected

in his face, which had looked ill and weary when first he came, the deep peace that filled my own being.

Early the next morning he called again, and his first words were:

"I am going to Palestine with a party of friends; will you join us?"

"When?" I said.

"In ten days; can you get ready?"

"Will you give me twenty-four hours in which to pray for guidance?" I asked

"Yes, certainly. But I trust you will come," he said, with a strange break in his voice, as though he were a man in need of help.

We spent the day together, talking of many things, and I realized that we could spend years together, and never come to the end of our mutual interests. To him, the man of the world, this was not surprising, perhaps; but to me, who was so often shyly dumb in the presence of others, it was a new experience, and a very astonishing one, seeing that our two lives had been spent in such totally different environments.

On leaving, he asked me somewhat anxiously whether I had read his Philosophy, *Scientific Religion*, and whether my own book contradicted it in any wise.[1]

I said to him that I had read it through once, and intended to study it more carefully when I had the leisure; but I thought that the two books agreed so far as essentials were concerned, where they touched on similar points, but in the main the ground traversed was not at all the same.

The day after his departure I left my dear friends, Dorcas and her husband, in whose house I had spent a quiet year of work, and returned to the home of my brother, Julian Dale Owen, in New Harmony, the village where my grandfather, Robert Owen, had tried his social experiment. During the short journey between the two towns, I sought to arrange my rather bewildered ideas, in order to give some sort of coherent account to my family; but I was afraid I did not succeed, for when I walked, unannounced, into the dining-room, where my brother, his wife, and children sat at the evening meal, I could only say in answer to the startled and joyous shout:

[1] *The Mediators*, preceded by a small book on the same lines, called *Duality: Male and Female created He them.*

"Aunt Rosamond, where did you spring from?"

"Good evening, I am on my way to Jerusalem."

The news that "Miss Rose," as I was called in the village, was *en route* to Palestine spread rapidly through the little town, and our spacious veranda was soon filled to overflowing with eagerly questioning visitors. When I retired, at a late hour, I found a miserable, sobbing girl in my bed. My niece, Grace, who had been under my care since her babyhood, was crying her heart out at the thought of our separation. But as I took her in my arms I said to her:

"Don't cry, honey" (our familiar term of endearment, borrowed from the negroes), "for I feel sure that you will join me in the Holy Land. We shall not be separated long, dearest child." She fell asleep, presently, in my arms, but it was long before her sobbing breath grew quiet.

The next two or three days were very busy ones, as I had to leave everything in order for a long absence, and to bid good-bye to all my friends.

The platform at the station was crowded on the morning of my departure to give me a warm God-speed, a warmth which we Westerners miss in other more reserved lands; and as the train sped out of the station I could scarcely see, through my blinding tears, the flowers and fruit showered upon me by my relatives and friends. Yet, though I was leaving my beloved home, I felt, in some mysterious way, that in truth I was going to join my own nearest of kin, stranger though he was to me.

On reaching New York I went to the house of a relative, where Laurence called in the evening, and after two or three busy days, wherein he introduced me to his friends, we set sail for Europe, accompanied by Laurence's acquaintances, a lady and gentleman, with their daughter Rosa.

When the bustle of departure was over and the regular routine of the boat inaugurated, we settled in our steamer-chairs, side by side, in a quiet part of the deck, even as we had sat on Dorcas's veranda. But, whereas I had been filled with a deep contentment in the moonlit garden, I was now seized, suddenly, with a sort of panic, as I looked out upon the hurrying waves, and realized that I was being carried away from all my familiar surroundings. Laurence was leaning back in his chair; and, as I glanced at his profile, I was struck by the fact that the face was almost unknown to me. I looked at the tall figure, which fell into graceful lines

no matter what position he took; I noted, it seemed to me for the first time, so hurried had the short days been—I noted the remarkable outline of his dome-like head, the deep eyes and strong features; I observed, with some concern, the strange, grey pallor of his skin, and, above all, I was struck by the unfamiliar intonations of his English speech, as he turned to address me. It seemed to me I had known the inner man for centuries, and so absorbed had I been in the spiritual bond between us, it came upon me, almost as a shock, that the outer man, whom I had not observed with close attention until now, was a stranger to me. What had induced me, with my shy reserve, my Scotch clannishness, to embark on this venture, accompanied only by unknown companions, who were carrying me away from all my own people to a strange new land?

Again, he turned to me with the same expression he had worn on Dorcas's veranda, and with a deeply contented voice said:

"Child, do not be home-sick; it is right, quite right, that you should come with me," and taking my hand in his with the sort of masterful homage which best comforts a frightened woman, he kissed it reverently. With the touch my fears vanished, and a blessed balm poured through my trembling, overwrought frame.

Two days later Laurence asked me to be his wife, and told me the story of his coming to America.

"I was in Paris with Murray—my dear young friend—when he received a letter from you, Rosamond. He said you and he had been writing to each other for several years, and that he trusted your judgment about spiritual things as he trusted the insight of no other human being. He gave me the letter to read and I said as I folded it: 'Murray, I must see the woman who wrote that letter.' 'It is impossible,' he replied, 'she is in Southern Indiana, U.S.A., and we are in Paris.'

" 'It does not matter where she is,' I said, 'I am going to find her.' I started for America without loss of time, wrote to you, sent you *Scientific Religion*, and as soon as possible reached you in person. At first the idea of marriage was not in my mind, but after I had seen you in Southern Indiana I knew that I had found the helpmate that I needed. There is only one objection to making you my wife, so far as I can see," he said, with his characteristic laugh, which revealed depths of emotion not often sounded by the most solemn utterances of other men, "only one reason why

I should not marry you, and that is that I want to marry you so very much. Were God to tell me to give you up, child, I should have a great struggle to obey Him. Somehow, in these few short days, you have twined yourself into my life, and I need your help, I do so need your help," he said, with a catch in his voice which went to my heart.

He was now standing before me, and as I looked up at the tall form I noticed afresh the grey pallor of his face and a look of great weariness in his pose, graceful as it was.

"Dear friend," I said, "I am bewildered, for I am a slow sort of person, and these sudden changes do not suit me. Will you give me time to pray, so that I may be illumined?"

"Yes, but you will not take too long to make up your mind, will you? for I fear my fifty-nine years of life have not yet taught me the art of waiting patiently. By the way, how old are you?"

"I am forty-two," I said.

"Well, we ought to be old enough to know our own minds when we do make them up," he said gaily, and then with the sudden change of tone which was one of his charms, he added, again with the strangely pathetic inflection in his voice, "You will not keep me in suspense very long, my child?"

"No, I will pray with all my strength to know the Will of God, and will tell you what comes to me as soon as I can clearly hear His answer."

I spent the whole night in prayer, and the next morning, when I stepped out of my cabin, I met Laurence waiting in the passage outside. His eagerly expectant eyes searched mine, and he said: "Well, what is the answer?"

"Can we find a quiet, private place on deck?" I asked.

"Yes, it is early, and there are only a few people about."

He found a sheltered nook, wrapped my rugs about me, and then stood impatiently before me.

"Well," he repeated, "what is the answer?"

Then, as I looked up at him, amused at his impetuous haste, we both burst into hearty laughter.

"You are right," he said, "after living fifty-nine and forty-two years respectively, it is possible to wait a few moments longer, is it not? I don't know why I feel such a sense of haste, of anxiety —I scarcely know what to call it—as though something might come between us. But you will tell me quickly, will you not, what decision you have reached?"

"The answer to my prayer seems to be very clear," I said, "and it is this:

"I believe that Alice, your dear Alice, is your mate. She will be yours, I trust, to all eternity, and I can in no wise fill her place, and shall not ask to do so. I can love her with you, and I feel that even in heaven my love will be acceptable. So whenever it is my privilege to serve you, you may know that her hand is clasped in mine. Thus helped, I believe that I can be of use to you, and I am willing to take your name."

"Do you believe that you are capable of maintaining such an attitude?" said Laurence.

"I hope so—I believe so—with God's help."

"Then, may He bless you always, my dearest friend."

He took my face in his hands and kissed me on the forehead. It could scarcely be called a lover's kiss, and yet its sweetness filled my being with so great a delight that I did not envy the most passionately loved young bride whose lover had failed to remember God when he embraced her.

We did not know, at that happy moment, how soon our trials were to begin; but I may say here that throughout the difficult months which followed I felt that Alice, his beloved first wife, stood by me, and I could scarcely have borne the ordeal had not God, in His goodness, permitted me to feel her tender help and sympathy.

After breakfast, on our way upstairs, Laurence drew me into the open door of Rosa's cabin. She was lying, dressed, in her berth, but was afraid to venture on deck, fearing seasickness.

He pulled me down beside him on the couch opposite her berth.

"Rosa," he said, "I am going to be married." He glanced at her with a shy, whimsical look—"and here she is," he added, putting my hand in Rosa's.

"Why not, Mr. Oliphant?" said Rosa. "I think we have all guessed it, from the time Miss Dale Owen reached New York. May I say this: It is true that you are no longer a young man, but I think any woman you chose to honour with your affection could love you. I envy you," she said, turning to me with a pretty gesture, and folding our hands together she kissed them both. She was a dear girl, and we were thankful to have her blessing on our union.

In all the dreams of my youth I had never pictured a wooing

quite like ours. It was so matter of fact, and yet so blessedly satisfying, filling my soul with contentment. I felt that we were comrades, yoke-fellows in labour, rather than sweethearts, and yet the twelve days of our voyage remain with me as days of pure delight. The weariness seemed to disappear from Laurence's face, the strange, pinched pallor was no longer noticeable, the fresh winds giving him a flush of colour. His brilliant wit, which seemed to have been under some sort of restraint, escaped from bondage, and our fellow-passengers sometimes turned in wonder to hear such peals of laughter from so grey-haired a couple. In short, Laurence was at his best, and at his best he was the most entertaining companion I had ever known.

When trouble overtook us later, I felt that God had been very good to give us this short period of care-free joy. Our years seemed to drop from us, and we were like a happy boy and girl. In all my youth, when I took life very seriously, I had never imagined so much pure fun could be compressed into two short weeks.

One evening as we sat on the deck, loth to move, although most of the passengers had gone below, I said to Laurence:

"Dear friend, I scarcely understand the transformation you have wrought in me. I warn you that I am Scotch, Welsh, and Puritan, and have inherited, therefore, a threefold stiff-neckedness. They tell me I greatly resemble Robert Owen, my grandfather, and his father-in-law sometimes said to him, after a discussion: 'Robert, thou need'st be very right, for thou art very obstinate.' I am afraid I have inherited his characteristic. It is certain that I have the faults of these three strains of blood."

"Perhaps," said Laurence, "but it seems to me you have also inherited the virtues. Yet I see that your seriousness is so profound as to hinder, sometimes, your usefulness. You have not enough elasticity to minimize the bad effects of a shock."

"It is true," I said, wondering a little at the fact that he seemed to know me better than I knew myself. "I am also unwise enough to seek to carry the whole world-burden in my own strength. I used to cry myself to sleep, night after night, when I was a girl, because I could not cleanse the world of sin and folly, at once and for ever."

"Precisely," said Laurence, "I can quite believe it; and while you are vainly trying to assume the Saviour's place, you have forgotten one of the important duties of woman." He lifted my

face to his with a gesture half-tender, half-teasing, and laughingly added: "Like many wise philosophers, who supply the ballast of the world to keep the rest of us level-keeled, you have forgotten that it is the mission of a woman to be beautiful. Alice was much better looking than you are, Rosamond."

"I know it," I said wistfully, "and I have feared that you might be disappointed."

His deeply tender eyes looked into mine. "Do not be troubled, dearest friend. You are not beautiful, it is true, but you have enough good looks to satisfy me. You have a noble head, Rosamond, and eyes so true and steadfast, that no man could doubt you once he has looked into their depths. You are a rest to my soul, and I thank God for you, His good gift to me in my hour of need." He took my hand in his, and we sat for many minutes in that motionless silence which is so full, so satisfying, that it seems to lift years of weariness from the burdened spirit.

"We cannot sit here all night, I suppose," said Laurence, at last, "although I should like to do so, and before we go below there is a subject upon which I should like to consult you, a subject which troubles me."

He stretched his graceful length in the steamer chair, and clasping his hands above his head, he looked up at the stars as though he were marshalling the ideas, or facts, he wished to consult me about. He seemed to be strenuously absorbed, but presently his being was relaxed as though inviting some gracious presence to enter and illumine him. As I looked at him I was startled by a swift pang of jealousy. Was he calling upon Alice to help him, had he forgotten my presence? I realized, then, how the contact with his magnetic personality had filled my starved little being with a new, rich life. The virility of the man was revealed to me. Graceful as was his pose, pale as were his features, in the moonlight; finely tapered as were the hands, interlaced above his brow; soft and waving as was his long silken beard—yet one knew that beneath the grace of the man of the world there was a character strong as steel. For a moment, then, my heart was tempted to cry out: "Give me the right of possession, do not ask me to serve as the handmaiden of another woman, dead and out of sight. I have been half-starved, always, and now, at last, I have found one who can fill my life. O God, give him to me."

But happily the storm, although violent, was short. I knew that

in reply to the deepest prayer I had been able to offer, lasting during the whole night, the answer had come: "He belongs to Alice"; and God has been good enough to endow me with a certain amount of common sense. When a truth is patent to me, I am able to see, clearly and at once, that it is a great waste of time to regret the inevitable. If, in answer to the most earnest and oft-repeated prayer I knew how to utter, God had permitted me to be deceived, then there was no God. Hence, I believed, fully and firmly believed, that Laurence and his beloved Alice were mates, now and for ever. I therefore said to myself: "You know that he belongs to Alice, do not, then, break your foolish heart over a fact which, from the beginning, you have fully accepted." By dint of stamping this verity, about which I had no shadow of doubt, again and again on my revolting consciousness, I was able, when Laurence began to speak, to turn to him with a mind so far serenely balanced that I could listen to what he had to say with a quiet, a disengaged attention.

He looked at me, for a moment, with his quick divination. "Yes, I knew the struggle would come to one or possibly both of us," he said. "We fit each other so harmoniously, it is such a delight to be together, is it not, Rosamond; and yet I am convinced, even as you are, that we are not mates, not opposite-answering complements, but similars, in spite of the fact that we are so unlike in some things. It is a subtle, difficult subject to analyse; for instance, although we have been so short a time together, the accord between us seems smoother than it did, at times, between Alice and myself; yet we are both aware, I think, that it is thus accordant not because we are more closely allied, but because we sing together in a simple unison, as brother and sister, whereas Alice and I were attuned in a more difficult, because more complex, and hence, in a richer harmony."

"However," he added, with one of his sudden transitions, "do not let us waste our time by discussing a question the practical side of which is settled, for I warn you," he said with a masterful gesture, "I warn you that we are going to be married as soon as we land, or at least as soon as the law permits after landing. Let us, then, utilize our time by considering a question which is in an absolute muddle, for I do not seem to be able to decide whether I have done right or wrong. May I enter into some rather intimate and personal matters, dear child? You will not be shocked?"

"I do not think you will ever say anything to shock me," I said.

"Well, then," he continued, taking out his watch, "I must put the matter to you concisely, for it is getting very late, the decks seem to be deserted.

"As a man of the world, and knowing the habits of my comrades, I became convinced that sex sins are the most dangerous sins on earth, and carry with them the worst possible consequences. The first realization I had of this fact came to me when my wise father took me to see a certain collection which is, or which was, in Paris. I do not know whether it is still in existence. The horrible diseases incurred through sex licence were here represented in lifelike, coloured papier-mâché figures, and all the sermons in the world could not have impressed me as did the sight of these creatures eaten by loathsome diseases. I deeply regret that the lesson did not bear the fruits it ought to have done in my youth; nevertheless, it made a strong impression on me, and had a restraining influence. I have felt it my duty, therefore, to do what lay in my power to cleanse this filthy sewer which pollutes the whole world with its stench.

"So far as my own life is concerned, the way seemed to lie straight before me. My Maker made it quite clear to me, at last, in answer to a deep supplication for guidance, that in order to be a man one must be in control of one's own organism; for if one is not the master of powerful passions, one is bound to be their slave. One must compel them or be compelled by them.

"Hence, I learnt self-control by sleeping with my beloved and beautiful Alice in my arms for twelve years without claiming the rights of a husband. We lived as a sister and brother. I am a passionate lover, and so it was difficult, very difficult," he said, unconsciously clenching both hands as he remembered his struggle, "but it did not prove to be impossible. I was able to keep my vow, and I shall never regret having made it.

"Presently, when my health failed for a short time, my physician ascribed my breakdown to my continence.

" 'I do not believe you,' I said to him, 'but even were it true, is it not high time for men to be willing to suffer a little in order to prove that passion can be bridled, when thousands upon thousands of helpless women have been broken down, and have even died, because passion is so often unbridled? I have known cases in my own circle of acquaintances where men have been told by

their physicians that it was dangerous for their wives to have more children. Yet the children have been born, and the mothers have died. Are not such husbands murderers? Is it not necessary, then, to cry a halt, in order to determine the place which men occupy? Are they bound to be slaves, governed by their own physical desires, and hence brutelike; or may they aspire to have dominion over themselves, and hence over the earth?"

I clasped his clenched hands in mine, and, loosening his fingers, kissed them fervently.

"I understand, now, why we have been able to create around us a world of innocence in which, in spite of our grey hairs, we have lived like two blessed children, care-free and sin-free. Oh, Laurence, the pure delight you have given me ought to repay you a little for the sacrifice you have made. You have seemed so different from other men."

The tears stood in his eyes as he turned to me: "Is it true, my friend, that I have been able to create, at last, a new man in myself? If that is so, then I thank Him, and I repeat, with a double conviction, I believe that I was led aright."

"But now comes the puzzling question I wish to place before you. I am a very impatient man," he said ruefully. "I am always tempted to pluck up seedling flowers by the roots to be sure that they are growing. So I have tried to push the world on a little faster by placing two or three young couples, who were not married, in a tempting proximity in order to teach them the habit of self-control. Do you think that this was a wise course to take? I, like Murray, have come to trust your judgment as I trust the wisdom of no other mortal creature; so tell me, dear one, do you think I was right or wrong?"

I sat for some time in prayerful thought before answering him.

"Well," said Laurence, presently, turning in his seat with restless eagerness, "are you condemning me, my little Puritan?"

"No, absolutely no. It is clear to me that if you have been misled, as I believe you have been, then the mistake you have made is to your credit, in this sense: Having had the strength of will to become complete master of yourself, you have believed that other more ordinary men would do likewise. So I do not condemn you, but I honour you, even though it seems to me you have made a mistake, and for this reason:

"You would not feel warranted in putting strong drink before a drunkard, when you knew he was unable to resist it. You would

not place a beautiful fallen woman in the path of a loose, a willless sensualist. You would not leave unguarded gold where an unrepentant thief would be sure to find it. In short, you would believe it to be wrong to tempt any mortal beyond his strength. If, then, you create temptations, artificial in the sense that you yourself have invented them, this act presupposes that you know precisely the strength of those whom you place in this artificially created environment, and hence you are sure that the allurement is not too strong, that the temptation is not greater than they can bear. As only our God can search the human soul to its depth, it seems to me that you have been wrongfully seeking to assume His prerogative," I said.

"Is it not true that He, only, can tell what a man is able to bear, to resist, and hence He only is able subtly to adjust our environment to our needs, permitting circumstances which will help us, if we do our best, and forbidding circumstances, which inevitably will lead us to destruction. If He does not thus fit the environment to the requirements of the organism, He is not our God but a bungler, less able to take care of His children than a wise and careful earthly parent, who sees to it that his child is surrounded by the most salutary influences he, the parent, can command.

"So, dear Laurence, I think you ought to leave the work of God in the hands of God, and not seek to create artificial temptations when you cannot measure, with any certainty, the resisting powers of the tempted ones."

"I think you are right," he said, "and it is an immense relief to me to believe that you are. A weight has dropped from my shoulders. Yes, I see that we must let God manage His own children in His own way. As usual, it is conceit which has misled me; I thought I could improve on God's methods and hurry His work."

After a pause, he added, rather anxiously, "But take my own life; do you think I was wrong there?"

"It does not seem to me that you were," I said. "The case is altogether different. You did not artificially create a temptation, it was the natural consequence of your marriage. Your relation was legitimate, you were not thrown together in a compromising manner, as was the case with the young couples whose self-control you wished to test and train. The decision did not lie between avoiding the temptation or creating it, in order to resist

it; for, being a married man, the temptation was there, self-created. Hence your choice lay between an indulgence the world calls legitimate, and an asceticism which, in answer to prayer, you believed God asked of you. You were deciding, in short, with regard to your own actions, God-directed, so you believed, and you were not seeking to judge for others. It is certain the Bible leads us to accept that self-control in marriage, for a given time, and for a sensible, legitimate purpose, is right, for Saint Joseph teaches us this lesson; and to sum up, the last and best test of a given experiment is the fruit which it bears, is it not true?" I knelt down at his side for a moment, on the deserted deck, and looking up at him reverently, I added: "I, your affianced wife, can testify that in your case the fruit is very good. I have never met another man quite like you, although I have been surrounded by distinguished men always, and several lovers have wished to marry me. I do not know what sort of life you may have led in your youth, nor what errors you may have made since, but now your long years of self-control have so purified you that a woman can trust you, absolutely."

He raised me and folded me in his arms, saying with simple earnestness: "Rosamond, I thank you." Then he added, "The only regret I have is this: It seemed to me at the end of eight or nine years that I had learnt my lesson, and I wanted very much to have a child; the passion of the parent woke in me. But Alice objected, and, as she had to bear the pains and penalties of maternity, it seemed to me it was she who had the right to decide. So I yielded."

There was something in his wistful face that brought the hot tears to my eyes. It was the look of the martyr willing to be crucified, if, through the crucifying, self and its progeny of personal desires could be killed also.

This subject was never discussed between us again, and hence I was amazed when, later, a wholly unexpected storm burst over my head, which I will describe presently.

It is difficult to define "Laurence Oliphant's charm," for its very elusiveness constituted a part of it. He was so gay, when he should have been serious, as to seem almost frivolous; and so serious, where most men are gay, as to seem unbalanced. The joy of living, happily, filled him, often, when the moment before he had looked prematurely aged, lined, suffering. One could not

analyse him, for while one sought to do so he had changed to a new creature; and yet the steadfast eyes and strong features spoke of a fidelity and a purpose which were unchanging. He was endlessly varied, and yet one knew that his love, once given, would remain faithfully constant always. Above all, he had not one vestige of that monotonous goodness which seems to turn goodness almost into a vice. His speech was racy, his descriptions subtle, his intuitions marvellously quick; and yet in some matters he was as easily deceived as a child; believing, where others doubted; accepting, in spite of his keen powers of analysis, what others rejected. One seemed, then, to be in the company of twenty different men, and under these circumstances life could never seem dull.

This strangely interesting character, worldly wise by dint of living in high places, among kings and princes, rested, at the same time, on a foundation of touchingly simple meekness, claiming nothing, and if necessary ready to sacrifice all things; so that while one laughed at his brilliant wit, the wit of the polished man of the world, one felt that the tears were close behind, ready to be shed, because of his pathetic self-immolation.

His keenness was like a lance skilfully wielded in order, if need be, to be willingly broken at last; a self-abnegation which set him in sharp contrast to meaner men who fight to succeed at all hazards.

If the reader can compound out of this mixture what is called a character, and define the type to which it belongs, it is more than I was able to do. There is only one thing certain, Laurence Oliphant was able to draw one's heart from out one's breast, the emotion being so intense as to seem almost like a pain, because one pitied him as much as one revered him.

T. LAKE HARRIS

On the day following this conversation, Laurence chanced to mention T. Lake Harris, and told me the history of his connection with this remarkable man, a connection about which so much has been said and written.

"He met me," said Laurence, "at a moment when I was at the parting of the ways. I had come to realize that pride, vanity, conceit, was the bane of man, his self-sufficiency standing as an impenetrable wall between his God and himself. It is the chief impediment which prevents us from seeing, face to face, the glory of our Creator. Being filled with ourselves, we cannot be filled by Him. There is no room for Him to enter. I knew, at the same time, that pride was wound into the very fibres of my being. Wherever I had turned success had followed me, so I had an augmented share of the conceit which blinds all Anglo-Saxons. English pride, flowing as a broad and silent river, is only equalled by American vanity rushing along like a noisily hurrying stream," he said, nodding at me emphatically.

"I do not deny it," I answered, smiling back at him.

"Well, then, the question remained, how was I to get rid of my foolish conceit influencing every breath I drew? This question was paramount in my mind when I met T. Lake Harris. It turned out that he was better able to bully me than any man I had ever met, and as I needed to be bullied, I remained with him until his tyrannies had had the desired effect. At his bidding I worked for fourteen years in the fields, acted as stable-boy, sold strawberries at the railway stations, etc., and at intervals I returned to the world, filled lucrative positions, and sent the considerable sums of money I had gained to Harris. In short, I was willingly shorn of all the prerogatives my station in life had conferred upon me.

"In the beginning, I believed Harris to be a great and a good man, and I still think he might have filled a lofty place had he taken the right turn; but he took the wrong one, being blinded, principally, through love of power and love of money. Finally, he wished me to use, as it seemed to me dishonourably, the knowledge I gained by occupying an inner place in a certain

business centre, in order to make a large sum of money, and was angry when I refused. I had had doubts of him before this, but from this time the scales fell completely from my eyes. Yet, in answer to the deepest supplication for guidance I knew how to utter, I was still led to remain under his orders, although the position had grown to be most irksome.

"There were times when I felt I could no longer bear it. I remember one evening I was driving home a load of potatoes in a farm wagon. Suddenly I felt as though something in me would break if I did not have some sort of outlet. I threw the reins on the backs of the horses, a fine pair of well-bred animals, and whipping them into a mad gallop, which they seemed to enjoy as much as I did, we went down the road at a break-neck pace, I shouting at the top of my lungs. I am told that prisoners sometimes break out in this way and warn their keepers that the frenzy is coming. I can sympathize with them, and I must say I never enjoyed a better quarter of an hour than the one wherein we spun blindly, dangerously, along the country road. The neighbours, hearing the commotion, ran after us in an ever-growing crowd, and when the affrighted company reached us, my intelligent team had raced, unguided, into the stable yard where they belonged, without grazing a gatepost, and I was calmly feeding them.

"The next morning, cheerfully taking up my yoke again, I went back over the track and picked up the scattered potatoes, searching until I thought I had found the last one.

"Finally, after about fourteen years of service, I received from Harris a peremptory and unreasonable command, while I was in Europe filling one of the posts of which I have spoken. With a wearied patience, I was preparing, as usual, to obey him, when suddenly the words came to me, 'It is finished.' Chains, more binding than any physical chains could be, dropped from me as if by magic, and I instantly knew a freedom so unfettered that I seemed as one born again. Only a man who had suffered my bondage could know, by constrast, my splendid sense of liberty. New powers awoke in me, fresh inspirations, an exhilarating energy. God was repaying me a hundredfold for all that I had forfeited; with this great gain that the new man was a much humbler creature than the old one had been.

"Then followed a struggle. Harris had been under the impression that I obeyed him because he had mastered me. He did not

understand that the bondage had been wholly self-imposed, voluntary, that it had been suffered for a given end; namely, to kill my pride. Therefore, when I went back to America to make a settlement with him, he quite failed to grasp the fact that his control over me was at an end.

"On returning to his Colony, I found that abuses had crept in of which I wholly disapproved; and hence I induced those who had joined the Society because I belonged to it to leave it with me.

"When Harris found that the ground was being cut from under his feet, and that I condemend his unworthy acts, he made desperate efforts to resist me. Among other things, he attempted to get me into an insane asylum. Needless to say he failed; and, in the end, Alice and myself left the Colony after obtaining a part, although not the whole, of the money due to us."

"FINALLY we settled, Alice and I, in Haifa, Syria, at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the home to which I am taking you, dear one, and there we lived, unmolested, for three blessed years. Harris had been as tyrannical to Alice as he had been to me, and this was the heaviest cross I had to carry—a cross which, at times, seemed intolerable. She was sent away from me to toil in the humblest positions, positions which her patrician blood ill-fitted her to fill, and to think of my delicately nurtured, my sensitive Alice exposed to these buffetings of fate, living on the meagre pittance she was able, by hard work, to earn—this trial was almost more than I could bear, although she herself endured it meekly, patiently, willingly.

"Still the Inner Voice, which to the Christian is louder than any worldly-wise speech of surrounding counsellors—this Voice bid us endure, and at last God Himself released us both.

"And He repaid us; a thousandfold did He repay us; the joy was short, it is true, for my beloved was taken after three years, but there are few people on this earth, I believe, to whom is given so flawless a peace, so blessed a joy, as was vouchsafed to Alice and myself in the Holy Land.

"There she died in our house on Mount Carmel, built at the edge of the Druse village, Dalieh, died of a malarial fever, contracted while we were camping near Tiberias. She was your age when she was released, and for a few days my life was so unbearably desolate that it seemed impossible for me to go on living withour her. But God saw my need, and in His mercy permitted me to feel her presence, pouring a blessed balm into my soul.

"From that hour to this I have struggled on as best I could, during three hard-working years. Now," he added solemnly, "I have met you, and in some strange way, which I do not attempt to explain, Alice has seemed nearer to me from the moment you took her picture in your hands on that first day. God has not only given you to me, as a precious gift, but in and through you Alice has seemed to be more intimately restored to me. I do not know whether I am dreaming, whether some strange fancy possesses me, or whether it is the truth. What do you think, Rosamond?"

"I do not believe it to be an illusion, but the truth, a truth we cannot understand, because, as yet, we have almost totally failed to realize how great is the power of love. You love Alice and myself, I love yourself and Alice, then should not this love unite us instead of separating us? Is it the province of love to wrench souls apart? I think not. You love me less than you love Alice—I accept this, because I believe that, from the beginning, God placed Alice nearest to you, and I wish to bow, without resistance, to His Will. If we are united in and through Him, is it possible for His divine bond also to separate us? Can love ever cleave a chasm between any two lovers in a group of unselfish lovers, instantly willing to yield any rights which He does not confer?"

"But in some respects you are greater than Alice, a wiser, stronger woman; then, is it right for you to feel that you are her handmaiden?" said Laurence.

"Set in my own true home, God would crown me as queen, even as He crowns the humblest woman living. But, for the moment, I am serving in Alice's home, as many women are asked to do in order to help their sisters; and this is an honourable position, is it not true?"

"Well," said Laurence, giving me his arm, "let us take a walk; whatever else is true, it is certain that our cramped limbs need stretching."

The next day, when we were pacing the deck, he said abruptly: "If I am not your mate, he must be somewhere in this world, and I am robbing him?"

"He may not be in this world," I said, "but in heaven. At any rate, God has not yet sent him, and He has sent you and has made it clear to us that He has brought us together for some wise purpose. You agree with me, Laurence, that it is not best for minds with a mystical tendency to get into too much of a labyrinth, but it is wiser, is it not, to keep to the narrow path marked out by duty? We have prayed with all our hearts to be shown the step straight before us, and we both believe that He leads us to be married. We know that, so far, we have greatly helped each other, and we hope to be of still greater service, one to another, and to our friends, in the future. So, dear, I may now reflect to you, the new nature with which you have endowed me. Let us walk gaily, hand in hand, missing no good and beautiful thing on our way, obeying Him step by step, and being ever

ready to separate in order the better to serve Him, even should He order us to do so when we stand at the foot of the Altar, ready to be married. Thus flexibly obedient, we cannot make a false step—is it not true? for He is not a fiend who lies to His children, when they earnestly desire to hear the truth and nothing but the truth.

"Let us be like Saint Joseph, for whom I have the greatest reverence, imitating him in a simple, faithful obedience, only asking to be shown, clearly, the next step and leaving the future in God's hands. Often it is not possible for our Maker to reveal to us His whole plan, but He can and will illumine the way immediately before us."

"You are right, my wise helpmate." He straightened himself to his full height, as though he had thrown off a load, and drawing my arm closer in his we walked up and down the deck, our happy souls seeming to skim the waves with the sea-gulls; to sparkle on the waters with the sun-shafts; to race, untrammelled, with the free winds; and, above all, to laugh with the merry, care-free children playing about the deck.

"Yes," he repeated, "you are right. We are duffers, idiots, blind and deaf idiots; for believing in an omnipotent God, we are always afraid He will forget to look after us, and so we try to pick our anxious way through the world's mire, and forget that the everlasting heavens bend above us. Well, then, it is settled; we are going to be married, God willing, as soon as we land, trusting that when one has asked God to show the way, He does not mischievously lead one astray. The main thing is to keep our human wills absolutely flexible, so that He can turn us with a touch, should we happen to stray into the wrong path. This flexibility I learnt with Harris, and I never saw more clearly the use of my blind, my seemingly stupid, obedience, than I do at this moment. I had to be broken in, and Harris was chosen as an effective instrument, for a worse, a more unreasonable tyrant than he came to be I never encountered. I do not pretend to say that the servants of Christ must always find a Harris to aid their development. Mine, I think, was a peculiar case; I was suffering because of unchecked success in all I undertook to do. But such an experience does yield this comfort to others. They may know, when fate permits them to be unmercifully bullied, that the bullies will teach them a grand lesson, if they are willing learners; namely, a perfect, an exquisite, flexibility to the touch of God."

On the following day, when we were comfortably settled side by side, resting in a contentment which seemed as though it could last for ever, Laurence said: "I have been talking a great deal about myself, but I have not heard a word about you. Now begin from the very beginning and tell me everything. In the first place, I have been looking up the history of your grandfather's Community, the Robert Owen Community at New Harmony, where you were born, and it is certain that I must mind my ways, for evidently you have been brought up in a brilliant circle of men, and you will begin to snub me if I am not on my best behaviour. This is the information I have gathered: To begin with, it seems that your father, Robert Dale Owen, was the influence which persuaded Abraham Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation." Laurence drew a notebook from his pocket and quoted the following: "When Emancipation seemed to hang in the balance, Robert Dale Owen penned a remarkable letter to President Lincoln under date of September 17, 1862. This masterpiece has been described as an ever-enduring monument of dispassionate, well-reasoned, perfectly poised deductions, at a very critical time in the life of a great nation. To this day the reader of his eloquent appeal finds himself stirred by the simple power of this great paper.

" 'Its perusal thrilled me like a trumpet call,' said President Lincoln.

" 'It will be a satisfaction to you to know,' wrote Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, to Mr. Dale Owen, 'that your letter to the President had more influence on him than any document which reached him on the subject—I think I may say than all others put together. I speak of that which I know from personal conference with him.'

"The Preliminary Proclamation was issued five days after the receipt of Mr. Owen's letter." [1]

[1] Ex-President Taft, addressing a New Harmony audience, recently spoke as follows: "The people of New Harmony do well to celebrate the centennial of her birth. No other town with one hundred years of history can claim close relation to so many movements of sociological and political interest. . . . The beautiful character and disposition of the Owen family, their devotion to their ideals, their self-sacrifice,

"Yes," I said, "that is a correct report. My father was more gratefully proud of this achievement than of all the rest of his political triumphs. After persuading Mr. Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, he proceeded, in order to educate the people, to flood the country with thousands of copies of his pamphlets, which had a strong influence.

"But he had a disappointment in the end. It was his earnest belief that the negroes should not be given a vote for at least twenty years. He had almost carried his point when, by a turn of the wheel of fate, the question was decided against him. He believed that those who advocated this step showed a serious lack of judgment."

their courage, their wide public interest, their profound sympathy with the oppressed, their constant activity and agitation for better things, furnished an example of the highest type for the youth of Indiana, and for the whole country, as men who unselfishly and bravely sought to be real servants of mankind."

President Woodrow Wilson writes: "Everything that I know about that interesting and remarkable community, New Harmony, and its unusual history of progress and enlightenment, has made me desirous of taking part in a celebration which will illustrate so many of the most interesting features of American life."

LAURENCE again consulted his notebook: "This little village where you were born, New Harmony, seems to be a remarkable spot, for many of the great reforms of the United States seem to have emanated from this small centre. You grew up in a stimulating environment. This is what I have found in books I have been consulting:

" 'Notable as New Harmony was in its own time the perspective of years is necessary to an adequate portrayal of its importance in American history. There the doctrine of universal elementary education at public expense, without regard to sex or sect, as a duty of the State, was first proclaimed in the Middle West, and through the labours of Robert Dale Owen, more than any other man, this conception of the State's duty has found expression in a common school system that is the glory of the Republic. Through Robert Owen, William Maclure, and Joseph Neef, Pestalozzi's pupil, the Pestalozzian system of education was first successfully transplanted to the United States. William Maclure's manual training school at New Harmony was the second of its kind in the United States, and through that institution and its popular publications the ideal of technical training was first widely disseminated in this country. The infant schools established at New Harmony by Robert Owen, "the Father of infant education," and conducted throughout the lifetime of the communistic experiments, were the first of their kind in America. It was in the schools of New Harmony that the theory of equal educational privileges for the sexes was first put into practice. Through the younger Owens and their assistants New Harmony became the greatest scientific centre in America, with David Dale Owen in charge. It was the site of a museum containing the remarkable collections of Say and Maclure, and owned a scientific library unexcelled on the Continent. The first Women's Club was inaugurated at New Harmony; the more talented members, leading the Club, won the right to call it by its rather ambitious name, "The Minerva," for there were gifted women among them. Robert Dale Owen was the legislative father of the Smithsonian Institution. It was in New Harmony that women were first given

a voice and vote in local legislative assemblages. New Harmony became one of the earliest centres of the movement for the abolition of slavery, forcibly and effectively voiced through Robert Dale Owen; and he impressed upon American law the modern conception of the legal rights of women.[1] New Harmony gave to the West a system of Mechanics' libraries from which dates the beginning of general culture. This village gave the first known American example of prohibition of the liquor traffic by administrative edict. The religious toleration taught at New Harmony has served as a leaven of liberality in religious thought, until the narrow type of religion, which the Owenites so steadfastly opposed, has in a large measure disappeared. New Harmony, therefore, was a centre of light, while it was still surrounded by "the trackless wild," and its place in history has never been adequately appreciated, Robert Owen's failure being, in truth, a most remarkable success, insuring lasting and widespread results.' "

"Yes," I acquiesced, "you are right in saying that every opportunity has been given to me in early life, and if I fail it will be my own fault. You ask me to start at the very beginning, which was before I was born, for I believe the child is influenced, perhaps more than we know, by pre-natal influences."

"I agree with you," said Laurence.

[1] A few years since a bust of Robert Dale Owen, in memory of his long and arduous labours for women, was erected by them.

MY MOTHER

"My mother lost a splendid boy some ten months before I came into the world. He was called, in the village, 'the little king,' and from all accounts must have been a wonderful child. He was taken at the age of six, and when my mother heard the earth drop upon his coffin she felt that her loss was almost more than she could bear; for she, like my father, was inclined to be an agnostic. Neither of them felt sure that there was an existence after death. My mother told me that during the months before my birth there was a ceaseless cry in her heart to know the truth; if there was a God in heaven, she besought Him to reveal Himself to her, for she felt that she was fainting and failing by the way.

"The answer which came will seem to some a strange one, for my father and mother were led to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and became convinced, in spite of imposters, that the existence of another world could be proved by evidence which would hold good in any court of law. My father gave his clear and searching mind to the study of this subject for several years, and gathered a mass of facts, which he considered conclusive. He published two books on the subject, *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, and *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*.

"The second pre-natal influence was of a totally different character. My father was serving in the House of Representatives, and my mother spent several months in Washington, going each day to listen to the debates, as many important issues were being ably discussed.

"I was born on December 13, 1846, on a Sunday morning, in our front drawing-room, where my mother had moved her bedroom in order to save, during her confinement, the labour of waiting upon her upstairs. So I should have had a silver spoon in my mouth, but sometimes it has tasted uncommonly like iron.

"When I was six years old, the American Government sent my father as Minister to the Court of Naples, so that the greater part of my childhood was passed in Europe, where, fortunately, I learned several languages which have been of much use to me.

"We returned to America when I was thirteen, and I am very

grateful for the happy period upon which I now entered, for the sane, sweet pleasures of the old homestead at New Harmony have fortified me to bear the difficult years which followed. I still thank God every day for the mother He gave me, for I have never known a better balanced, a wiser woman, a woman who was, in every way, worthy of a husband like my father, Robert Dale Owen.

"My father and mother were married before a Notary, and each signed a Contract, wherein my father declared that he claimed no rights over the person or the property of my mother. She was to be as much the mistress of her own life after marriage as she had been before. To this Covenant my father adhered throughout his married life, and hence we were born of a willing mother, and of a self-controlled father, who reverently respected her.

"I am sure that the manner of our birth had its effect upon us. We seem to have lived in what may be called a sphere of innocency. That sin existed I knew, and I was deeply troubled, mentally, by the impurities of the world. But, in some strange way, these impurities did not seem quite to touch me. I lived my own life in a world where they could not enter; and when I happened to come in close contact with an unclean life I was not only shocked, but ever freshly surprised at the existence of evil. It is not for me to judge any sinner, and I have no desire to do so, for I realize with the deepest gratitude to my father and mother that my birth was different from the ordinary one, and hence that I am not subject to the ordinary temptations. I do not feel that the credit belongs to me, but to my beloved father and mother.

"My father was already a prominent man at the time of his wedding, and an account of his marriage Contract found its way into the newspapers. In those early days, even more than now, such a Contract was unusual, and it was severely criticized. But this condemnation in no wise alters the fact that because of this marriage Contract, sacredly kept, my flesh and blood own a blessed heritage, for which I am deeply grateful. It is rather a strange thing that both my grandmother and my mother chose, irrevocably, my grandfather and my father at first sight. My grandfather, Robert Owen, was a raw, awkward youth when first he met my grandmother, who was a well-born, well-bred lady. Nevertheless, she determined, at the first meeting, to marry Robert Owen, or to remain single. My mother heard my father

speak at a public meeting, and when she returned home she said to an elder sister, who was her confident: 'Robert Dale Owen is the ugliest man I have ever seen, but if I do not marry him I shall marry no one.' Fate threw them together a few weeks later, and the marriage followed in about six months."

As I leaned back in my chair for a few silent moments in order to recall the events of my early youth, a flood of sweet memories cheered me.

"Ah, Laurence," I said, "God gave me a happy childhood, and that builds a sanely safe foundation which no troubles in after life can quite undermine. May I tell you about my mother's home?"

"Yes, certainly, I shall be much interested."

"My first impression, every summer morning, waking me at five o'clock, was the regular beat of my mother's churn, accompanied by a rhythmic little song. This was the signal for rising, and jumping out of bed I ran to the window to greet her as she stood at the well, in her neat cotton frock, her pretty, dimpled, bare arms vigorously plying the paddle of the churn. By the time we children were dressed a fresh pat of butter lay ready for the day's consumption.

"Then she led us into the garden, where we worked for an hour or two, finishing our labours by piling up a big hamper with fresh fruits and vegetables to be sent as a gift, during our Civil War, to the hospital of a neighbouring town, where my sister Florence was nursing the wounded soldiers.

"When we had finished, my mother rested on a bench under a great tree, and we clustered around her, sitting on the grass.

"Here she talked to us for a few minutes every morning, her wise words remaining with me to this day. The breakfast bell then called us indoors, a hungry brood, ready to appreciate the food of rare excellence set before us, for my mother was a very expert housekeeper, and almost everything on the table had passed through her hands, from the milk-fed hams which had been cured under her supervision, to the butter she had made; from the great dish of fruit she had helped to pick, to the rich jug of cream she had skimmed.

"Then came the housework. Bed-making, sweeping, dusting, etc., and when all was in order we went to the study, where our mother taught us for several years, being the best teacher I have ever had.

"As my father's public work grew more and more difficult and

complicated, my mother gave up teaching us in order to devote her time to him; for he never made a serious move without consulting her. She sometimes wrote him fifteen or twenty large pages, going over the whole ground with him as an adviser in his political labours. I have often marvelled at her power of work. For she was consulted not only by my father, but by the whole village, from the business men wishing to have some practical advice about their affairs, to the lovers asking for her benediction on their union.

"And yet, although her mental cares were exacting, she never neglected her practical duties. I have heard her say that the village was divided into many factions after my grandfather's Community had come to grief, the chief cause of the failure being that the working men in the Community refused to do any labour when they found their wants were provided for. Hence, at the last, all the manual work fell on the ladies and gentlemen, and in consequence the mental responsibilities, for which they were fitted, had to be neglected to a great extent. Because of these reasons the village would have drifted back to an uncivilized state had the Community continued, and all the remarkable talent and learning of its leading members would have been sacrificed eventually.

"For instance, my father edited the newspaper of the village in an able manner, but he was forced to neglect it and act as a ploughman, a task for which he was ill-fitted, while the ploughman looked on doing nothing, as he did not desire to edit the newspaper, being unfitted for the task.

"As my grandfather had been so successful an administrator at New Lanark, Scotland, that many celebrated investigators came from all parts of the world to discover the secret of his remarkable success, he was a trained organizer—the fault, then, did not lie with him. He was a rich man and bought the entire village and a large tract of land surrounding it, so there were no debts to be met. The town had been well built, and the lands thoroughly cultivated by a German sect, the Rappites, from whom he obtained it. He had chosen one of the most fertile spots in the United States, owning water power and an exit to the great rivers through the Wabash, hence the property could not have been more wisely selected.

"The failure, therefore, was solely a moral one. Labouring men refused to work when they were not driven to it by necessity,

and in consequence of their idleness the curse of drink had invaded the town, through the influence of the surrounding settlers, who furnished the liquor.

"My mother met some of these difficulties in a novel way: A ball was given every Saturday night in one of the large Rappite buildings, to which the whole village was invited. Usually there was only dancing, beginning at seven and ending at eleven, but periodically there was what was known as a 'supper ball,' for which my mother often baked fifty or sixty cakes and pies, tarts I think you call them in England.

"At these balls she, assisted by a committee of ladies, sought in every way to unite the quarrelling factions; and dissipation was overcome by the simple device of making a rule that no man who had been drinking at all freely was to be accepted as a partner. This rule was still followed when I grew to womanhood, and no person whose conduct was not upright, in all respects, could find a partner in our ball-room. The result was remarkable. A friendly unity drew the villagers together, and the young men of New Harmony were singularly free from vice, the standard being that they were to be as sinless as the young girls.

"Only once was I obliged to enforce my mother's rule, the young man being a stranger in the village, the dissipated son of an English clergyman. He was a brilliant young fellow, whom we all liked. One night he appeared in the ball-room slightly under the influence of liquor, and made his way to me to ask for the next dance. My heart beat fast, for he was rather an imposing young man of thirty, and I was a girl of sixteen. But we never disobeyed our mother, and so I refused him as gently as I could.

" 'Why,' he said, 'are you engaged?' 'No,' I answered, 'I have reserved the next dance, but it is a fixed rule in our ball-room never to accept as a partner a young man who is not perfectly temperate and upright in his life.'

"The words seemed to shock him into complete sobriety, and he turned and left the ball-room without a word.

"I was very anxious, for I feared he might be driven to further excess. But I was mistaken. He established himself, later, in a neighbouring city, where he became a moral leader and inaugurated a temperance society. How much effect my mother's simple rule had on him I cannot say, but it is certain that it strongly influenced the young men of our set.

"This, then, was our life: Work and study in the morning, and

in the afternoon riding, boating, or picnic parties. We wore bloomers (Turkish trousers) on horseback, as the long riding habits then in vogue would scarcely have been safe, seeing that we tore through the woods and over walls and ditches like so many wild Indians. We had all the excitement of the hunter without the cruelty at the end.

"After supper we usually had one dance, in the drawing-room, followed by music. Then someone read aloud and the rest of us were occupied with needlework.

"It was a great treat when our father could be pressed into service, for he was a very fine reader; but it was a rare one, as his public duties frequently called him from home. It was our mother who, almost unhelped, managed our household.

"Often a number of young visitors joined the family circle, and fifteen or twenty of us gathered round the great wood fires, the big logs blazing cheerily in the wide chimneys. But whether we spent the evening at home, at the public halls, or at the rehearsals of our Thespian Society, the hours were early and the clothes simple. Except on grand occasions, we wore neat print or plain woollen dresses in the ball-room. I especially remember one print dress, called calico in America, having a little pink spray on a white ground, and worn with a pink ribbon, which my escorts seemed to admire very much.

"We went to the dances before dark, in a little procession, arm in arm, with our beaux, as we called our escorts, and danced for two or three happy hours on a fine, smooth floor to the music of a good band. Our escorts took us home, and we were allowed to invite them into the drawing-room for a little chat, even though my mother had retired; the only rule being that we should behave precisely as we would were she present, a rule we were never inclined to break, for we had so much happy, innocent fun that neither we nor our escorts were tempted to spoil our enjoyment by doing anything of which we would afterwards be ashamed. It was indeed a gay and an innocent little Arcadia over which my beloved mother wisely presided."

"All I can say is, I wish I had been born in New Harmony," said Laurence.

"I also heartily wish it, for then I should have known you from babyhood. But had you been born in our home, you would have found that this little Arcadia was built—as I think all Arcadias must be—on a very solid foundation. My mother's

rules could be counted on the fingers of one hand, but they were not always easy to obey, and they were always enforced. One of these rules was that we were never to show the slightest ill-temper or indulge in moody depression in any of the public rooms of the house. If, for instance, one of us objected to the food on the table, even by the slightest gesture of dislike, my mother would say: 'My child, you are not well, will you go to your room until you feel better.' Another rule prohibited ill-natured gossip, and I never heard a breath of scandal in our home.

"I was not whipped, nor even struck, so far as I can remember, but once in my life, although my mother said I was more trouble than her other three children put together, and, added to them, the seven young people, needing a mother's care, whom she took into our home at different periods. When I was about five years old I was fond of running away to stay all night with some little friend. Finally, my mother gently warned me that if it occurred again she would be obliged to whip me. I can distinctly remember weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the situation. I asked myself whether the pleasure of staying all night with a favourite cousin of mine would not outweigh the pain of being whipped the next morning when I returned home, and I decided that the balances were weighted on the side of staying with my cousin, Anna. We were just settling down, after a lively skirmish with the pillows, when a rap was heard at the door. It was my brother Julian, come to fetch me home. When I had run away before I had been allowed to remain if I had undressed. But now I was ignominiously dragged out of bed, with my calculations upset, for I was not to have the pleasure of staying all night, and I was to have the pain of the whipping. The scene at home is still clearly imprinted on my mind. My mother sat awaiting me in her dimly lighted bedroom, beside the crib of my younger brother, the second Ernest. Remorse seized me as she looked at me with a sad little smile and said: 'Dear child, I am sorry that I am obliged to whip you, but you quite understand that I am forced to do so.'

"The whipping consisted of a few gentle little pats, given without a shade of anger, but the punishment made a deep impression on my mind, for I felt that I must be a monster thus to cloud my mother's face. It had never struck me, in making my decision, that she would suffer. I kissed her with passionate regret for my misdeeds, and never ran away again; indeed, by

way of atonement, I remained in the house for several weeks and could not be induced to go out. This was the influence my mother had upon us, and it seems to me that the need of the world is not so much an extension of political rights, although such rights, doubtless, may be used to advantage, but the development of a maternal wisdom such as my mother possessed."

"Do you get your Puritan blood from you mother's side?" asked Laurence.

"Yes, my mother's maiden name was Mary Robinson, and she was a descendant of John Robinson, the religious reformer."

MY FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF EVIL

"And now," I said, with a constriction of the heart, as I recalled the events which followed, "I must tell you of the changes which came to me. At seventeen I was sent to New York to finish my education. I was to remain a few weeks with my father in Cincinnati until some literary work he had promised to do there was finished, and then to go East with him.

"I went to a neighbouring city, Evansville, in a stage coach, a forlorn little mortal, curled up in a corner of the seat, for it was a severe wrench to leave my home and part from all my young companions. An old friend of the family was to take me under his care from Evansville to Cincinnati. I remained with some acquaintances overnight and was driven to the station the next morning. When my ticket had been bought, and I was seated in the railway carriage, the son of my intended escort rushed into the train and said his father had suddenly been taken ill and could not go.

" 'I am awfully sorry,' he said, 'will you put off your journey?'

" 'I cannot,' I replied, 'my ticket is bought and my father is to meet me at Cincinnati.'

"The young man glanced around the car. 'There is only one person I know, a decent chap, a German, who owns a little shop; I will introduce him, in case you need help. But you will reach Cincinnati without having to stop over anywhere, and your father will meet you there, so you need not be anxious,' he said.

"Had either of us foreseen the events of the next twenty-four hours, he would scarcely have spoken so cheerfully.

"Soon after leaving Evansville a blinding snowstorm, ever increasing in violence, completely obliterated the view and seriously impeded our progress. As the afternoon wore away, and dusk approached, I was seized by a miserable fit of homesickness, and could no longer quite restrain my tears. I was leaning against the window, trying to choke them back, when a gentle voice spoke to me from the seat behind me.

" 'May I make a pillow for you out of my coat, you are tired, I think?'

"I sat up in startled surprise. A gentleman was leaning over

the seat with a kind smile. I had noticed him in the earlier part of the day, for whenever there was a short stop at a station he had left the train and had restlessly paced up and down, with a look of ever-increasing strain on his face, which, although not an old one, had a haggard look.

"I thanked him and said I did not wish to lie down.

"Presently he spoke to me again.

" 'Pardon me,' he said, 'may I ask whether you are stopping at Indianapolis, and have someone to meet you?'

" 'No, I am going to Cincinnati, where my father is to meet me.'

"He looked at the driving snow for a few moments. 'I am afraid the train may be detained at Indianapolis. We are very much behind time, and I doubt whether you can go on to Cincinnati before morning.'

"I gave a gasp of dismay.

" 'I am very sorry,' he said, in a singularly gentle voice, as though he were speaking to a lost child. 'If I can be of any use to you, you have only to command me.'

"Again I thanked him for his kindness, which gave me a sense of comfort, and told him I had been put under the care of a German, sitting at the other end of the train.

"His fears for us proved to be correct, for we were detained at Indianapolis. On leaving the train he courteously lifted his hat, with a kind word to me, and again I was struck by the strained expression of his face as the lamplight fully revealed his features.

"I never met him again, for he did not join the train in the morning, but when I saw the pictures of J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, in the newspapers, I was greatly startled to see that they were exact likenesses of this courteous, kindly man—so exact that I could scarcely doubt his identity. I understood, afterwards, that he had an engagement to play in Indianapolis at that time.

"The German, a giant of a man, then came forward, and said we would have to find a hotel for a few hours and join the train again in the early morning. He picked up my hand baggage and, rather to my dismay, left the station on foot, plunging into the snow, which was now piled high in the streets.

"I trudged after him, and presently he halted before a small, dingy-looking hotel. He entered the house through the bar-room and left me there, while he went to look for rooms. It was now

late, and the bar was full of men, who looked at me in astonishment, which was rapidly changing into a bold impudence. I braced myself against the wall near the door and awaited, in terror, the return of the German.

"His big, burly form presently reappeared, and he cheerfully informed me there was no room in that hotel, where he usually stayed, and we must go farther, and look for another one.

"We again plunged into the snow, calling at one or two places —where I took care to follow him through the bar into the house—and finding no room in them we made our way through streets, which were ever narrower and meaner-looking, and halted, finally, before a shabby building.

"Again we entered through the bar, which was crowded with a ruffianly set of men and evil-looking women, and I followed him down a long, dark passage into a back room.

"Here sat a woman whose face is still imprinted on my memory. It was covered with sores, its ghastly pallor being ill-concealed by the paint plastered over it; her leering eyes and loose, coarse mouth were dreadful.

"She said in a surly tone that there were rooms to spare, and proceeded to light a candle and to conduct me to mine. The German asked me if I would have some supper, but although I had scarcely eaten anything all day, and was wet through, I did not feel I could touch anything in that house.

"I followed the woman, who took me to the second floor, and entered a small, ill-smelling room, with a filthy bed in one corner. She set down the candle and left me. When I came to examine the door I found that there was no key and no bolt, so I could not fasten it.

"The bar-room was immediately below me and the sounds were growing ever more riotous. I had thrown myself on the bed, dressed, as I could no longer stand, shivering in every limb from disgust, cold, and terror, and presently I heard terrible sounds from below. The crashing of furniture and of glass, oaths flung backward and forward in violent altercation, and finally a door was burst open, and the inmates of the bar rushed up the stairs and along the passages. Several of them lurched against my door, which I had barricaded with all the furniture I could move, but to my unspeakable relief no one entered. I then passed two terrible hours of suspense waiting for daylight.

"About four o'clock in the morning someone pushed open my

door. I jumped from the bed and lighted the candle, which I had extinguished as it was almost burnt out, and I saw that it was the big, burly German. He moved the furniture and entered the room. As soon as he came in I saw, to my horror, that he had been drinking. He came towards me, with a horrible leer, and taking me by the shoulders pushed me backwards against the bed. With a cry to my Maker I wrenched myself from his heavy grasp, sprang to the window, which I forced open, and, fixing my eyes steadily upon him, I said:

" 'If you dare to touch me, I shall jump from this window, and you will be guilty of my death.'

"A Power greater than my own strengthened me; and I continued to look him straight in the eyes, until he shrank from my gaze and backed towards the door.

" 'It is time to go to the station,' he said, at last, cringing before me.

" 'Very well, stand where you are, without moving, until I get on my wraps. Now, take my hand luggage and go before me without turning, and I will follow you until we reach the station.'

"He obeyed me, and we trudged through the deserted streets, he walking somewhat unsteadily before me. But evidently he was sober enough to know the way, which I did not; for presently, to my intense relief, we reached the station. When we entered the waiting-room, I found there a kindly, elderly lady whom I had noticed in the train the evening before.

"She looked at me in startled surprise.

" 'My child, you look ten years older than you did yesterday. What has happened to you?'

" 'Are you going to Cincinnati?' I asked.

" 'Yes,' she said.

" 'May I sit near you?' I begged.

" 'Certainly, with pleasure. I will look after you until we reach Cincinnati and your friends.'

"I turned to the big German, who had been stupidly staring from one to the other. 'Put down my luggage,' I said, 'and do not speak to me again—do you understand?'

"When the man returned to Evansville, he begged my friends to forgive him. It seems he had taken me to the cheap house where we lodged out of parsimony, and being wet through and petrified with cold he had drunk too much.

"Seeing that I had escaped unharmed, I asked my friends to

let the matter drop; but the impress of that terrible night, in such contrast to the home I had left so recently—this experience changed me from a child into a woman. The knowledge of sin, which had been so carefully withheld from me, was thrust upon me, through a chapter of accidents, in a cruelly sudden fashion. How little did my mother dream that I was passing through such an experience a few short hours after leaving my sheltered home."

"My poor little girl," said Laurence. "You were evidently taken to a low haunt of evil, and it makes me shudder to think of the danger you ran. But this good results from such a trial. One realizes that the most inexperienced and helpless girl, who calls upon a divine Power, may save herself, being able to dominate, through His help, a great drunken brute."

"I believe that to be true," I said, "for I felt that my soul was unconquerable as I stood by that window, ready, if need be, to die, rather than to suffer that man's vile touch.

"A few weeks after I was domiciled in Cincinnati, I had my second experience of evil, an experience which, in some ways, was even more dreadful to me than the first one:

"One Sunday morning, I was walking with a lady in one of the side streets not far from the home I was visiting. Presently I saw, striding in front of us, a young man I had met and who had been paying me a good deal of attention. He did not perceive us, and, after a few moments, entered a handsome-looking building.

" 'That is a house of ill-repute into which Mr. —— is going," said my companion.

" 'I do not understand,' I said.

"She explained to me her meaning.

" 'It is impossible,' I cried, 'you must be mistaken.'

" 'Unhappily, no, I am not mistaken,' she said, "it is a notorious house of ill-fame.'

"I was struck dumb. I knew, in a vague way, that such places existed, but I never thought it possible that I should be thrown into the company of anyone who entered them, any more than I expected to be forced to associate with thieves and murderers.

"I think if men realized how terrible a shock an innocent, sensitive girl suffers when she finds she must daily meet men who are leading prostituted lives, it would help them to become masters of themselves. Had I been a Catholic, I should have become, probably, a nun, for it seemed impossible to go on living

in such a world. I had seen in the face of the German the horror of passion without love, the horror of lust; and when my companion said that, alas, many men were thus disgusting, my whole soul revolted.

"The next evening the young man called on the family I was visiting, and I at once left the room, for his presence was intolerable to me; and to his chagrin and astonishment I never spoke to him again, always leaving the apartment as soon as he entered, for I could not bear to touch his hand.

"I was, however, able to rebuild my own sphere while living in the world, so that no one could quite destroy it; and by degrees a great pity filled me for these blind and stupid sinners, who forgo the delights of innocency for so very poor a pleasure. They did not know the fresh, sweet joy a pure soul owns, a soul akin to all wholesome beauty, and I ended by being intensely sorry when I looked at a coarse, heavy sensualist. He missed so much and he had so little."

Laurence shifted his position with a restless movement.

"Please forgive me, Laurence, I am getting too serious, almost didactic in my eagerness to explain to you a little what women suffer who long to live in a clean world; and even more to make you realize what a delight it is to be able to invite you into my sanctuaries as one of my kin."

This was the last long conversation we had, for our fellow-passengers were beginning to claim our attention, and we had little time to ourselves. I must leave, therefore, the story of my life, and tell it directly to the reader after I have described the events which now followed in rapid succession.

THE last night we were on board Laurence and I sat late on deck, and I had a few moments alone with him.

"We must now begin to think of life on shore," he said. "The Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra will probably invite us as soon as our marriage is published, and we shall make several other visits. Have you any clothes to wear? you must have some low-necked dresses, you know."

"Low-necked dresses," I said aghast. "I certainly will not wear low-necked dresses and expose my crags and peaks to the public gaze."

"You seem to be rather a neat little form in this travelling suit. Crags and peaks, is it as bad as that?"

I laughed at his comical look of dismay. "Well, no, not quite. I suppose I am about as well made as the average run of women. But were I the most beautifully formed person living, I *would not* go low-necked."

"Why not?" said Laurence. "Angels are generally represented with low-cut garments."

"If I were living among angels I should not mind. But I could not bear being stared at by men who are not angels. I haven't worn a low-necked dress for years, since I was a child."

"Now comes the tug of war," said Laurence, with his ready laugh. "Here am I, a lone, unprotected Scotsman, pulling against a Scotswoman, flanked by Welshmen and Puritans. I haven't the ghost of a chance."

I reflected a moment. "I should catch an awful cold," I said; "isn't there some sort of provision in England for people who catch cold?"

"I believe there is," said Laurence. "We will interview a doctor, and get him to affirm that you are in the last stages of consumption. That will settle it."

I sat in silence for some minutes, suddenly realizing, with dismay, that there would be a new world to be faced. Laurence occupied a prominent position. I would have to meet his family and his aristocratic friends; my secluded life was coming to an end. I had a dread of pomp and ceremony, and was ill-fitted for

such an environment. Perhaps he would be ashamed of me, for I did not even have a suitable wardrobe; certainly no dresses fitted to wear in the home of the future King of England. The bond between Laurence and myself had been so unworldly, I had forgotten the fact that there was a world, his world, to be reckoned with. My mind suddenly flew back to the summer mornings when I was awakened by the rhythmic beat of my mother's churn, and all the charm of our sweet, free, simple life returned to me.

"You look very solemn," said Laurence, "what is the matter, dear child?"

"I wish there was no such thing as 'fuss and feathers' in the world," I said wrathfully. "I wish everybody wore pink cotton dresses. If I am to have all sorts of things hung on to me and stuck on to me, I shall look like a monkey."

Laurence laughed the low, musical laugh which was so contagious, and, at last, I was obliged to join him.

"Possibly," he said, when he had regained his breath, "but I hardly think so. Did your mother look like a monkey when your father was Minister at the Court of Naples?"

"No," I said, "her common sense found a way of being simple without being singular."

"Precisely," said Laurence, "and your common sense will come to the rescue in the same way. I cannot imagine my little Puritan in elaborately fashioned clothes, it is true; but you will discover a way of your own, and walk in it with dignity, I feel sure. However, let us not spend this last hour talking about clothes. Put your hand in mine, Rosamond," he folded it in both his, for it was cold and trembling—"and together let us rest for a few moments in Him. He will give us His Grace when the time comes, and fit us for any place He means us to occupy."

As we parted at the foot of the stairs to go to our respective cabins a premonition seemed to come to me that we should not be called to visit the Courts I dreaded, but that a darker fate awaited us.

Laurence had decided to be married from the country seat of Lord and Lady Mount Temple. As soon, therefore, as we landed he telegraphed to them; and, parting from our friends who went to London, we journeyed on alone. As we stepped into the train, the guard said in an aside to his companion:

"Don't put anyone else in that carriage, for that is a pair of lovers."

"Did you hear that?" said Laurence gleefully, as soon as the door was shut. "That is something of a conquest over age and infirmity to appear lover-like with one foot in the grave, don't you think so?"

When we reached our destination we found that our intended hosts were not at home, having gone away some days before on a visit. So we resumed our journey, reaching the house of humbler friends the same evening. I was rather relieved to find myself in a quiet, middle-class family, but the sequel proved that I would have been much more comfortably at home with Lady Mount Temple.

May I say here that all my shy reserve disappeared when, later, I met the true aristocrats of England, for their simple unostentatious dignity set me completely at my ease. Any man who, for political reasons, undermines the influence of the well-born and well-bred leaders of English life is doing, so it seems to me, an incalculable harm.

As soon as we reached our destination I felt uncomfortably constrained. Our hostess met us with so stiff a formality that I asked Laurence, as soon as I could speak to him in private, whether he was sure that we were quite welcome.

"I hope so," said Laurence, "for Mrs. A. has insisted, again and again, that my friends and myself would be warmly received whenever we chose to come, even at the shortest notice. She has always declared that it would be a privilege to entertain us. We cannot very well leave here and go to a hotel before we are married, so it is best quietly to remain; it may be a passing mood."

But it proved to be a permanent one, for in the next few days the cold atmosphere I had noticed grew more pronounced, lasting until our marriage, and was shared by one or two friends who journeyed to the town where we were, in order to see Laurence. They scarcely addressed a word to me at the table or elsewhere. There is sometimes a natural antipathy which it is difficult to control, and my hostess and her friends may have felt this innate dislike in my case, for which I did not blame them.

Finally, I said to my hostess: "If in any way I have offended you, unconsciously, will you be good enough to point out my fault, and I will correct it, if I can."

"I do not like Americans," she said, "and I am very sorry Mr. Oliphant is going to marry one."

"If that is the trouble," I replied, "I cannot change the place of my birth, if I would, nor would if I could. I am proud of my nationality and shall always remain so, I hope. But if any of my American ways offend you, I will do what I can to conform to your ideas while I am in your home."

"I believe you to be a vampire," she declared hotly. "We all think so. Mr. Oliphant looks much worse than I have ever seen him, and I believe it to be your fault."

The charge was so baseless that I did not answer it. Indeed, her remark about Mr. Oliphant's appearance struck such a chill to my heart that her accusation passed almost unheeded, for it was evident that those who had seen him in good health, which I had not, found that he was much changed for the worse.

When I spoke to Laurence, he laughed at my fears.

"I shall be quite right, little woman, as soon as we are comfortably settled. But if it will be a relief to you, I promise to see a doctor as soon as we go to London after our marriage. I made all the arrangements the morning after we arrived in England, and we are to be married in less than a fortnight," he said, with deep contentment.

A day or two before the appointed time I went to the shops to buy a few necessary articles, and I realized with gratitude that had I not been forewarned of my marriage while in the home of Dorcas I should have been quite unpresentable, for I had been so absorbed in my work that I had neglected my appearance, and I had not had a moment to prepare since I had joined Laurence. I did not possess a wardrobe suitable for Royal Courts; but, at any rate, I was well enough dressed for ordinary occasions, and to please Laurence's eye, which was the main thing.

I had a number of small purchases to make, and so had been away the greater part of the afternoon. On turning to leave one of the shops, I saw Laurence standing at the door.

"Rosamond, where have you been? I have searched for you everywhere. Don't leave me again for so long a time, I cannot get on without you. Never mind the other purchases, come home, that's a dear girl." He tucked my arm under his and looked down at me with so deeply tender a look that I forgot at once the discomfort I had suffered, for my hostess had reached a point where she almost ignored my presence.

That evening, when Laurence kissed me as I bade him good-night, I shrank, slightly, from the smell of tobacco, which I cannot abide.

"You do not like tobacco, Rosamond?" he said quickly.

"I cannot say that I do," I replied, "but never mind, I will cheerfully bear it."

"You will do nothing of the sort," he said, with determination. "If you do not like it, it must be stopped, and I shall do so at once, from this night forward."

"Pray, Laurence, do not give it up like that," I said. "Were you a younger man, in good health, I should beg you to stop it; for I believe that tobacco is doing a good deal of harm in the world, both to the bodies and minds of smokers, and it seems to me that those of us who take Christ as an Exemplar should not smoke, for one cannot imagine our Saviour with a cigarette, or cigar, or pipe in His mouth, nor His pure Personality defiled by the rank odour of stale tobacco. But would it not be a mistake to leave it off abruptly, just at this moment, when you are not able to do without it?"

"I am able to do without it, and as you do not believe in it, and do not like it, it must be stopped permanently."

Laurence never smoked again, although he had used tobacco freely all his life, and habitual smokers will realize the sacrifice he made. It won my heart as thousands of protestations of love would never have done, especially as I saw what a struggle it was for him in his weak condition. But he absolutely refused to smoke another cigar or cigarette.

On the morning of our marriage, when I got into the carriage to go to the neighbouring county town, where the simple ceremony was to be performed, no one gave me a blessing except the servant, a nice little country girl, who, with a shy look of warm affection, begged me to accept a bouquet.

But, strange to say, sensitive as I usually am to a cold atmosphere of this sort, I scarcely felt it. I knew I was doing what God meant me to do; He was with us, and so, when Laurence took my hand in his, I felt deeply contented, and needed no extraneous good will.

It was a cold, grey day in August. Our two witnesses, the husband of my hostess and a friend of Laurence's from London, seemed to feel both the mental chill of the house we had left and

the physical chill of the cheerless day; but we two sat wrapped in a sphere of blessed peace, and seemed invulnerable to the surroundings which could scarcely have been more dreary.

When, after the short, simple ceremony, we two were settled in the train on our way to London, Laurence turned to me and again repeated:

"Rosamond, are you happy?" I answered from a full heart, "I am, Laurence, happier than I ever thought it possible to be on my wedding day, because I have always imagined that I should be terrified if I ever ventured to be married. Instead, I feel absolutely at home and as though I had known you for centuries."

"Thank God," said Laurence. He then fell into silence, scarcely speaking the rest of the way, and when we entered the brilliantly lighted hotel, where we were to pass the night, I saw that he looked very ill—so ill that I begged him to go to bed at once; and, slipping on a wrapper, I watched over his restless, moaning sleep for the greater part of the night. His face looked almost ghastly as with closed eyes he moved uneasily on the pillow.

The next morning he seemed much better. Still I begged him to see a doctor, which he did as soon as we had breakfasted. The doctor did not seem to think there was anything very serious the matter with him, and ascribed his laboured breathing, which had grown ever more painful since we had left the boat, to a heavy cold on the lungs.

He was able during the day to look through a quantity of letters which had accumulated at his Club, and to receive visitors. At night he insisted on dining with Lord and Lady Mount Temple, who had returned to London and had sent us an urgent invitation. He seemed to rally on seeing his old friends, and we passed a most pleasant evening. The next morning we took the train to pay a short visit to some English friends near London whom Laurence had known in America.

LAURENCE'S TRIUMPHANT END

When we reached the house of his friends he suddenly gave way. God's hand seemed to have sustained him until we had found a safe shelter, for he was unable to stand as soon as we entered our rooms.

I sent word to our hostess that we would not be able to come to the evening meal, and begged her to send for a doctor.

He arrived soon after I had helped Laurence to bed, and said at once that he was very ill, and advised sending to London for a specialist.

The London physician came the next day, and requested me, after he had made an examination, to leave the room. I was told, afterwards, that he thought it necessary immediately to relieve the lung, and thought it possible he might die under the operation. He said it was almost a miracle that Laurence had not dropped dead on the way, for his lung was filled with a cancerous fluid, which it was necessary to withdraw, in part; and his heart was pushed quite out of position.

He told me that he thought Laurence could not live more than two weeks, for he had cancer of the lung, and he feared he would suffer from spasm of the heart, angina pectoris.

We were standing in the passage, near Laurence's room, when this blow fell upon me, forty-eight hours after our marriage. I had been pacing to and fro before the closed door in an agony of suspense, which would have been less trying had they allowed me to remain by Laurence's side.

I looked up at the tall form before me, and the reserved English manner of this eminent physician, correctly professional, seemed to be the one feather's weight too much. I must bear this grief as a stranger in a strange country where, with the exception of Lord and Lady Mount Temple and the little servant, I had met only unkindness. I felt utterly forlorn in this cold, grey land.

But I knew by experience that I must immediately grapple with the despair which threatened me, for, once it had fastened upon my vitals, I should be lost.

I cried to my God. My need was great, and I asked for instant help, for I must keep all my strength to serve my husband.

A slight noise in the adjacent room roused me and, I abruptly left the doctor and ran to Laurence. The local doctor sat at one side of the bed, and I flew to the other, dropping on my knees.

Laurence smiled at me peacefully from his pillow, and the reaction was almost more than I could bear. Here was my own closest of kin looking at me with his dear eyes, his familiar smile still greeted me. No one had taken him from me.

The local doctor, a kindly little man, courteously withdrew, and left us alone for a few moments.

"I am sorry to turn you into a nurse forty-eight hours after our wedding," said Laurence, almost in a whisper, "but I thank God with my whole soul for having sent you. Ah, God's Gift, what should I do now, without you?"

Laurence continued to call me by this beautiful name during his illness, which lasted, not two weeks, but four and a half months, much to the astonishment of the doctors, who ascribed his wonderful powers of resistance to a remarkable physical vitality. They were right, in part, I think, but not wholly, for Laurence was sustained by the Spirit rather than by natural means.

The local doctor entered the room a few minutes later, followed by our hostess, and both offered kindly help during the night, but Laurence looked at me so imploringly that I begged them to leave him in my care. My husband's faithful Greek valet, Yani, had joined us when we left London, and he could sleep in the next room, close at hand, in case I needed to call for help.

I watched with my husband, day and night, for four and a half months, with only one night of rest during that time and not much sleep during the day. I did not engage a nurse, for he could not bear anyone else to be near him long at a time. Those about me thought I was certain to break down, but I did not. Sometimes I was almost blind from fatigue, but in answer to prayer God renewed my strength, and I was able to serve Laurence to the very end. My endurance, seeing that I have a weak, frail body, was akin to a miracle.

Laurence grew very restless towards morning, the pain ever increasing. I left him for a few moments with Yani to take a hurried breakfast, and when I joined the family circle I perceived that there was an atmosphere almost of dismay.

I could not blame them, for a serious burden had been suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon them. The atmosphere of constraint

increased in the next few weeks, and I discovered that the daughter of the house, rather a spoiled pet, was terrified at the thought that there might be a death in their home.

Lady Grant Duff, living almost an hour's distance from us, had called as soon as she heard of Laurence's illness, and had urged us, on repeated visits, to come to her home, the former palace of Queen Anne, at Twickenham. Seeing that we were not quite welcome in our present place, although we had made a liberal business arrangement with our hosts, I asked the doctor whether it was safe to move Laurence. He was decidedly of the opinion that it would be most unwise, so we remained for several weeks where we were.

Laurence grew worse and worse until his pain was terrible to see. One night, when it seemed to be almost more than he could bear, I knelt by his bedside, silently beseeching God's help. I had used all the physical means prescribed, seemingly without effect, and it was torture to see him suffer so cruelly without being able to help him. I perceived, during a terrible crisis of pain, that his lips were moving, but the sound was almost inaudible as his voice had grown very weak. I bent close to hear his request, thinking he was asking for something, and these were the words I heard, words which I shall not forget to my dying day:

"Christ, I do not understand the mystery of sacrifice, but if my suffering avails, I suffer willingly."

He was in the grip of cancer and spasm of the heart, enduring an agony which was almost unbearable, and yet he suffered willingly, if it would serve Christ's humanity.

My love rushed to him in a torrent, and I besought the Lord to teach me how to help him. I was led to put one hand over the cancerous swelling on his breast, and to rub him evenly and gently with the other. Presently, I felt a keen pain in my arm, followed by cramp in the bowels, relieved, presently, by a purging process. But I did not mind, if only Laurence could be helped. This treatment I continued throughout his illness, and often it soothed him and put him to sleep when no other means availed. I did not speak to Laurence of the bad consequences which followed to me, for he would not have permitted me to touch him, had he known about them; and, in the end, I suffered no permanent harm.

As the painful days and nights wore on, Laurence felt a

growing dislike to the room in which he was. "The wall-paper shrieks at me," he said, with a pathetic little smile; but I think the main reason of his restlessness was the rather distressing atmosphere of the house, for we both felt that we were in the way, for which, as I have said, one could not blame our hosts.

Lady Grant Duff urged us, afresh, to come to her.

The doctor said to me: "Mrs. Oliphant, I believe that you will be running a very serious risk if you move him; I warn you, plainly, that he may die on the way. If you choose to take that risk, it must be on your own responsibility."

I was much troubled. I saw, on the one hand, that the environment was not at all favourable, and yet I dreaded running into danger. Finally, after an especially restless day, I sent up a cry for guidance, and the answer came to me: "Move him."

I sent for the doctor, who promised to accompany us, and wrote to Lady Grant Duff to send her carriage. Yani went ahead to prepare everything for his master.

As the coachman and footman carried Laurence downstairs, I perceived, to my dismay, that the coachman was stumbling in a strange way and almost threw him out of the chair.

When we entered the carriage, the coachman started at a break-neck pace, hurtling against the stones on the road. The doctor called to him angrily, and as he turned we were both dismayed to see that the man was under the influence of liquor; evidently he had been drinking since he had left Lady Grant Duff's. The doctor and I looked at each other in dismay, but Laurence lay back on his pillows, and gazed at the country scenes through which we were passing with a smile of deep contentment. It was a terrible strain and one I shall never forget, for I felt that I had taken my husband's life in my hands and that I should be considered, and would almost consider myself, his murderer, if he died on the way.

But in spite of the rough and rapid drive, which the doctor in vain tried to check through quiet means—and he hesitated to use violent ones, for fear of doing Laurence a greater harm—in spite of this risk, we reached Lady Grant Duff's in safety.

The doctor took the coachman's place when Laurence was carried upstairs, and helped him into bed. My husband lay back upon his pillows and lifted his eyes in a silent prayer of gratitude. Then he looked around the spacious, softly tinted apartment with delight. Lady Grant Duff had been good enough to cede

to us her own suite of rooms. A beautiful drawing-room with three windows looking on the Thames, a large and lofty bedroom, and a pretty little dressing-room for me. Yani was comfortably settled in the servants' quarters. When the members of the family had retired, Laurence called to me.

"Lie down beside me, God's Gift, and let us thank Him together, hand in hand." A wave of new life seemed to flow through him. He talked to me gaily for nearly an hour, and then fell into a peaceful sleep. How I thanked Him! Ah, how I thanked Him for bringing my husband safely to this beautiful place, where he was surrounded by a loving kindness which never failed to the end.

Here he passed his last days, and as he said: "No royal personage under this roof was ever served more royally."

Lady Grant Duff behaved as a kind sister to us, and my gratitude flowed out to her. The children also were a great pleasure. I grew much attached to them, and there was a warm discussion, when I went on my rare drives, as to which of them should be given the pleasure of accompanying me.

Laurence rallied wonderfully. He rose, dressed, and went into the adjoining drawing-room every day, where he read, chatted, and received a few visitors. He was able to take pleasure in the many presents of fruit and game sent to him and to dictate answers to the numerous letters he received. This was a great relief to me, for one of my troubles in our former home was to discover the proper titles of the writers of his letters, some of them belonging to the Royal Family, and when, in a pain-free moment, I was able to consult him, he was much amused at my perplexity. For instance, a letter would come signed, seemingly, by a simple name. Naturally I would address the reply to Mr., Mrs., or Miss ——, but it would turn out that the writer was a Duke or a Duchess, and how was my unsophisticated American mind to know it, without some sixth sense, which I did not seem to possess. My tired brain thought with regret of the days when one could be called Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, without impairing one's dignity; for it sometimes seemed the straw too much, at the end of a long, hard day, to puzzle over these letters, kind as they were. Those which came from the Royal Family were an especial perplexity to me, as I had not the slightest idea what the form of my answer ought to be, and for Laurence's sake I did not wish to blunder too flagrantly.

But now Laurence was able to come to the rescue, and he was deeply touched by the universal sympathy coming alike from the highest and lowest grades of society.

As the days wore on a glad hope animated me. Perhaps the doctor was mistaken, and Laurence might live. The possibility that he might recover gave wings to my tired feet. My life seemed to go into him and renew him, for every breath was a prayer.

But my joy was short-lived. Suddenly, he began to fail. He had not as much pain as in the first dread weeks, but he grew weaker and more emaciated day by day. He was now confined to his bed, and could lie in only one position, which tried him to the uttermost, especially as his poor body began to be covered with bed sores. Lady Grant Duff brought, in her own arms and filled with her own hands, a large water-bed, which gave him great relief.

One night he seemed to be especially restless. I had rubbed him for a long time, as was my habit when he seemed uneasy, but my touch did not seem to soothe him as it usually did.

"Rosamond," he said at last, "clasp my hands in yours, and let us pray together to our Lord Jesus Christ, for I am going through a great struggle. You remember that Judge R. and Lord S. and Sir J. L. have been to see me this week, each remaining with me for a short visit. I could only speak to them a few words, little above a whisper, and yet I realized that I have had a greater influence over these noted men, each of them distinguished in his own sphere, than I have ever been able to exert before, although they are old friends. Now Christ asks me whether I am willing to lie bed-ridden for years, provided I can be of the same service to all who come to me. No harder task could be imposed upon me. You know my impatient nature, the hours seem like weeks; as I look forward to each new morning I feel that my slavery is almost more than I can bear, tied here, unable to move. Were you not by my side, it seems to me I should go mad. How, then, can I serve Him in the way that He asks? Rosamond, pray with me, oh, pray with me, so that I shall not fail Him." The dread struggle lasted almost until the morning, then Laurence said: "I am willing."

As the day dawned and his face became visible, I saw that it was illumined by a hallowed light. From this time until his death, which came a few days later, a deep peace rested on his wan

features, and he murmured, again and again, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Is it any wonder that I fought for this man like a tiger, when, a few weeks after his death, his enemies sought to blacken his memory? Mistakes he had made, doubtless, and I acknowledged it; but may one find many natures in which the pure gold so far outweighs the dross? Are there many men as good and as great as Laurence Oliphant came to be in his last terribly trying days?

His end was very peaceful. He died with his hand in mine, the bed surrounded by the friends who had been so very kind to him. Faithful Yani knelt at the foot, sobbing, for he loved his master, as did all those who lived near him. The wrench was very terrible for me, but my heart overflowed with gratitude to my Maker that He had brought us together from the two continents, with only forty-eight hours to spare, after our marriage, before Laurence sorely needed me. Just in time had he come to me, so that I might tend him to the end, with Alice's help, for I had had the strength of two women.

And now he had gone to his beloved, and I must bear my loneliness as best I could.

One afternoon, some two weeks after his death, I felt that I was about to fail.

Letters and telegrams from all parts of the world had reached me, from kings and queens down to their humblest subjects. I had been especially touched by the number which came to me from the grateful Jews Laurence had befriended. The members of his family had visited me. Mrs. A., from whose house we had been married, came among the other visitors to beg me to forgive her, which I had freely done at the time of the offence. Murray, his dearest friend, had travelled from Scotland at once, in answer to my telegram, and we had stood side by side looking at him in his coffin.

"I have never seen anything more beautiful than Laurence's face," he said.

The eldest daughter of the house had also accompanied me to take one last look. I had met her in one of the corridors, very much agitated.

" I am so frightened of death," she said, clinging to me.

"Then come with me, dear child, and you will never be frightened again."

I drew her into the room, and she gazed in awe at his face. "I did not know that it was possible for death to be so beautiful," she said, "I shall never be afraid again. A wonderful light seems to play over his features, do you see it?" she asked.

" Yes," I said.

But now, on the afternoon of which I have spoken, the funeral was over, the various tasks falling on me, as his widow, were finished; and I sat, with idly folded hands, alone in the bedroom where he had died. Once or twice I had turned quickly to look at the bed where he had been lying so long, almost expecting to see his dear eyes looking at me, and hear his dear voice calling me. The great house, with its thick *portières* and heavy carpets, was silent; outside a dense fog blotted out the view and drifted drearily into the room. My head and eyes were too weary to read, or write, or sew; and, at last, I sprang to my feet with a cry and began pacing the floor in an agony of prayer, for I felt that I could not bear this solitude, I could not give him up and be willing never to see his face again in this world. My life was too empty. It seemed to me I could not endure it.

As I walked to and fro someone knocked at the door, and a servant entered with a letter. I took the large envelope from the tray, and, turning to the light, opened it. I found it contained a number of Press notices of Laurence, among them being many short notices of his funeral.

As I sat turning them over, with blinding tears, I suddenly heard the words, almost as though they were spoken aloud: "Why, these newspaper fellows have buried me almost to death," and with them a rush of life seemed to pour through the room. It was Laurence; I knew it, his vivid personality pulsed in the air around me. But it was no longer a feeble invalid, a spirit battling with the imprisoning flesh, but a spirit which was emancipated, gloriously free, and yet it was Laurence, my dearest friend, Laurence, joking as he had done when we sat side by side on the steamer; and I laughed at the comical twist of his phrase, referring to the numerous notices of his funeral: "They have buried me almost to death," even as I had laughed in the days of our betrothal. A veil seemed to drop from my eyes, and I knew that those of us who are knit together in Jesus Christ cannot be separated; we are one and indivisible. To all eternity Laurence, Alice's Laurence, would be my deeply loved friend. For a little time His followers may be in different countries, and hence must

send messages rather than speak them audibly, but the widest chasm which death can cleave has no power to sunder soul from soul. I knew it, on that afternoon, once and for ever; and my spirit broke from the bondage in which the evil ones had sought to imprison it in order to drive me to despair.

Life, glad, wholesome, familiar Life is our portion; and death is only a shadow to be ignored as we ignore all shadows, refusing to give them the place and value of real substances.

If the reader has been bereaved, my prayer is that he or she may become as sanely happy as I was on that blessed afternoon.

In the evening one of the children had a birthday party. They were dancing, joined by their elders, in the great dining-room. I went down and sat in a corner looking on, and the youngest, happiest heart there did not fling its glad life on the wings of the music more joyously than I did mine.

As I closed my eyes that night, I heard the words: "Death is delicious," and I knew that Laurence was with me. He had accepted, for Christ's sake, terrible pain and a lifelong bondage, and his Master had given him, instead, the freedom of the heavens. How great must have been the contrast, how glorious the release!

ROYALTY

I LEFT Lady Grant Duff's home with regret, a regret deepened afterwards by the fact that fate separated us, and I have never seen her since.

A number of Laurence's friends had urged me to visit them, and I accepted two or three of these invitations, thinking that he would like me to do so.

My first visit was to Lady Mount Temple. She also had lost her husband, and I was much touched by the humble receptivity of this great lady. Almost every morning there came a soft knock at my door and a voice begged: "Have you had your breakfast? May I come in and talk to you?" My unwavering faith seemed to comfort her in her affliction, and we spent many hours together.

During this visit Princess Christian asked me to call upon her. Lady Mount Temple took great pains to train me properly, but when I returned from the visit and told her the result she laughed until the tears came.

At the doors of Buckingham Palace I was met by a very imposing flunkey, and as we proceeded I was handed over, in turn, to several others, until finally we reached the door of a room where a gentleman awaited me.

He ushered me into the apartment, where I found Princess Christian, and tried to make the bobbing little curtsy which Lady Mount Temple had taught me. She managed it gracefully, but—like my grandfather, when in correct Court dress he had been received by the Queen—like him, I also "felt like a monkey."

I object to mourning and especially to widow's weeds, for it seems to me that it symbolizes a self-pitying reproach, questioning whether our Maker has the right to take our beloved from us. So I had never worn mourning until Laurence's death, when I reluctantly put a little crape on a black dress and black hat in my wardrobe, in order not to offend his family. But I had no correct widow's bonnet, etc., and it was thought necessary that I should wear the regulation apparel on this occasion.

"I shall never put it on again," I said to Lady Mount Temple, "and I do not want to waste my money by buying the outfit in order to wear it only once. I cannot afford it."

"Why not borrow my clothes?" said Lady Mount Temple.

"Thank you very much," I said, "that will get me out of the difficulty."

She sent her bonnet and cloak to my room on the day of the visit, and as she was a much larger woman than myself, I looked as though I had put on an extinguisher.

I saw at once that Princess Christian's quick eye detected that I was wearing borrowed clothes, and she politely suppressed an amused smile. I caught sight of myself in a glass, and my voluminous garments so eclipsed me that I was seized by an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh. I was horrified, for I suppose it is scarcely etiquette to go into fits of laughter when one first comes face to face with Royalty. By an effort I controlled my features, and then a new embarrassment arose; my tongue refused to obey orders. Lady Mount Temple had made me repeat, "Your Royal Highness" several times, and I seemed to be getting on during my lessons; but when it came to putting my instructions into practice, it was a dead failure. Twist my poor tongue as I would, the words did not come glibly.

So, finally, I said to Princess Christian, "Will you pardon me, Madam, but my American tongue will not obey orders. It is not lack of respect, but only lack of custom. Will you permit me to set aside ceremony, as there is much you wish me to tell you about Laurence, and I shall be able to tell it much better if I am more at my ease."

Princess Christian accepted my apology most courteously, and we got on far more smoothly.

During the conversation I was haunted, however, by the reflection that the people who had conducted me to the room were waiting, probably, in the narrow, bitterly cold passage outside, in order to conduct me back again; so when I had said all that seemed necessary, I rose to go, in order to relieve these attendants, who must be suffering, as it was a freezing day.

I saw a surprised look pass over Princess Christian's face, which her good breeding instantly suppressed, and I thought: "Now I have done something else which I ought not to have done, I wonder what it is."

When, on my return, I described my visit to Lady Mount Temple, she was vastly amused. "Well, my dear," she said, as soon as she had regained her breath, "I suppose you are the only

person living who has dismissed Royalty. No wonder Princess Christian looked startled."

When I left the Palace I was deeply thankful for my lot in life. I can scarcely imagine a worse infliction than the one imposed on royal persons, debarred from the simple ways of simple people. Never to be allowed, in meeting one's kind, to speak freely, spontaneously, untrammelled, this seems to me to be a dire infliction. One gets used to the heavy chains, I suppose, until one scarcely knows that one carries them; nevertheless, a prisoner, forced to walk by rule, must envy the free children going where they will, led by the inspiration of the moment. Liberty is a grand boon, and slavery, even though the chains be made of gold, must needs be a curse.

So when I returned, I quickly stripped off my borrowed clothes, put on an old hat and coat, and ran about in the Park near us, rejoicing in the fact that I was not imprisoned in the strait-jacket of stiff ceremonials, and could run unobserved, when, where, and how I pleased.

But, although I am glad I was not born a Royal Princess, this memory remains from the visit—no one could have been more kindly considerate, more tactful, than was Princess Christian, for it must have been a rather novel experience for Royalty to encounter so surprising a person as I appeared to be. Yet my high-born hostess suppressed all signs of her astonishment or amusement, the manners on her side being irreproachable.

But something more difficult awaited me than the effort to learn a conventional courtesy. I finished my visits, and went to the home of the friends who had left the Harris Community with Laurence.

Several persons in different parts of England and Scotland had intended to accompany Laurence to Palestine, forming altogether, with those who were already there, a group of about sixteen people. After his death I had written to those in Europe saying that they would hesitate to go, probably, now that the master mind could not lead them. But they had all elected to accompany me, and so I went to the home of Laurence's Harris friends, in order to organize, from there, the journey to the Orient.

THE ATTACK ON LAURENCE

THE evening after my arrival Murray's card was brought to me, and the servant said he awaited me in the drawing-room. I hastened downstairs in glad surprise, for he was the dearest friend remaining to me, made doubly dear because he loved Laurence so deeply and sincerely. He had just arrived from Scotland, hastening from the train to the house.

As I glanced up at the tall form, a chill struck to my heart, for it seemed to be the face of a stranger which looked at me. Before I had met Laurence, I had had a warmer affection for Murray than for any man I had known, and had he not been thirteen years younger than myself, and my superior materially in every way, for he was rich and handsome, it is possible that I might have permitted that love to grow. He now stood, his six feet four inches of height, stiffly erect; his beautiful brown eyes, usually so tenderly kind, coldly averted; and the lines of his striking young face drawn with pain.

"Murray, what is the matter?" I said in consternation.

He did not answer, but looked into my uplifted eyes as though he would pierce through them to search the depths of my soul.

I did not turn from him, for there was nothing hidden away which I feared to reveal to him.

Then his face changed, a flood of reverent tenderness swept over it, and taking both my hands in his, he said, "I believe in you, absolutely; come what may, I believe in you."

He drew me down beside him on a sofa, and presently told me his story, which amazed me beyond expression.

Many times was I destined to see, in the faces of others, the look of stern questioning which, for a few moments, had hardened Murray's face; but no attack, no matter how violent it became, had the power to hurt me as that brief suspicion of me had done. I did not know how deeply it had wounded me until it was gone, and the familiar look of trusting affection had returned. Had Murray remained alienated, the months which followed would have seemed almost unbearable, but when he took my hands in his and reverently kissed them, a load fell from me.

In order to make Murray's painful story intelligible to the reader, I must go back a little and recall past events.

When Laurence and Murray were together in Paris, before Laurence, after reading my letter to Murray, came to America to find me, they had met a young American, a widow, studying painting; sometimes she worked in the same students' studio as Murray, who was also a painter.

Laurence had thrown Murray and this lady (whom we will call Jennie) together, in order to train them in self-control. It was, I think, a mistaken course to take, as Laurence himself came to see during our conversation on the boat. It is certain, however, that it was in no wise meant to encourage self-indulgence, but quite the contrary.

It was an unsafe situation, and it is much to be regretted that the experiment was made, for although no gross sin resulted from it, Murray was more and more drawn to Jennie, who, at first, had no attraction for him, through those magnetic filaments which, though invisible, may be very strong.

Finally, he became tentatively betrothed to her, and asked his family to invite her to the handsome home which belonged to them in Scotland.

Jennie had won him, in large part, by her protestations of affection for the working classes, and she had promised Murray, should they be married, to live with him in a plain, little house among his father's workmen, in order to serve them.

This had won Murray's heart, for one of the griefs of his life had been his inability to help, as he wished to do, the people who laboured for his family. He hated to live in a sumptuous house while the twelve hundred persons who toiled for him lived cheerless lives. He had often told me that he took no pleasure in his own luxurious surroundings. Again and again had he urged reform, but he was not the master, as yet, and hence was not able to do much.

Now, so he believed, he had found a philanthropist who would help him when he took over the factories, and he discussed with her many reforms, she making intelligent suggestions.

When Jennie had been in his father's luxurious home for some weeks, he became uneasily aware that she seemed, not unworldly, but decidedly worldly; and he felt that in all probability she would wish to join the ranks of the pleasure seekers, seeing that she seemed to be intoxicated by the luxuries around her. In this

rôle she did not appeal to him at all; for, had he been looking for a fine lady in order to marry her, he certainly would not have chosen Jennie, whose crudeness sometimes distressed him.

When the visit had come to an end, Jennie returned to America, and from thence wrote him extravagantly passionate love-letters, telling him, finally, that without consulting him she had made all the arrangements for their marriage, on a sumptuous scale, in one of the great New York hotels, and urging him to come at once.

He immediately telegraphed to her that it was impossible and to cancel the arrangements.

These events had been taking place during Laurence's illness, and at this time Murray had sent me two letters, one from Jennie and one from himself, in answer to Jennie's, under the same cover, in order to ask my advice in this distressing emergency.

I had not heard of these events until these letters reached me, and had supposed that the engagement was a happy one, destined, probably, to end in marriage. Indeed, I had been so engrossed in caring for Laurence that I had scarcely thought about Murray and Jennie, or about anyone else. My whole life was being spent for my husband.

When I took the two letters out of the envelope, I laid them for a moment, separately, on a table. Then I took them up, one in each hand, to place them in the envelope again, as I was called away at that moment and could not read them. To my amazement I was unable to put them together, for my hands and arms were inflexible. Again and again I tried. I could place them, separately, anywhere, but I could not unite them, my arms being quite rigid whenever I tried to do so; and at last I gave up the attempt.

When I had leisure to read them, I found that Jennie's letter was a wildly unrestrained one, bitter reproaches for not coming to New York to be married alternating with passionate declarations of love, and urgent entreaties to join her at once, saying she would be disgraced in the eyes of all the friends whom she had invited, if he did not come. He afterwards sent me other letters, which he received daily, written in the same wild strain. I did not wonder that his letters and hers could not be joined, for his nature, possessing the calm serenity of the obedient child of God, was as far removed as the poles from the nature of this

unhappy woman, who seemed to be half mad because her ambitious plans to have a "grand wedding" had miscarried.

Yet I did not feel inclined to judge her because she was not Murray's equal, for it would have been difficult to find a woman who was quite worthy of him. It was certainly not to her discredit that she loved such a man fervently, and not her fault that they had been thrown together, imprudently, so it seemed to me.

I wrote to him telling him of the strange experience with the two letters, and he answered by return saying he thought it symbolized, exactly, the state of things. He had been convinced during her visit to his father that they were quite unsuited, his aims and hers being totally different.

The experience with the two letters, which refused to be joined, reached Jennie's ears, repeated by someone who had heard of the incident, and from that hour she had become my enemy, declaring that I had separated them and that she would make me suffer bitterly for it.

From this time she seemed to have been animated by a wild energy; wherever she could discover friends of mine, she had been to see them in order to pour out a torrent of accusations against Laurence and myself.

A week before Murray's visit to me, she had suddenly reappeared in Scotland, almost in a state of physical collapse. She had then concentrated her fury on me, repeating with an intense emphasis, which made her unfounded assertions appear like truth, that my best friends had accused me of being a wicked woman.

I believe that she was persuaded, in part, that she was right. The experiment between Murray and herself had been an unwise one; and, therefore, there was a foundation upon which she could build. Again and again she had repeated to Murray that Laurence was a wicked sensualist, and had deceived them all, until he, Murray, was beside himself with the strain to which he was being subjected. But, finally, her accusations became so wildly improbable that he knew she must be mistaken, to a considerable extent.

Murray had then decided to come and see me, although Jennie had behaved like a mad creature when she heard he was determined to make the visit.

I was exceedingly glad he had done so, for I felt he needed help. As the evening wore away, the strained look left his features, and

we both felt that the tie between us, which had now lasted several years, was more firmly knitted than ever. We left the painful subject which had brought him to see me, and we drifted into one of the long talks in which we both delighted, about social reform, which was his keenest interest. As the only son of a rich manufacturer, employing many work-people, the subject had come home to him. He often wore very shabby old clothes and heavy, unblacked boots, by way of showing his sympathy with those who were obliged to be roughly clad, clothes which in nowise brought him to their level, for his well-bred distinction refused to be hidden. As a matter of fact, I found, later, that it was something of a disappointment to the work-people that their handsome young master was not as well dressed as his rich companions. I sometimes quizzed him a little, asking him how he expected that his unbrushed boots, innocent of gloss, were going to bring about a resplendent millennium? By the law of contraries? Or did he expect a result because his reform was so far-reaching, seeing that it began at the very bottom, his dirty boots, with many inches to climb before the top of his high head, crowned by a workman's cap, was reached, and hence it was bound to succeed?

The old subject, which we had discussed many times, a subject to which, as Robert Owen's granddaughter, I was deeply interested, absorbed his attention, and so the hours sped away, and eleven o'clock struck before we were aware that the evening had well begun.

When he rose to go, I saw that the strained lines had left his fine face, the old comradeship in which we had both delighted having been renewed with an added touch of intimacy, because his friendship had been tried and had not been found wanting.

"God bless you, my friend," I said to him as he bade me good-night. "Let us kneel down together and thank Him for the great comfort He gives us through the bond between us, now more firmly knit than ever."

He kissed both my hands, with an exquisite courtesy, as we rose from our knees, and said: "You and I will defend Laurence against the world, if need be. I shall not fail you, God helping me."

I heard nothing from him for a week or two. Then I received a telegram asking me to meet him at a London station early the next morning.

As I saw his tall form striding along, my heart went out to him,

for, like Laurence, he seemed very different from the ordinary run of men around him.

As he approached, I saw that he was very pale, the pallor being more noticeable in contrast to his jet-black hair and moustache.

His great height gave him the advantage of seeing over the heads of ordinary men, and he soon discovered me.

His white face shone with pleasure when he took my hands in his. "I thank you, Rosamond, for answering my telegram so promptly at this unearthly hour of the morning." Then, looking around, he drew me into a quiet nook screened off in the refreshment room, and wrapping his travelling rug around me, for it was freezing weather, he stood before me.

"Well, my dearest friend, I have no one left to me in this world but you. My nearest of kin have all turned against me, and I have left my father's house, a disgraced man, so I fear, to the extent that the world's unfounded accusations can disgrace one." A spasm passed across his averted face, but it lasted only a moment, then his beautiful eyes sought mine, and we looked at one another, spirit answering to spirit.

"Is it your defence of Laurence which has cost you thus dear?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "My good father declared at last that I must either denounce Laurence or be repudiated by him and by my family. I have chosen the latter."

I took his hand, and we sat for a few moments without speaking, as no words could express my emotion. He was being knit to me, through his loyalty to Laurence, in an everlasting bond.

" I have much to tell you," he said, looking around to see whether we were being observed.

"Will you not come to the home of my friends?" I asked. "I am sure you would be most welcome."

"No," he replied, "I think it is wiser to continue my journey at once."

He settled me more comfortably in my corner, and ordered some refreshments, which, however, he hardly tasted; although, so he told me, he had scarcely eaten anything for twenty-four hours.

Pushing the plate from him, he said: "And now, dearest friend, before I begin my sad story, let me tell you about the strange feeling that has come to me. Yesterday, I could scarcely have felt more solitary, for I seemed not to have a friend left in the world.

Now, I feel that I own in you a thousand friends, dearer than any I have lost. God is great, He repays." For a few moments he could not speak, struggling with a deep emotion. It was plain that his sensitive nature had been strained to the utmost, the ordeal having been greater almost than he could bear. I gave him my hand, and thanked God for the soothing power my nurse's touch seems to have; for, after a little time, the nervous trembling which had seized him ceased, and the colour returned to his face.

"Do not tell me now, Murray, if you feel it to be too great a strain."

"No, I wish to unburden my mind, it will do me good, for I can speak to you as to another self, without fear and without reserve. You are my second conscience. Ah, what an unspeakable comfort it is, after one has been so completely misunderstood, to find a friend from whom nothing need be hidden, because she will understand everything.

"I told you," continued Murray, "that Jennie, poor girl, seemed beside herself when I said I must come to see you. When I returned to Scotland, after my visit to you, I found her in a state of collapse, it seemed as though she might die. The violence of her emotions had completely prostrated her, and I felt a deep compassion for her.

"But in a day or two she rallied, her splendid vitality and native courage, for she possesses fine qualities, coming to the rescue. Finally, we had a terrible scene; and when she found that I would not, that I could not, yield to her entreaties to turn my back on Laurence and you, and to be married at once, she attacked me with a bitterness such as I have never conceived, and said she intended to ruin my name and my future prospects.

" 'I promise you,' she said, 'that I will not quit this place until I have revenged myself. You are now considered the model young man here; I will see to it that you are despised, and deserted, and mocked at by every friend you have.' She flung a ring I had given her in my face, and fell back in her chair in an almost fainting condition.

"I threw myself on my knees before her, and buried my face in her lap. She drew me in closest touch to her, clasping me with her convulsed limbs, and then flung me from her and told me to go, and to remember that she meant to carry out her threat.

"I found, in the next few days, that Jennie was going from

house to house among my kindred and friends, and I was told that her story was believed, because she was even willing to implicate herself in order to seek to unmask Laurence, and to warn my friends into what depths I had fallen through his influence.

"My father demanded an interview, in which he said to me that he would rather see me dead in my coffin than to know I was a follower of Laurence Oliphant.

"When this storm burst upon me, I went to my room, and, flinging myself on my knees, I cried to my God for help, for I felt I was reaching the edge of my endurance.

"As I knelt there a strange answer came to me, Rosamond, a simple little test, which set my mind at rest instantly.

" 'When your face was buried in Jennie's lap,' something seemed to say to me, 'and she convulsively drew you to her, your proximity was most intimate. Was your imagination at that moment perfectly pure? Could God have looked into the depths of your heart, and would He have found there only a deep reverence for the most beautiful thing He has created, a woman's form, to which He has revealed the holy mystery of maternity?'

"I listened in awe to my Mentor and searched my soul. 'My imagination was God-governed,' I answered. 'My Creator could have looked through and through me and would have found no unclean association.'

" 'Would this have been the case before you met Laurence Oliphant?' asked my Mentor.

"Again I examined myself. 'No,' I said, 'I should have struggled against it, but there would have been an uneasy sex consciousness, separating me from my Creator instead of uniting me to Him.'

"Then came to me a flood of joy, for I knew that, at last, at last, my mind was clean; I was no longer ashamed to meet my God.

"Every soul in my native city might condemn me, if they chose. Jennie could blacken my name, as she was successfully seeking to do, but I lifted my voice and said: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.' He had given me a gift no creature could take from me."

Murray dropped his face in his hands, and when he lifted it again it was like Laurence's face when he had said, "I am willing." There, in that common little London eating-room, with the common crowd jostling each other around the counter,

Murray's face shone for a moment, like the face of an angel. The great city held its measure of sin, but that one look, as Murray lifted his face in prayer, seemed enough to atone, heavenward, for all the evil the night had known.

"Only God, and perhaps you in part, can know what this meant to me," he said. "I am a passionate man, and my passion has been my torment. Temptation seemed to lurk everywhere, even in a woman's garment hung on a drying-line. There was a time when it seemed an endless struggle, day and night, to preserve my purity; and I meant that it should be preserved, God helping me. I tried every device, making myself thoroughly uncomfortable, physically, like a monk. It was a sort of obsession, which gave me no rest, and yet in the midst of it, I knew that a false glamour deceived me, the allurement was a poor thing. Again and again, I said this, and yet again and again was I blindly tempted.

"So you may know how I rejoiced when I sprang to my feet a free man. Laurence Oliphant has helped to teach me this secret, and as long as I live shall I thank him.

"I am still weary and weak physically, for I have been through a long strain, but my torment is over, I am at rest." He stretched his long limbs and folded his hands behind his head for a moment, saying with a joyous laugh: "At last, I have time to take breath."

"Eat a little more," I coaxed, "and then tell me the rest."

He took a little food, and then pushing back his plate, said: "There is not much more to tell, and I must be off as soon as possible.

"When the moral burden had dropped from me, my mind became clear, and I was able to decide, rapidly, what course I ought to take. It was of no use, at this juncture, to reason with those who surrounded me. Jennie, as I told you, was even ready to blacken her own name, if it would help to blacken mine, and Laurence's, and yours.

"I need not tell you," said Murray, "that there was nothing resembling an ordinary liaison between Jennie and myself, she was and is, so I believe, what is known as an honest woman. Were she not, I could never have cared for her at all, for a coarse woman is utterly repugnant to me. But she was a bitterly disappointed woman, having some just ground for her anger, and I did not know to what length she might go in the almost insane desire to revenge herself, which momentarily possessed her ;

and much as she had hurt me, I did not wish her to do anything which would cast a lasting slur on her own name, and cast it unjustly, a course of action she would bitterly regret as soon as she came to her senses.

"With regard to my own experience, I am absolutely certain that the trial Laurence suggested has taught me a far greater self-control, and it would grieve me deeply were Jennie to do herself, unfairly, a lasting harm through the mad desire for revenge which now animates her, poor girl.

"For her sake, then, as much as my own, I decided to leave Scotland, for I felt tolerably sure that calm would not be restored so long as I remained in my native city.

"The night before last I engaged a carriage to come for me at four o'clock yesterday morning. The coachman and myself quietly carried my luggage downstairs, and I quitted my father's house like a thief in the night, without letting anyone know I was leaving or where I was going, as I feared detention. As I settled myself in a corner of the carriage which was carrying me away from home, I remembered that I was making this dramatic exit because I have fought—with all my strength I have fought—to live a pure life. My relation to Jennie had been the outcome of this desire; I had consented to our intimacy solely because I wished to use it as a means of fortifying my self-control. It may have been, take it altogether, a mistaken means, but it certainly was not a self-indulgent course to take—quite the contrary—for it entailed a severe struggle and, I may say, in the main, a successful one.

"So here was I, running away like a criminal from this sleeping city, holding, I imagine, few young men who had battled as I had done to live clean lives; young men who, in spite of their self-indulgence, were well received in society. The situation was so upside down that it turned from tragedy almost into comedy, and I thanked God for His goodness in showing me the lighter side, for I was near the breaking-point, physically, and a good laugh saved me and in some way brought Laurence very near to me.

"I stopped on the way to London, to transact some necessary business *en route* connected with obtaining a sum of ready money from a bank where I had a deposit, took the night train when it was successfully finished, and here I am.

" I am fully prepared to find that my father and other relatives

may disinherit me; for I have gathered as much from what has been said to me. As my father's only son, I should come in for a large income, and, so I understand, other relatives, all prosperous people, had signified their intention to leave me considerable sums of money. I should have been, therefore, a rich man had I elected to remain at home."

Murray stopped for a moment, a sharp spasm crossing his face, then he resumed:

"My plan is to go to Paris to-day, give up my studio, and then make my way to some village in the South of France, where I can live very cheaply. I know the district, for I have tramped through it as an artist. I will send you my address when I am settled, and join you at Marseilles when you sail for Palestine. I shall come to you almost penniless, for I have only about three hundred pounds in my pocket, and it is probably the last money I shall ever obtain from home. Will you take me with you, seeing that I am almost a beggar?" he asked, turning to me with a wistful little smile.

"My income will be a modest one," I said, "when everything is settled, but I will share it with you to the last penny."

"I hope I need not be a burden," said Murray rising and drawing himself to his full, splendid height. "I was, often, the designer in my father's factory, and I think I may say a successful one. So I have a trade and can make a living, I hope, when matters have quieted down, but for the moment it is best I should leave Europe, I think.

"You remember," he said, with a little emphatic nod at me, "that you thought me something of a crank, because I lived in Paris, in one room, doing my own cooking, when I had a rich father giving me a sufficient income? Well, the experience will now serve me; I have already accustomed myself to poverty, for there seemed to be a premonition in me, somewhere, that it was best to grow used to hardship."

"You were right and I was wrong," I said, "but I never imagined it possible that a father having a son like you—for you are a splendid man, my friend—could have turned against you. He has known you since you were born, how could he fail to understand you? How strong must the powers of evil be, when they can blind a good man like your father to the fact that he has a son for whom he ought to thank God every hour of his life."

I looked up at the tall, slim form before me. The thick black

hair was thrown back with a fine sweep from the regular, finely chiselled face. The eyes, tenderly gentle in expression and beautiful in form and colour, looked at me with fearless candour. The lips, brightly scarlet, but clean cut and pure in outline, smiled at me winsomely, revealing white and even teeth, shaded by a handsome black moustache. He was a beautiful creature, this repudiated son. How could a father who had received such a gift from God, how could he separate himself from his only boy because he was a faithful friend to a good man, Laurence Oliphant?

The case was so extreme that then and there I made up my mind not to judge our persecutors, for they must be blinded and tempted in a manner which was beyond my understanding.

It gives me great pleasure to add at this point that I in nowise regret having withheld any harsh criticism I might have been inclined to make, for the sequel proved that Murray's father had always continued to love his noble son, and in the end he, the father, behaved in a generously kind manner to myself, even though he had, to the last, no faith in me, so it seemed.

With regard to his impression concerning myself, I was not inclined to judge him at any time; for he does not know me, and he has heard only evil of me, some of my near friends having turned against me. So I have never been surprised at his attitude towards myself, and I came to feel a warm gratitude for the much-needed succour he regularly sent me in the end.

The favourable events of which I here speak followed years later, and will be explained in due course.

I perceived, in these first days of our trouble, that it was my simple duty to commend my enemies into the hands of God and to do all that lay in my power to calm the storm. So I tried to banish the bitterness which had sought to invade me, and to realize that my burden consisted only in seeking to endure the struggle, should it be protracted, without breaking down physically. Sometimes, in the days which followed, I grew a little irritable—forgetting my dear mother's rule—from sheer physical strain; even once or twice speaking a little sharply to Murray. But he understood, bless him, and only answered by surrounding me with that tender care which so comforts an overtaxed woman, arranging comfortable cushions for my aching back, putting a stool under my tired feet, bringing me books and flowers, and, above all, playing for me on the organ, which I love, and

singing to me, with his fine bass voice, the songs in which I delight.

For the moment, however, we were still at the beginning, consulting in the railway refreshment room as to the future.

"You wrote me that your nieces and the husband of the eldest one, Grace, were coming to join you. Is this settled?" asked Murray.

"Yes, I received a cablegram yesterday from America, telling me they are *en route*. Hence we shall soon be able to join you at Marseilles."

"Ah, I am glad to hear it," he said. "Who knows, perhaps I shall find a new family life, where I can be of greater use than I was at home. Will you adopt me as a member of the Owen family?"

"With all my heart, and I believe Grace and Margaret, my nieces, will love you as much as I do. You have lost a good deal, Murray, for right's sake, and you will find it all again, enriched a thousand-fold."

He rose with cheerful energy. "For the moment," he said, dropping his voice, "I must look up the train to Paris, and be gone as soon as possible, for I am still the villain in the play, shadowed, it may be, by detectives—who knows?" He glanced at two men hovering near us, who were evidently trying to hear what we were saying. But when they saw we were observing them, they disappeared, and Murray, following them, saw them leave the station.

We parted with a happy "*Au revoir*," full of hope for the future, which was to contain so much joy, and, at last, so fatal a tragedy.

A few days later my nieces, and the husband of the eldest one, Grace, arrived; she had been married since I had left America. How glad, how very glad, I was to see them. We remained only a few days in England, leaving for Marseilles as soon as possible. There Murray joined us, and I felt, at once, that he and my dear children were akin. The rest of the party had sailed from Scotland, so our little company was made up of the members of my own family, for I now counted Murray as one of us.

As soon as we were comfortably settled, Murray told me the story of his experiences since he had left me at the London station.

"I remained only one day in Paris, came to the little village in the South of France, the address of which I sent you, and took a room in a small country hotel, where I had formerly stayed.

"I noticed on the first night, when I came to the table, a very beautiful woman, and was told she was, or had been, the mistress of a rich Count, whose fine country seat could be seen from the windows.

"A day or two afterwards, I found that she had moved to the room next mine and that there was a door of communication between the two rooms.

"I had been detained downstairs one night rather late. A professional mesmerist was staying in the house, and he had said in the presence of several men, including myself, that he meant to bring a pretty servant of the hotel under his power in order to wrong her. He said to us:

" 'Watch the process, it will be interesting, and may be of use to you later."

"A flash of wrath went through me, and I said to him: 'I want to make a bargain with you. If I can bring you under my power, will you promise me not to ruin this girl?'

"He sneeringly answered that I would find it a very hard task, but if I succeeded he agreed to leave the girl alone, and he would keep his word.

"I sent up a fervent prayer for the pretty, innocent young girl he meant to ruin; and taking his hands in mine fixed my eyes upon him. I made no attempt to coerce him through my own will, I only prayed most earnestly for help.

"In a few moments, he fell back against the wall in an almost fainting condition, and would have fallen had not a bystander caught him.

" '*Sapristi!*' he said, when he had recovered, 'you are the strongest mesmerist I ever met. Where did you learn it?'

" 'From God in heaven,' I said. 'I have prayed Him to protect this poor girl and He has answered me.'

"The man stared at me—'Oh, you're that sort, are you?'

" 'Precisely, I am that sort.'

" 'Well,' said he sullenly, 'I don't know how you did it, but, at any rate, I will keep my promise.'

"I shook hands with him cordially, and said: 'There is just one thing I should like to ask of you: Don't do to the wife, or sister, or daughter of another man, what you would not like that man to do to your own wife, or sister, or daughter. That is fair play, my friend, and a man of courage likes fair play. It is only cowards who are bullies.'

" 'There is some sense in what you say, and I'll think it over. But you needn't tell me you're not a mesmerist. I never felt such power in my life. If you're ever out of a job, let me know, and I'll get you work in my own line; here's my card.'

"If I fail as a painter or as a designer, Rosamond, I have a new opening, you see," said Murray laughing.

" Well, to continue my story: I had gone to my room late, and was stretching my tired limbs—for I had been tramping all day carrying my painting kit—when the door between my room and the next was opened. There was a brilliant light in the adjoining room, and the woman I had noticed downstairs stood in the door in a transparent muslin nightgown plainly revealing her form, and with her waving blonde hair falling about her. It was a vision of sensuous beauty.

"She stood for a moment looking at me, then she stretched her beautiful arms towards me and slowly backed into her own room, leaving the door open.

"I rubbed my eyes, thinking I was dreaming, but I was soon persuaded that it was a reality, for she appeared again, and when she retired began to sing a passionate French love-song in a sweet, low voice.

"Rosamond," said Murray, "do you not agree with me that one of the hardest trials to which we can be subjected is the recurrence of a temptation which we believe we have permanently overcome? When I thought myself to be a free man, that evening in my father's home, I hoped that no sex temptation would ever again violently assail me.

"On this night, in the French hotel, the exertions of the long day and the effort of the evening had exhausted me, so that I

was in a negative state, my will seeming to be dormant, and the powers of evil took that unguarded moment to pour a hell of desire through me. My veins seemed to be running fire.

"I could not meet the attack, for it was greater than any power of resistance which I possessed. So, as I had cried to my God to protect the young girl downstairs, I now cried to Him to save me. As I offered up my prayer, the woman appeared for the third time. She was the incarnation of seduction. Languid, half-closed eyes, parted lips, heaving bosom, sinuous body, seemed to be used by ten thousand devils to draw me irresistibly to her.

"Had I never believed in our Lord Jesus Christ until that moment, I should have believed in Him then; for He, who so compassionately understood the struggle of those tempted to sin as I was now being tempted, He helped me to resist. There was no condemnation, for He knew I was helpless, but there was an all-embracing Mercy; He helped me to rise, He led me to the door, and He gave me the strength to withdraw the key, to lock the door on my side, and to fling the key into the garden.

"The next morning I met the woman in the passage. She was beautifully dressed, and she swept by me with haughty anger. She was a splendid creature, and my heart ached for her, for during the long, wakeful night God had shown me the end of such a life, and had revealed to me, as I had never seen it before, the hideous selfishness from which men, from kings to beggars, are not immune—the selfishness which is willing to pile all the penance on the woman, while the man, her co-sinner, may claim for himself fame, honour, and even the highest posthumous praise.

"The old age of this beautiful woman had been shown to me. I saw her cursed with bitter memories, unblessed, unloved, dishonoured, and in contrast to this I had seen her paramour, a noted leader, praised, it may be, by all the world. I had pitied her with all my soul. Therefore, as we reached the head of the stairs, I put out my hand and took hers.

" ' May the Virgin Mary help you,' I said.

"A spasm crossed her face. ' It is my good mother's prayer, always,' she said, turning from me with a sobbing breath, 'but I was born a wicked girl, Monsieur, from the beginning.'

"She ran rapidly down the stairs, and stepped into a handsome carriage waiting for her at the door. I did not speak to her after-

wards, but I have hope for her, seeing that she had confessed her sinfulness.

"And now I shall not boast again," said Murray, "that I am free for ever, but it does seem to me that I can never again be tempted so fiercely, and it is certain that we always go forward with a fresh faith, a new courage, when, tried beyond endurance, He has helped us to conquer.

"So, Rosamond, I feel like a happy youngster, and do not be surprised if I behave like one, at any rate during the voyage. When we reach Haifa, and become a Society of Reformers—for I suppose that is what we are humbly trying to be, is it not?—I must put on my robes of office, but in the meanwhile let us throw care to the winds."

"I heartily agree," I said, "for, after all, we were born to be Mercuries, not moles, so the chief aim in life is to grow wings."

We had a happy voyage, until we reached Port Said, which mightily refreshed us, and it was well, for trouble and to spare awaited us at the other end.

THE HOLY LAND

A VIOLENT storm overtook us as we left Port Said to go up the Syrian coast. Cook's tourists filled the first class, and we were obliged to take berths in the second, the accommodation consisting of a large room, with a double row of berths around it, where men, women, and children were herded together. The smell was, as someone said, so strong one could lean against it, there being not a particle of ventilation. My youngest niece, Margaret, contented herself with the dining-table as a bed, where, rolled in a rug, she slid up and down over the slippery oilcloth, at the risk of breaking her neck. There was not even a seat to spare. Arabs, Greeks, Italians, etc., filled every crack and cranny. Those of us who had been given dirty berths were watching her, rather anxiously, from our ill-smelling niches, amused, as morning broke, to see that she had managed to sleep tranquilly throughout the stormy night. The Arabs lying on the benches, placed at either side of the table, pushed her into position whenever the boat gave a great lurch and she was in danger of falling off. She rose in the morning with her placid, blonde beauty unimpaired, a beauty reverently admired, evidently, by the swarthy Arabs around us, who had been civilly kind in their care of the sleeping girl.

This small coasting steamer (now replaced by sumptuous vessels) pitched and tossed, as the night advanced and the storm increased, until it seemed as though she meant to turn over completely.

As we neared Haifa, I managed, being a fairly good sailor, to make my way on deck in order to reconnoitre. In the pitch darkness I stumbled over a number of cows and sheep, carried as cargo, and finally found a place where I could stand. I saw the lighthouse in the distance and watched it coming nearer and nearer; then it seemed to lie behind us. As one of the crew passed me, I asked him when we should reach Haifa.

"Haifa," he said scornfully, "we shall not go into the Haifa harbour on such a night, we are headed for Beyrouth."

I went downstairs again. Murray was lying cramped in one of

the short berths, manfully struggling with seasickness, and Grace was in the berth below him, too ill to speak.

"Well, how soon shall we be there?" he said.

"We have passed Haifa, and are going to Beyrouth."

'The devil," said Murray, and turned over without another word. It was the only time I ever heard him swear, if "the devil" may be called swearing, and certainly the occasion warranted it.

The next day, when we struggled on deck, we heard from the passengers acquainted with the coast that we might go backwards and forwards between Beyrouth and Port Said several times without touching Haifa. This was cheerful news!

Happily, we did not have to suffer this penance, and entered the Haifa harbour on our return journey, the storm ceasing as quickly as it had begun.

In coming from Beyrouth I had been annoyed by an Arab, who had seated himself opposite my berth and had stared at me, off and on, throughout the night. He had a bloated, dissipated face, and seemed to be recovering from a drunken spell.

When we were entering the harbour, he approached me, and to my surprise addressed me in rather good French.

"Pardon me, but you are Mrs. Laurence Oliphant?" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"I hope you will command my services, if I can be of any use in landing."

I thanked him, and told him a friend was coming on board to meet us.

I did not then know that this man, whom I will call Mustafa, was to be the bane of my life, and to bring on me, at last, the worst blow I could suffer.

When the boat was anchored, a swarm of small boats surrounded us as if by magic; and a horde of yelling Arabs clambered up the sides of the vessel and over the deck in the twinkling of an eye. A number of them were eager to grab our baggage and to row us on shore. But we managed to keep out of their clutches until our friends arrived.

We saw them approaching, as we looked over the side of the vessel; one of the members of the party which had sailed from Scotland, and a gentleman already established in Laurence's home, being in a small boat. As soon as I caught sight of their faces, I knew there was trouble in store for us, for there was no smile of greeting, not even a wave of the hand, although the

young Scotchman—a man I came afterwards to esteem highly —had been one of Murray's oldest friends.

They came on board, greeted us formally, and we were taken on shore. When we had rattled through the narrow, rough, ill-smelling streets of the Arab town, and had reached the Temple Colony, where our house was situated, I was agreeably surprised. Neat homes were set in pretty gardens, and the streets were wide, well-kept, and shaded. It was the abode of a German religious sect.

It was the month of March, but the sun was already rather oppressively hot, and the vine-covered entrance to our home seemed delightfully green and cool. We were met at the door by the English lady left in charge of the house, a lady belonging to the family of the Harris remnant, who conducted us to our rooms, which seemed havens of rest after the discomfort of the boat. But she also had rather a frigid manner, and when we had been left alone my nieces ran into my room, and Grace, with her bright charm, whispered dramatically: "Aunt Rosamond, let's go back, it seems to be warmer at the Poles than in the Tropics." She spread out her hands before an imaginary fire, and said solemnly: "I'm about to freeze." We all laughed at her fun, and felt better.

"What ails them, do you think?" asked Margaret, with her placid mien, which could not easily be disturbed, so long as she had her dear sister Grace by her side, whom she loved with the deepest devotion.

A few moments later my niece's husband brought in a great bundle of letters; two or three addressed to himself he had opened, the rest he handed to me.

Grace grasped him by the lapels of his coat, and said in her winsome way: "Now, Charlie, please don't go racing off, either to the North Pole or to the South Pole, but come and sit by me, cosy and comfy, on the equator, that's a good boy; don't miss your opportunities, we are here, not to freeze, but to make the most of the sunshine."

I understood at once what she meant, for the face of her husband was much disturbed, seeming to reflect the cold sternness surrounding us. To my surprise, he did not look at Grace or laugh at her badinage, which generally amused him very much.

When the girls had left the room, he said to me:

"Aunt Rose, read this." He handed me a letter from America. I glanced through it, and looked at him in consternation when I had finished it.

This letter, from a relative of Charlie's, accused Laurence and myself of teaching all sorts of pervert sins to young people. It stated that a party might be sent officially from the United States to investigate our crimes, and to take any action that was thought necessary to suppress our evil teaching. Details were then given, which I will not quote, for they spoke of sins of which I had scarcely heard.

"Charlie," I urged, "say nothing to Grace and Margaret, for the present. Let them enjoy two or three care-free weeks in this new land."

"But I do not wish my wife to be mixed up in so scandalous an affair. I think we ought to return home, at once, and take Margaret with us."

The words cut me like a knife. The mother of these children had died when they were still young. Margaret being little more than a baby, and I had had the care of them, off and on, from that time until they were grown up. No inspiration that prayer could reveal to me had remained unsought; no labour that common sense could teach me had been spared to make them good women. God knew that my whole soul had gone into my task. Again and again had my brother said to me: 'Rose, I have perfect trust in you with regard to the training of my girls, they are my comfort and my delight." Had anyone accused me of wishing to murder them, I could not have been more astonished than I was, when it was said that I was leading them astray, morally.

"Charlie," I said, somewhat sternly, "give me your promise that you will not speak to Grace. It would be cruel. Everyone seems to be mad, and we must wait a little for developments."

Charlie was a clever young American with a kind heart, and passionately devoted to his wife; a sympathetic young man.

At last he said: "Of course I know, Aunt Rose, that there is not a word of truth in all this, it is simply the look of the thing that I do not like. But I will do as you wish, for Grace's sake as well as yours."

When he had left me, I opened my own letters, and in one of them there was a repetition, in a milder form, in more moderate terms, of the accusations in Charlie's letters.

The next morning the young Scotchman asked for an interview,

and he told me that he and his companion had been pursued by telegrams on the way, sent by their families, who insisted upon their immediate return. "Mr. Oliphant is accused of having been a teacher of dangerous doctrines," he said, "and my mother is much troubled because I am with you."

"Do you wish to return?" I asked.

"No, I do not. I am here, and wish to stay. But you can understand that my position is not a comfortable one. It grieves me to give anxiety to my mother."

This first day was a sample of the days that followed. The young Scotchman, alone, spent about £50 in answering telegrams to his family and friends, so I understood. It was a miserable household, and it seemed to me impossible, under the circumstances, to establish any sort of unity and to do any sort of good work.

And, as usual, it was the pin-pricks which, added to the hard blows, seemed to make the situation almost intolerable.

HYGIENE

It was my plan to live most simply, in order that the members of our little group should acquire sane, evenly balanced temperaments. I proposed to have only two meals a day, breakfast at nine o'clock and dinner at five o'clock. In summer at eight and half-past four. I advised very little meat; for those who were at all excitable, or unable to sleep profoundly, no tea or coffee, and no tobacco for anyone. Wine was to be used only in great moderation, for those who were thin-blooded and to whom it might be of service medicinally. The strong and full-blooded, especially the young men of this habit, were better without it, as a rule, I thought, and would find the struggle to live a perfectly pure life made easier by such abstinence. In short, purity of life was to be placed as the central endeavour. Whatever helped this effort was to be accepted, whatever hindered it was to be abandoned, and each was asked to determine for himself or herself, through an honest inward searching, how this self-control was best ensured. With some, wine might increase temptation, with others not. I desired the clothing to be pretty and well cut, for it is our duty to please the eyes of our neighbours, obliged sometimes to look at us many hours a day; but I wished that it should be simple, modest, loose, and light. I suggested that we should retire to bed early, and that the manual labour and mental work should be regular, and should alternate, profitably, being well timed. I desired to encourage music, dancing, happy holidays, and all sane pleasures, kept within legitimate bounds, as my mother had kept them in New Harmony. There was to be plenty of fresh air, day and night, in our rooms, and regular out-of-door exercise.

I had followed this system in my own life, and it had worked exceedingly well. Simplicity, then, was to be the key-note, but that simplicity did not imply a disagreeable asceticism—quite the contrary. No one was to dress in a slovenly, ugly fashion; our home was not to be bare and cheerless; and that important centre of the house, the kitchen, was by no means to be neglected. A bad cook is a poor servant of the Creator, for she mishandles God's good gifts made to feed His children, and misuses His added wonder, called fire; to say nothing of the fact that she

renders useless, in part, the human labour which brings the edibles to her careless or clumsy hand. But a long, late dinner of many courses, especially when not one of the dishes is perfectly cooked, is, it seems to me, a doubtful benefit, and to eat too often, so that one has no keen appetite for any meal—this habit also takes from, and does not add to, our enjoyment. Wherever we try to grasp too much physical pleasure, we shall find at the end that we are able to own and to enjoy very little.

I had first practised this simple, two-meal system at a well-known Water Cure in New York State, and I had seen several hundred patients improve wonderfully under it. On returning home, some of them to very hard work, such as farming, etc., the improvement was maintained, so they wrote, under the same manner of life.

And not only was it of use, physically, but above all it seemed to give a moral balance to the character, for the body, when neither over-fed, artificially stimulated, nor narcotized; when neither cramped with tight clothing nor slothful, this sane body becomes the servant of the soul, and is not its master. Under this system there was much less danger of being heavily depressed, or unduly excited, without cause.

It had, then, been my intention gradually to help the little group under my care to become normally healthy and happy, enjoying the simple pleasures and duties of life, as children do. This seemed to me especially necessary for the two or three members of the group belonging to the Harris remnant, who had near relatives in the Insane Asylum, and were themselves inclined to be nervous and moody.

But it was precisely with these persons, whom I had found domiciled at Haifa, that trouble arose.

I found they were eating rather heavy breakfasts, luncheons, afternoon tea, and late dinners, at which they appeared somewhat elaborately dressed. After dinner they wished to spend a long evening in a close room, overheated by lamps. The next morning they were rather limp, sometimes laying a weight of depression on the rest of us.

I was the more concerned, because I found that the cook, the wife of the gardener, was expecting a child, and as the summer advanced it was intolerably hot in the kitchen, where every evening she was preparing a somewhat elaborate late dinner. This seemed to me to be bad both for herself and for the little one who was expected.

On the other hand, although these members rejected the socialism which considers the welfare of a cook as carefully as it does the welfare of the most honoured guest for whom she caters—although they thought such carefulness unnecessary—yet some of them had adopted the more questionable instincts of the socialistic mind, ordaining that "What is mine remains mine, but what is yours belongs to me." I was familiar with reformers (?) of this type, through past experiences. For instance, I missed on one occasion the ornaments from the mantelpiece. When I asked about them, one of our party said: "Oh, I wanted to send some presents home, and I thought you would not mind if I took them."

On another occasion my niece's cloak disappeared, and she had no travelling cloak for her return journey; a member coolly remarked that he had sent it to his wife. These depredations increased to such an extent that finally, while I was away for a few days, a member packed up several boxes of valuable books and dispatched them to his home. On the other hand, some of these people were not ready to share any of their own belongings with anyone.

I was reminded of our experiences after the breaking up of the Community of my grandfather, Robert Owen:

On one occasion a man had borrowed a pony cart from my father. He sent it home after many months, with the following note:

Dear Mr. Dale Owen,

I have broken your cart, please have it mended as soon as possible, and send it back to me as quickly as you can. I hope there will be no delay, as I need it.

Yours etc.,

Another incident of the same type is the following:

After the breaking up of the Owen Community, a system of exchanges was in vogue, when ready money was lacking. A man who had belonged to the Community went to the village store with an egg, which he wished to exchange for a darning-needle.

When he had received the needle he remarked that he would like to be "treated," i.e. to be given a drink of whisky. After examining the liquor for a few moments, he suggested that he always liked an egg in his whisky. The store-keeper broke the egg he had received from the trader, and put it in the glass. It turned out to be an egg with a double yolk, and the trader remarked that he thought he ought to have two darning-needles, seeing that the egg was double-yolked. The store-keeper, much amused, handed him two needles, and, after drinking his whisky and egg, he departed in triumph.

This same spirit possessed some of the members of our little group, but others, I am glad to say, and among them the young Scotchman I have mentioned, were most generously willing to help others.

I reasoned with the lady who had been in charge of the house before my arrival, and explained to her that I wished to have only two simple meals, breakfast at nine o'clock in the morning and dinner at five o'clock in the afternoon, because, during long years of practice, I had found various advantages in this system:

It divided the day well, for one could rise early, set the house in order, and organize the *ménage* generally before breakfast. The breakfast hour served as a time of rest following one's manual labours, and after breakfast there was a long, uninterrupted stretch of time until dinner, wherein one could follow one's vocation—music, painting, writing, gardening, carpentering, sewing, etc. The evening began early, and hence ended early.

And, above all, the servants were not drudges. There was no hurry after breakfast to set the house in order and prepare a midday meal; and their evenings were free as soon as the five o'clock dinner had been cleared away.

Afterwards, when I inaugurated this system, my cook said to me: "Ah, how thankful I am. When the servants in other houses are half dead, hanging over a hot stove, I am walking about in the beautiful garden in a cool muslin dress."

At this time, however, there was violent opposition from the lady in question, whom I shall call Edith. I compromised the matter by arranging to have three meals, although experience had taught me that the third meal was not necessary for the majority of people. But I stipulated, if I yielded this point, that the third meal was to be a very simple one, with no cooking.

This system was carried out for a day or two, and then, to

my surprise, I found the lady and her husband eating an elaborate dinner at one end of the table, while our simple meal was set at the other. I could scarcely blame her for this, as she was only following a lifelong habit.

But when I went into the kitchen, I found that the cook was much disturbed at the order which the lady had given her, as this double style of meal was even more trying than had been the former dinner of several courses prepared for the whole family.

In addition to these troubles, I found that the agent Laurence had left in charge, a clergyman, had squandered a great deal of money, and a thousand pounds which I had expected to find and upon which I had counted in making my plans, had vanished into thin air. Money troubles were, then, added to my other cares.

For three or four weeks after our arrival, letters and telegrams continued to pour in upon us. One or two members had left, and those who remained went about the house in moody silence.

One morning the young Scotchman, who had been a comfort and support to me during these straining days, said to me:

"I cannot stand this any longer. Have you any objection to my going to Dalieh, your house on Mount Carmel, where I can spend a few quiet days in order to determine what I ought to do?"

"I think it a good plan," I replied.

On his return from Dalieh he told me he thought he ought to return to Scotland for his mother's sake, as she had fallen ill.

I bade him God-speed, but although he left our home he has always remained our faithful friend; and, later, I should almost have starved had he not generously helped me more than once. I am very grateful to this friend of ours, who remained true to us under very trying circumstances. In after years he devoted himself more and more unselfishly to the service of his fellow-creatures, and to the day of his death he retained my admiring esteem, although I did not see eye to eye with him concerning certain doctrines he held, belonging to "new-thought" religion.

ENGLAND

At the end of the month I decided that it was best I should return to England; for it seemed to me that there ought to be some way of calming an angry excitement raging, not among reprobates, but among kindly, sensible people, when there was almost no reason for its existence. Laurence had made an error in judgment, through too great a faith in the self-control of others, because he himself had learnt a remarkable self-control. I thought it even possible that, at one time, his mind may have revolved too constantly, and hence to a certain extent morbidly, around the sex question; but if so, the cause of this temporary lack of balance was not self-indulgence, but so phenomenal a self-restraint that few men would undertake to practise it.

This being the beginning and the end of the whole matter, over which so violent a storm had been raging, it seemed to me there ought to be some way of calming it. It so happened that I had written two or three letters, both before and after our marriage, in answer to the question as to whether the sympneumatic influx —as Laurence had named the Power upholding us—should be given by one person to another through physical touch. I had answered these letters saying that both Laurence and I thought it much wiser to transmit a spiritual force only by spiritual means, except when the persons were betrothed or legally married, and lovers' caresses were legitimate. Laurence had entirely accepted this view with, as he said, "great relief" after our talk on the voyage.

I hoped that I should be able to get hold of these letters, adding to them a warm letter of congratulation from the relative whom Jennie had said considered me a wicked woman—a missive which had been sent to me after we had left America, where this relative had last seen us. Hence, she could not have reasonably changed her mind without any ground for such a change. The only new feature since that time had been Jennie's accusations.

When I reached England I went to the house in Richmond, where I had been before leaving England, kindly urged to do so by the members of the family living with us at Haifa, who had written to their English home that I was returning. Laurence

had been a benefactor to these people, taking a great deal of trouble over a highly strung son of the family, who might have become, like his brother, an inmate of an asylum. He had taken him into his home and had succeeded well with him. The father, a kindly, well-bred man, was grateful to him. My presence was in no wise inconvenient, as they were well-to-do people, living in a spacious home, tended by a retinue of servants.

On landing, I telegraphed that I had reached England, and would arrive at the house about eleven o'clock at night. My trunks were carried in and the carriage dismissed. A servant showed me to my room, and a few moments later the sister of the master of the house joined me. She told me that her brother had sent her to say that I could not remain in the house, but must leave immediately.

"That is impossible," I said, "it is nearly midnight, and the carriage has been dismissed. You have received your niece's letter from Haifa saying I was coming to you, and my telegram. Why, then, did you not meet me at the door, before the carriage was sent away?"

"Because I wish you to stay and see my brother," she said, kindly. "I am sure he will change his mind as soon as he sees you. It would be a disgraceful thing to send Laurence Oliphant's widow out of the house where he has done so much good."

I thanked her for her kindness, and she left me after giving me several letters which awaited me.

One was from the young Scotchman, who had now reached Scotland, telling me that my brother Julian, the father of Grace and Margaret, was on his way to Haifa to fetch his children away, he (my brother) having been bombarded with letters and telegrams from Scotland.

A second letter told me that at Jennie's instigation arrangements were being made to arrest me, and put me in prison, as soon as I reached England.

And a third was a formal request from a relative of Laurence's, asking me to make an appointment to meet him in London.

Needless to say, I did not sleep much that night, and had not my faith in Jesus Christ poured its balm through my soul, it would have been filled with gall and bitterness, for my trials seemed to be growing heavier than I could bear.

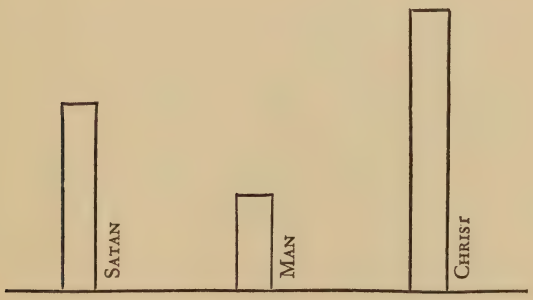
Only God knew how I had striven to be a good mother to these children, who were to be taken away from me as though I

had polluted them. It seemed to me that nothing harder than this could ever befall me; but I was mistaken, for fate had a blow yet heavier in store for me.

I prayed without ceasing through the night, for I knew if I let go of my Lord, even for a short moment, I should be lost. Despair would seize me.

An unreasonable hatred of England tempted me, again and again, and yet again; unreasonable because America had been as cruel. But at last my sanity returned, and I knew that neither England nor America was at fault, but the kingdom of hell. Satan was my enemy, and again I perceived, illumined by my Saviour, how great is his fiendish power—so great that there is no salvation, save in the arms of Christ, for those whom the evil one bitterly persecutes.

So my self-pity was swallowed up in sympathy for the human race, helpless in Satan's grasp, unless Christ helps them, and Christ seems hard to find sometimes. It had taken all my faith to find Him that night, and I felt that scarcely a hair's breadth divided the triumph of my renewal in Him from the dead failure which threatened me. It was not for me, then, who had almost failed, to judge and to condemn others. My plain duty was to ask for guidance, and to walk as He told me. During the night a simple little diagram, which I had sometimes used, was recalled to me,



which definitely fixed the fact in my mind that man, a small, weak creature, cannot possibly resist Satan, a larger, stronger creature, unless he is aided by a largest, strongest Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Again and again the sentence, "Without Me ye can do nothing," repeated itself in my mind, and it took all bitterness out of my

soul. I had no right to accuse others, when I knew myself to be so miserably weak. It is so difficult to be a true Christian that one loses all inclination to condemn those who fail sometimes to find Him.

The next morning I rose early and made everything ready for my departure. I then asked the servant to send for a carriage. When it drove up, I saw from my window that it was sent away again. I went down to the dining-room to ask why the carriage had been dismissed, and there I found the master of the house.

He advanced to meet me, begged me to remain for breakfast, and said he would like to speak to me afterwards. We had a talk after the morning meal, which ended by his cordially shaking hands with me and begging me to remain. He said he must have been out of his mind to turn against me as he had done, but he explained that he had been so inundated with letters accusing me that at last they had taken effect. He repeatedly begged me not to go, and I finally consented to remain, he proving to be a most kind host during my short stay in England.

A day or two later I went to London to fulfil my engagement with Laurence's relative, saying, as I hastily swallowed a cup of cocoa—for I wished to catch an early train—that I should be back, probably, for luncheon. I little knew how long and how trying a day lay before me.

When I met Laurence's relative at the railway station, he received me with the cold look of distrust to which I was now growing accustomed; and which, after the struggle of my first night in England, no longer disturbed me seriously: I knew that he was blinded, and I felt sorry for him.

But I was not prepared for the new form of attack.

He sought a quiet corner, and then said abruptly:

"I understand that you claim to be like the Virgin Mary, and expect a miraculously born child."

I gazed at him in amazement.

"Is it true?" he asked.

I still looked at him, stupefied.

"It is true, then, that you make this ridiculous claim."

"No," I replied, "absolutely no. I never dreamt of such a thing. I expect no child." He then apologized for repeating this story to me, and conducted me across the station to put me in the train returning home.

In the crowd I came face to face with a lady, accompanied by a gentleman I knew.

He introduced her to me. It was Jennie. "I wish to have an interview with you," she said; "where can we meet?"

I considered a moment, and appointed a meeting in the home of a physician I had known on a former visit to London, telegraphing to him that we were coming, and at what time.

I found several persons in the room, and seated myself, after saluting them, to await developments. They seemed to be in consultation at the other end of the apartment, and I studied Jennie's face during the few moments I was kept waiting.

It was a revelation to me to find that her American verve, her thin, intense American face, and even the intonations of her American speech, appealed to me as though I had met a friend. I, being also a highly strung American, understood how she could suffer, and I was almost tempted to shake hands and to say "Compatriot, I sympathize with you." Even when she turned on me with a look of intense antagonism, the feeling did not quite die. Evidently there is such a thing as a national bond.

In addition, I perceived that Jennie was a woman above the ordinary; I realized that she had, in truth, suffered intensely, and that she had worked herself into the belief that she was in the right. She was self-deceived rather than a deceiver, and so I forgave her, then and there, as there was much excuse for her.

But although all personal animosity died within me, my resolution to defend Laurence became even more firmly fixed, and I made them understand, at once, that no power on earth would induce me to be disloyal to my husband. They could do what they pleased, fight me as they liked, and I should not stir from my position. I revered him as I had revered no other man I had known, and that reverence would last always.

Jennie began with a torrent of accusations, but presently the physician checked her, and asked her to produce some evidence besides her own unsupported word. "I understand," he said, "that you have been accusing Laurence Oliphant for a number of weeks. You have had ample time, then, to find some corroborative evidence. Will you be good enough to produce it."

She faltered under the calm English tone and mien of the dignified man, who was acting, informally, as chairman.

Again I was surprised to find how sorry I felt for her, as her thin, nervous fingers were interlaced, and varied expressions

chased each other across her mobile face. It was like seeing quivering flesh flung against a fine statue of justice.

"I will produce it, I will produce it, if you will give me time," she said, with a hysterical rise in her voice.

"Very well," he said, "but until you have such evidence in hand, plainly proved, it is useless to take up your time or ours."

I rose to go, and the young man who had accompanied Jennie suddenly confronted me with a menacing gesture, almost shaking his fist in my face. I was pained, for I had met him on several occasions during the visits I had been paying, and he was a frank, fine young fellow, who had seemed to have an affectionate esteem for me. We had exchanged several long letters on spiritual subjects.

The physician stepped between us and courteously conducted me from the room, unbending a little from his stiff manner towards me when I first entered.

"You stand by your husband, then?" he queried.

"I do," I said, "with an unwavering faith."

He bowed ceremoniously, and we parted.

As I should not be able to get back for luncheon, I decided, on leaving the physician's house, to finish several necessary errands in the vicinity where I found myself, and caught a late afternoon train for Richmond.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

I HAD barely taken my place at the dinner-table, when a card was handed me from an officer of the Vigilance Committee, and the servant said the gentleman awaited me in the drawing-room. I had had nothing in the last twenty-four hours but the cup of cocoa I had swallowed at breakfast time, but I pushed back my plate feeling that I could not eat. I went to my room before going to the drawing-room in order to collect my senses. I found myself speculating as to whether they would allow me to write my book in prison, and thinking it would be a quiet, undisturbed sort of place in which to work.

I also arranged in my mind which trunk I should take, for I supposed they allowed you to have some baggage in prison.

As I wandered about, I met my own image, face to face in a full-length mirror, and scanned the reflection as though it were a stranger.

My grey hair was drawn back, simply, from my face, which had lost its usual colour and was thin and pale. My slender frame looked taller than usual in the long, straight, loose black gown which I wore, unadorned by any ornament or trimming. The struggle and the victory of the last few days had left their impress on my features. It was a calm face which looked at me, and as I gazed at it with a smile, His peace illumined it. I knelt for a moment by my bed to ask Christ to help me, and then went to the drawing-room.

I found there a dignified gentleman, with a shapely contour of head and a keen, clever expression. He scanned me closely, for a moment, as I advanced towards him; and then a look of surprise swept across his features. Evidently I was not the sort of person he expected to see.

He courteously placed a chair for me, and, after a few introductory words, stated the reason of his coming:

"I suppose you know, Mrs. Oliphant, that certain charges have been made against you and that it is my business to investigate them?"

I bowed, and waited for him to proceed. After a few moments' hesitation, in which he was evidently debating what line to

follow, he suddenly opened his investigation in rather a surprising fashion.

He repeated all the doctrines I was supposed to hold concerning the licence permitted between the sexes, and said he quite agreed with me, and would like to consult me on the question. He also insisted on my taking his hand, as he had understood I could transmit some occult power by physical touch, and he would like to have some experience of it.

I saw at once the trap he was setting for me, and told him that if he held such dangerous doctrines, I must warn him that he was on perilous ground and advised him to reconsider his position. I said that I quite refused to touch his hand under these circumstances, as I thought he was decidedly in the wrong. My sense of humour came to the rescue when I found myself soundly berating the Vigilance Committee for its bad morals, and I could not suppress a little smile

He laughed with me, and then in a more sincere tone begged me to explain what my ideas really were.

I willingly agreed, and found in him a very intelligent listener. We had a long and interesting talk, and it was eleven o'clock when he hastily rose, saying he must run for his train.

He cordially and respectfully shook hands with me, asked me to write him a summary of the ideas I had expressed, thanked me for the pleasant and instructive evening he had passed, and was ushered out by the servant. That was the last I saw of the Vigilance Committee.

Instead of going to bed in prison as I had expected, I found myself in my own pleasant room, with a devoted little maid waiting to see if I would take any refreshments.

I declined and went to my bed, where again I spent a sleepless night, but from a different cause. Such waves of joy passed through my poor little frame the whole night long, that the Influx was almost more than I could bear.

Again and again did I repeat Laurence's favourite phrase, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The next morning, with my strength renewed, I entered upon my task.

I HAD written for the letters I wished to use as evidence, before leaving Haifa, letters wherein I had advised, in Laurence's name and my own, that a spiritual life should be spiritually conveyed through prayer and not by physical touch, and I had brought with me the letter of congratulation on my marriage from my relative, who condemned me, so Jennie affirmed. The only warning contained in this letter was the hope that I would not grow conceited, because I had married a noted man; and such a warning certainly did not imply any criticism of Laurence.

Apart from this sentence, there was only hearty good will, sent, as I have said, after she had seen Laurence and myself for the last time; and hence there could have been no valid reason for an antagonism to me, save Jennie's influence.

Happily, the receivers of my letters concerning the sympneumatic influx had kept them, and sent them back to me a few days after my arrival. Therefore, I was now in possession of the evidence I wished to use.

During these days of waiting, I received a letter from Scotland saying that if I did not acknowledge Laurence's guilt, and consent to suppress his books, the writer intended to fill the newspapers throughout the United Kingdom with denunciations of us both. He was a rich young man, as were all my adversaries, and he possessed a considerable influence in his own sphere, the commercial one; hence it seemed probable that he might be able to injure us seriously. He gave me four days in which to decide. I wrote by return of post that he could take any course of action which seemed to him best, but that no power on earth could induce me to accuse Laurence or to suppress his writings.

He did not carry out his threat. Other messages and telegrams reached me, so virulent in form that my spirits rose buoyantly, as they are apt to do when people pass a certain limit. The same mysterious cause is responsible for the fact, I suppose, that I am much flustered when crossing a crowded street, but perfectly calm in the dangerous shipwreck and railway accidents which it has been my lot to experience.

When I had scheduled the letters I had received, I took some large sheets of paper, drew a line down the middle, and proceeded to put the accusations contained in the various missives and messages which had been sent to us on the one side, and quotations from my letters on the other. After having drawn up this document, I added that I had the letters with me in England, and would show the originals to any of my accusers who wished to see them. I think the evidence in our favour would have held good in any Court of Law.

The only answer to this document was a message saying that those who had accused me would know how to defend themselves if I sued them for slander. I had not the slightest intention of doing so, nor even the wish to judge harshly, in so puzzling a combination of circumstances. But the message gave me satisfaction, for it indicated that my proved statement had made some impression.

I then offered to meet my accusers under any conditions they chose to impose, and to answer any questions they wished to put to me. I made only one reservation. The marriage compact between Laurence and myself and between Laurence and Alice concerned no one but ourselves. With regard to our bond and theirs I permitted no questions. I believed that His ministering angels blessed these unions, and I could not suffer them to be discussed by his enemies and mine, possibly in an unsympathetic, and, it may be, a scornfully incredulous manner.

I further asked that any accusations which were made should be supported by evidence as my defence was supported, and should not be based solely on the assertions of an angry woman wishing to revenge herself.

These conditions were not accepted, and no meeting took place.

When I had taken these steps, I felt that my mission in England was ended and that I must return to Haifa and see my brother, Julian, who was now in the Orient.

A FAMILY REUNION

When I reached Haifa, I found, to my great pleasure, a happy family group. My brother greeted me warmly, Murray and the girls were delighted to see me, and the servants rejoiced in my return.

As soon as possible I had a talk with my dear brother.

He said to me: "I knew, of course, Rose, that the accusations against you were wholly false, and said so to all whom it concerned. But I feared that you might be surrounded by a bad lot, you yourself being deceived by them, and that my girls might suffer. Therefore, being very anxious about them and you, I thought it my duty to come to Haifa, for your sake as well as theirs. My mind is now entirely relieved, not a particle of real harm is done, I see that clearly, and shall say so to all these people who seem to have lost their senses. Yet, seeing that the scandal has arisen, do you not think it is best for the girls and Charlie to return with me? The idea of founding a little Colony is now abandoned, I suppose, and there is no work for him here."

"Do as you think best, Julian," I said. "I can quite understand your attitude, now that it is explained, and sympathize with your wish to preserve, for our girls, an unblemished reputation. I will wish you all God-speed, therefore, if you decide to take them away."

But we were reckoning without taking Grace's fidelity into account, for she, when she heard her father's decision, roundly refused to go home.

"I am only the Court jester, I know, but when things get too awfully solemn a jester is a useful individual. My Aunt Rose needs me just now, more than does anyone else. You can all go home if you like, but here I stay, and wild horses will not drag me away." She nodded at her father and her husband in her pretty way, with a winsome smile, but we all felt that underneath her drollery lay a fixed resolve. As she looked up at the two men, her beautiful, deep blue eyes widened until one seemed to see through them to her woman's soul. Until now she had seemed little more than a merry child, so full of pranks was she, always the centre of gaiety. But these few trying weeks had called out her

true nature, and as she turned to me, and stretched out both her hands, saying, "You needn't send me away, Aunt Rose, for absolutely I will not budge from here," I realized that I had no truer, more steadfast friend in the world than this gentle, graceful girl. She had always seemed like a flower, swayed by every passing breeze, but her flexibility was now proved to be, not a weakness, but a strength. Although I had known her from the time she was three hours old, I was myself astonished to see that the powers of evil had, in her, encountered a rock. Many others Satan had been able to turn against me, but this child had been faithful throughout, although she had now heard the whole miserable story of the attack upon me.

When the nurse had put her in my arms a new-born baby, she had opened her great blue eyes and looked straight at me. I felt, then and there, that we answered one another, spirit to spirit, and my impression was correct; for in my hour of need, she, the Court jester, as she called herself, was willing to stand by me, no matter what influence was brought to bear on her to draw her away.

"It is of no use, Charlie, to argue with me," she said, "I am going to stay here. Aunt Rose needs me, her experience has been too cruel, I will not leave her."

My brother was obliged to return at once, as he had responsibilities at home. So it was arranged, at last, that Margaret and Charlie should accompany him, leaving Grace with me.

"You must be a good girl, Daisy, and mind your father," she had said to Margaret, "because you are not a grown-up; so you must go home, honey. It is right for you, but it is wrong for me, to leave."

So her father, husband, and sister, sailed for America, but Grace remained with me. The rest of the party returned to England.

Ah, how happy we were. The discordant elements were eliminated, and we three, Murray, Grace, and myself, thanked God for the sphere of peace which now enveloped us. Murray worked at his painting and music, Grace at her music and sewing, and I on my book, alternating our mental work with physical exercise.

We established the simple, two-meal system, which my nieces and myself had always followed, and Murray accepted it with pleasure. It suited him as well as it suited us. The servants had plenty of leisure, and were happy and grateful.

This was the atmosphere I had hoped to create for the sixteen original members of our little group, fitting each into his or her congenial occupation. But it was not to be, only we three had survived the debacle. Yet we three appeared to be a multitude, for we seemed to have a happiness which would suffice for three hundred. I think even Laurence and Alice in heaven must have enjoyed making a little visit to their old home sometimes.

Murray had fully recovered from the strain through which he had passed, and looked healthier and handsomer than I had ever seen him.

He had received a telegram from Jennie as soon as he had written to his family, and they knew where he was domiciled. This telegram read:

Let me come to your Paris studio to die.

It had disturbed Murray a good deal, but I suggested to him that it seemed a little too melodramatic to be perfectly genuine. The sequel proved that this was the case, for instead of dying, Jennie married, not long after, the rich young man, a fine young fellow, who accompanied her the day I met them in the London station, and led a very comfortable existence. So Murray's mind was at rest.

A slight uneasiness had also disturbed me, but that, too, had vanished. These two beautiful young creatures, Murray and Grace, seemed so perfectly suited to each other, that I feared there might be some danger in their constant companionship, as Grace was a married woman. She delighted in sitting by him with her

sewing, while he was painting, and her presence was, evidently, an inspiration to him. Her ever-changing brightness of spirit seemed to be precisely the element his Scotch seriousness needed, and he often looked at her beautiful face and lithe, graceful form with undisguised admiration. Her hair was as jet black as his own, but her eyes, with their long gleaming lashes, were a deep blue, and her skin cream-white. It would have been a lovely combination had she been only a picture, but she was, instead, a living woman, with a vivid, ever-varying charm, felt by everyone who approached her. She was a good musician, and their mutual love of music was a constant pleasure to them, as, after our five o'clock dinner, they vibrated between the fine organ and the Steinway piano which were the gifts of the young Scotchman, playing and singing together or in turn, while I sat in my easy chair enjoying myself vastly. They seemed to understand each other perfectly, these two, and I asked myself whether there might not be a subtle danger, where a companionship so harmonious existed between a pair one of whom was married.

But I soon perceived that the element which could lead them into temptation did not exist. So long as love says, "I give, and not I claim," there is safety. It became evident to me that there was no desire for possession on either side. They lived and moved in an atmosphere of impersonal joy, and rejoiced in each other, as they rejoiced in the sunshine, without wishing to hoard it. It was beautiful to watch this love, innocent because so unselfish.

So God atoned to us for all our former trouble, and we became strong and well again.

PRESENTLY a member of the group who had left wished to return.

"Oh, Auntie, we are so happy, we three, all by ourselves, please put 'Beware of the dog' on the gate, and don't let her come. You saw how thin I grew at first; it was because this girl sucked the life out of me. You don't want to encourage cannibalism, do you?

"I don't think, honey, we ought to refuse when she says she is sorry, do you?"

"I suppose not. Well I must resign myself to being eaten up, a kind of lunch counter." She mimicked the manner of the young women who serve them, and set us both laughing.

This lady, who was settled at Dalieh, came to visit us two or three times a week, often staying through the day and night. She wished us to treat her as a guest during her frequent visits, and to leave our daily work in order to entertain her, not always an easy task. The larger share of it fell to Grace, as they were about the same age, and both young married women. Hence our guest sought her society most frequently.

One afternoon, after she had left us to return to Dalieh, I went to Grace's room, and found her in bed. She was pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes.

"Are you ill, dear child?" I said

"I've started a new disease, Auntie; Gracie-meals, it is called, and I am going to write a book about it," she said, peeping from under the cover. I saw that, in truth, she looked exhausted, although she was trying to cover the fact by joking.

"Now that she has repented, being sorry for her former ill-will, our visitor is really a nice, well-bred girl, and I like her; but the fact remains that when we are together she gets more and more hilarious, and I feel, at last, half dead. Never mind, Auntie, we are a Society for the Promotion of—what is it we are trying to promote? Common sense?—at any rate, we must begin by being willing to feed the hungry, even if it takes it out of our own flesh and blood," she said.

She looked at me with a pathetic little smile, and I noticed afresh how pale she looked, her beautiful eyes seeming larger

than usual with the dark rings around them. Her sweet unselfishness, veiled under a joke, brought the tears to my eyes.

"Grace," I said, "you are a dear girl."

As time went on, I plainly saw that this lady did exhaust Grace, for she was noticeably weak and ill after each of her visits.

Finally, I said to her: "Dear child, I cannot let you suffer like this, so we must find a way out. God has endless resources of strength, and if we pray Him, He will pour through you more than you give out. It may be that this motherless girl needs to be thus helped, so let us ask Him to use us as instruments to help her the next time she comes."

After this visit Grace was not nearly so tired, and the visitor seemed even more refreshed than usual.

"Yes, I see where the trouble was," said Grace. "I was trying to carry this girl on my own back, in my own strength, without asking God's help. I have often wondered," she said, "why some people always want to go visiting, and other people are better satisfied at home. I think the lunch-eaters like to visit, and the lunch-givers are not so keen about it. I am going to put that philosophic observation in my book."

"But suppose the visitors, even though they like to come often, always bring with them good cheer," I suggested.

"People like that are treasures," said Grace, "and I am going to devote a special chapter to them, seeing that they are a rarity, a chapter headed, '*Achalin wiss Achalin*,' which is all the Arabic I have learnt. I think it means, 'Awfully glad to see you,' or something of that sort. But at any rate, I am going to put this maxim on the title-page of my Book of Deportment: 'Never visit unless you have some good gift to bring to the visited.' For what is the use of calling on your friends only to suck the life out of them, or to bring them a lot of horrid microbes? I know some people who always start out visiting when they have a bad cold, to spread it around as far as it will go. Now, do you call that a good idea?"

"I approve of your maxim," I said, laughing at her comical mimicry of a bent old woman with influenza.

MURRAY'S FAMILY

When we had been at Haifa about two and a half months, Murray came to me one morning, and said:

"Rosamond, I have been having something of a struggle. It seems to me that I ought to return to Scotland and make one last effort to persuade my father and relatives that they are mistaken. I must own that I have little hope of success; still, my conscience will be at ease, when I have done my utmost. The storm seems to have died down now, and it is possible, although not probable, that they will listen to me.

"I hate to leave here. We are so happy, happier than I have ever been during my whole life. He has given us His Peace. But I must not neglect my duty to my people, whom I dearly love, and also I must go somewhere where I can make a living. What do you think about it?"

I asked him to let me prayerfully consider the question for a little time.

The next evening Murray, Grace, and myself, discussed the matter.

"Grace cannot remain her indefinitely," I said, "because her husband has the first claim upon her. When she leaves, you and I cannot very well remain here by ourselves, Murray; it would, I fear, give rise to some gossip, especially in this strict German colony; and, as you say, there is no remunerative work here for you. Had all gone smoothly, you would have been fully and most usefully occupied in painting, but the whole situation has now changed. So, it seems to me, we must make some sort of move."

"Oh, Aunt Rose, I hate to go," said Grace.

"So do I, dear child, we have had a little Paradise here, the more beautiful because it was so unexpected, and there are few Paradises to be found on this old earth of ours. But were we to remain here, when it is our duty to go elsewhere, we should soon find that it had ceased to be a Paradise, don't you think so?"

"Do you believe, then, that the impression which has been deepening in my own mind is right? That I ought to make one last attempt to show my true affection to my dear father?" asked Murray.

"Yes," I said, "it seems to me that you ought to go to him. If he will not listen, your conscience will be at rest, for you can do no more. We shall then ask for guidance as to what the next step must be."

"Now, Murray," said Grace, "don't put on seven-leagued boots early to-morrow morning, to get to Scotland in too big a hurry, for you know your legs are long enough without them. Go *schwei*, *schwei*—slowly, slowly, as the Arabs say, and give us a little longer time to breathe. Must a person be pulled up by the roots the moment he is properly planted?"

"You know, Grace, that I could stay here for ever, if God permitted it, but my conscience seems to say to me that I must go."

"And my conscience says the same thing," said Grace, ruefully. "I have been pulling the bedclothes over my ears every night, so that I wouldn't hear it. But there it is. Being as it is inside of me, there is no use to stuff something in my ears from the outside in order not to hear it. Disagreeable things, these consciences! I wonder when they get a proper night's sleep, for they always seem to be wide awake, and poking at you to do something you don't want to do. Well, it seems our trio of consciences chants in unison, '*Yallah*,' which is the Arabic for 'Be up and doing,' isn't it?"

So it was arranged that Murray should leave by the next boat, Grace and myself remaining at Haifa until we heard the result of the visit. We would then return to Europe, and Grace, after a short stay, intended to go back to America. My brother had written me that, if I returned to Europe, he would be glad to send Margaret to me again, now that the storm had died down. But he did not wish her to come as far as Haifa.

In due course we heard from Murray, he giving us a detailed account of his experiences. He wrote:

"When I reached my native city, I found that my grandmother had died and was to be buried the next day. I made my way to the house, and when I entered the room all my relatives backed away from me as though I had been an evil apparition. No one spoke to me, or shook hands with me. So I stood, a solitary figure, during the ceremony, and although the occasion was a solemn one, and it was a sorrow to me that I should never see my dear old grannie again—still I could not help smiling at the thought of her astonishment when, in that other world, the truth became clear to her. When she perceived how I have striven to lead a

pure life, it would seem strange to her to see that every man's hand appeared to be against me, because they believed precisely the opposite of the truth. I think we must receive some severe shocks when, from the vantage ground of heaven, we see things as they are.

"Later, when the will was read, I found that she had disinherited me, as I expected.

"I wrote to my father as soon as I reached Scotland, asking for an interview. He received me a day or two after my arrival. I am deeply grieved to tell you, Rosamond, that there was no reconciliation.

"Again he repeated that he would rather see me lying dead in my coffin than to know I was associated with you, and faithful to Laurence. He said that if I came to him in a contrite spirit confessing my sins, and promising to denounce Laurence to all concerned, and gave him my word never to see you again, he would receive me as his son. If not, we must separate.

"I was cut to the heart, but thank God, I still love my father, more than before, perhaps, for I feel that I have grieved him sorely. I felt that he was sincere and believed me to be in danger of going astray morally.

"After this interview I returned to the hotel where I was staying and went to bed. There was a violent wind storm, and a severe neuralgia seized me, which was almost a relief, for the pain in my face was so strong that it distracted my mind, to some extent, from my mental trouble, and of the two the physical suffering was much the easier to bear. So it proved to be a godsend.

"During our interview my father seemed to be very angry with me. His face rose before me, again and again, during the night, until I felt very desolate. I was lying here, in a hotel in my native city, where I had so striven to help my fellow-creatures, and I seemed to have not one friend left. But at last prayer brought me its blessed balm, and towards morning I fell asleep, in spite of the throbbing pain in my face. I was awakened by a newsboy's cry: 'Factory blown down, havoc of the storm.'

"I rose and dressed hastily, in order to get a paper, and I found that my father's factory had been severely damaged."

Murray left Scotland without delay, as there was nothing more to be done, and went to Paris. Here he established himself in a cabman's hotel at two and a half francs per day. I found afterwards that he had had no fire during the bitter winter, as he was

husbanding his slender resources, and he worked at his painting, in bed, to keep warm. He had, in consequence, a severe attack of influenza, which left him with a weak heart for a year or two. He was working at a picture of Christ in Gethsemane, which he had begun after a visit to Jerusalem, and he was anxious to finish this work before looking for any employment.

So while Jennie was luxuriating in her handsome home, Murray was struggling with poverty. But neither in his frequent letters, nor afterwards, when we saw him, did he utter one complaint. Throughout his trial his serene soul remained undisturbed. I did not know, until we joined him in Paris, how he had been suffering; and it was only after repeated questioning, seeing how pale and thin he looked, that he told me how hard his winter had been.

We had not been able to join him sooner, because I was detained in Haifa longer than I had expected to be, through some legal formalities I was obliged to settle; and hence we were not free to leave until the winter was well advanced.

During this time of waiting a quiet period was enjoyed by Grace and myself, left *tête-à-tête* in Haifa; a period full of sweet, care-free contentment, which would have been disturbed had we known how Murray was struggling with illness, and almost with want; for he felt it his duty to save every possible penny of the small sum left to him, in order not to burden anyone, while he finished the picture which absorbed all his attention. His letters were always cheerful, breathing no word of his trials.

STORY OF MY LIFE (*continued*)

I WILL resume, in this quiet interval, the story of my life, interrupted when Laurence and I left the ship on reaching England, as the events which now followed cannot be quite clearly understood, unless I take up this thread.

May I, ere proceeding, introduce to the reader what, for lack of a better term, I call my "Voice."

In the second chapter of *The Mediators*, the book to which I have devoted the greater part of my life, this Voice is spoken of, and I will repeat concisely the description here.

The Voice speaks within me, and yet it speaks to me. My outer senses remain in action while it is teaching me, there being no hypnotic influence of any kind. I am awake, and in full possession of my reasoning powers, so that I can consider the statements of the Voice and either accept or reject them, my will being quite uncoerced. My body is less in evidence than usual, and I feel a slight deadening of my physical sight and hearing, as though light fingers were pressed on my eyes and ears, in order to give freer play to my inner senses. That is all. The Voice explains how it speaks to me, as follows:

One hears and sees because various waves impinge upon the organs fitted to receive them. It is acknowledged by Science that some of these waves are finer than others, and the claim made by the Voice is that there are varying organs fitted to receive these varying waves, for it would be a waste of power to send waves through the air and the ether with no object, and it would be unwise to condemn the finest, subtlest waves fitted to be most effective, to become least effective, because there are no fine organs related to them, and physical organs are not in touch with them.

Thus the Voice claims that I hear its tones, because fine vibrations are impinging on fine organs; namely, the organs of the spiritual body, and it is suggested that this process takes place, because God is economical and wise, wasting not one thrill in the air or the ether, which can be made of use. Hence, consciousness does not act only on the surface, but is diversified by planes within planes, reaching ever nearer to the divine Centre, where the utmost concentration is to be found.

This, then, is the suggestion: Science says that there are many waves traversing space which are too fine to be of use to the senses. Whereas the Voice claims that a perfect economy distinguishes God's Scheme and hence that sentience need not waste these swift vibrations, because subtle organs exist, within the cruder ones, which are in sympathy with these fine waves, whenever man chooses to use the senses of the spiritual body.

In this quickening and refinement of vibrations and organs, the progress is so gradual and regular, that it is difficult to define where sensation ceases to be material and becomes spiritual.

The Voice gives one clear dividing line: that which grows through use is spiritual, because it is necessarily immortal; that which loses through use is material, because it is necessarily exhaustible; hence such substances as radium, although not eternal, yet border on the spiritual realm. In this realm, where there are many grades, Love is the supreme King, for he who most lavishly yields true love is himself most richly love-filled. Hence, love is of the eternal Spirit, because a pure lover may gain by the giving, and that which gains by the giving is bound to be immortal, for it cannot be exhausted. Whereas impure love loses by the giving, and for that reason is mortal.

The Voice, then, does not claim to be supernatural save in the sense that it is distinguished by a mode of motion which is swifter than are material motions, precisely as ether waves are swifter than air waves.

When, then, I speak of the Voice, I am alluding to sound proceeding from finely formed lips, invisible to the physical senses, in order to reach, through finely swift waves, finely formed organs which are also invisible to the physical senses. This is not a miracle, but only a refined expression of the laws which govern hearing. The visions to be described are received in the same way, so says the Voice. Namely, fine objects impinge on fine eyes, the eyes of the spiritual body, thereby revealing an inner World, which is central, because its small atoms may penetrate between, and hence infill, a coarser materiality. The miraculous, then, is eliminated from my books, with the suggestion that given the possibility of an increase of rhythm, a perfection of balance, and a refinement of particles—accepting this common-sense assumption—all miracles may be explained as taking place under law.

Thus, the view presented in the books vouchsafed to me

claims that every so-called miracle becomes scientifically possible through the perfectionment of the Law under these three heads. As God's all-comprehending Plan was perfect, no after-thoughts were necessary, as He had provided for all rare and extraordinary needs from the Beginning.

These subjects are considered, at length, in *The Mediators*, and referred to more concisely in a small book, which is a summary of *The Mediators*, called *Duality : Male and Female created He them*. Also, in its shortest form, in a synopsis sent as a presentation copy from the Holy Land, and a small pamphlet.

When telling my story to Laurence, I had reached Cincinnati, on my way to school, as the reader perhaps remembers.

I went to New York with my father, who decided to put me under private tutors. I worked very hard, they piling on me longer and longer tasks when they found I could accomplish them.

During my stay I had my third experience of evil.

I had been shopping in Broadway, and found, on nearing our house, that I had left in a shop, some distance away, a handsome parasol with a carved ivory handle, given me by a friend.

I retraced my steps, found the place on Broadway, recovered my parasol, and started on my way back. It was summer time, and still daylight, although rather late; and I found that a stream of men were making their way up town from their places of business. There were comparatively few women to be seen. I had, as a girl, very brilliant colouring, sunny brown hair, grey-blue eyes, and very red cheeks, which, at times, almost looked as though they were painted. I observed, presently, that many men were staring at me very rudely, and some of them approached me with familiar gestures. Only a few passed me by indifferently, the majority gazing at me with a look which made my blood boil. I felt that my eyes were blazing with anger and my cheeks growing scarlet, the consequence being that I attracted more and more attention as the crowd thickened. I hailed an omnibus, but when I entered I found it was filled with men, whose manners were even more objectionable than those on the street. The man next me took me by the arm, which I angrily wrenched away. A venerable gentleman, with a white beard, sat at the end of the bench. He called me to him, placed me in the corner, and sat between me and the other occupants of the omnibus. When I got out I thanked him warmly and made my way home. On reaching

my room, a storm of wrath swept through me, followed by a great depression of spirit. I asked myself, "Is this the lust-demon that lies underneath the outer veneer of decorum? Does humanity thus debase the creative power God has lent to it?"

When I related my experience to the aunt with whom I was living, she warned me that I must never stay out so late again. She said that, probably, there was not a decent woman on Broadway at that hour.

"But," I said, " it was still daylight, the only pleasant part of the day in this hot weather; must we be shut in like prisoners, in the cool of the evening, because men are wicked?"

"I am afraid so," replied my aunt, "unless protected by a suitable companion."

I am glad to say that the reformers who have struggled to free women from bondage have now changed this state of things, and we ought to be very grateful to them for this emancipation. Now a respectable woman may go quietly about her business, even at a late hour, and this freedom is a most welcome relief to the whole sex. But in my youth it was not so; we were bound with invisible chains.

I spent nearly two years in New York, and a year or two after returning to New Harmony my health began to break down from overwork. I wished to earn my own living, although my father was then comfortably well off. So I gave my time to study, teaching, and writing. I rose, often, at four o'clock in the morning to give lessons to some working girls obliged to be early in their places, and laboured until midnight.

At this period I went to visit a relative. She was a diligent Church visitor, but a poor housekeeper; hence, when the servant left, most of the hard labour fell on me. One day, being offended by the dirt in her house, I rashly undertook to sweep several rooms with heavy carpets, and to move the furniture, in order to do it more thoroughly. I strained some inner ligament, and never was quite well afterwards, for I feel the hurt to this day, although it occurred sixty years ago.

Later I went to see another cousin, who also attended daily Church services and neglected her household duties. Here I was again overworked, for, having been trained in my mother's home to regularity, it was difficult to be surrounded by irregularity, without seeking to introduce some sort of organization.

Several boxes of books, half unpacked, had been littering the front passage for a week or two, books which were to be placed on the top shelves of a high closet. The volumes were heavy ones, and I knew the task was beyond my failing strength; but after waiting in vain for someone else to attend to them, I carried them up a ladder and put them where they belonged.

Suddenly, after I had been working for some time, as there were many books, my strength gave way. I fell backward, loaded with heavy volumes, and struck a sharp nail on an opposite wall, which dug precisely into the spot I had strained through my energetic sweeping. I was badly hurt; an ominous coldness took possession of that side of my body, there seeming to be a ring of ice around my ankle, and my semi-paralysed hand held a pen with difficulty. My eyesight began to fail, until I could not see to read, write, or sew, and my back was so weak I could take very little exercise.

I was sent to a celebrated German doctor and to a well-known oculist. The former examined me and told me I was bound to be paralysed eventually, because I had inflicted a fatal injury on an important ligament, and that all women suffering in a like manner were made, without exception, helpless for life.

He was an eccentric little man, with a rough manner but a very kind heart. He was so overrun with work that he had hidden himself in a small village; but even here he had his hands very full, and one had to arrange for an interview five or six weeks beforehand.

When this great authority pronounced this crushing verdict, I said to him:

"Herr Doctor Ludwig Friedrich Süssmilch von Hornig"—for that was his name—"I do not intend to be paralysed. I have too much to do, and God did not create me in order to inflict on me a living death."

"You talk nonsense, my little lady. It is not God, but Nature who is Master. When your hand is cut off you have no fingers, and it is quite as certain that when one is injured as you are, one must always be paralysed. Indeed, I do not understand how you still walk; a woman in your condition has just been carried out on a stretcher, and she will never walk no more." He had grown very red, and spoke with the strong accent he had when excited. "I tell you that you must be paralysed, do you hear me?"

"I do, and I do not believe you."

"Well, I never saw a girl so obstinate," he wrathfully exclaimed.

Then I went to an eminent oculist, and after a long examination he said I was bound, in time, to go stone blind, as both the optic nerve and the retina in my two eyes were seriously affected.

Thus at the age of twenty-four I was doomed to paralysis and blindness. The sudden blow was a crushing one.

I returned to New Harmony, and for nine years I was a helpless invalid, unable to use my eyes, and able to take only the most limited exercise. Many days I was obliged to sit in idleness from morning until night in a dark corner, with a shade over my eyes.

All the varied interests of my strenuous life had to be abandoned, and the hours stretched out until they seemed as days, and the days as months. My mother was my greatest consolation, her presence ever bringing me fresh hope, but I could not allow her to devote a great deal of time to me, as she had many other duties, as had all the busy people who surrounded me.

I had just made a successful start as a writer before my blindness; the first story being copied five times, and the one or two which followed it commanded the highest price paid for short stories. I tried to continue this work by writing on a ridged board, but it was too great a strain, for I could not read and correct what I had written, hence I had to memorize it.

So all the work I loved had to be abandoned, and the only occupation remaining to me was to invent stories which I told to the children in the evening, who came, an eager little crowd, from neighbouring friends to hear them.

Before my accidents I had been betrothed to a young physician, a good man, possessing remarkable beauty. He had remained faithful in his love throughout my illness, but I had become aware, with an ever surer perception, that he did not, could not, fill my life. At the end of half an hour we had nothing more to say to one another, and sat in a constrained, empty silence. "How then," I thought with a miserable dread, "could I pass my whole life with him?" His crudeness—more interested in beefsteak and potatoes, than in the mysteries of heaven and earth, around which my mind so constantly revolved—bored me more and more, especially when set in contrast to the intellectual atmosphere of my own family. This trouble now added its burden. I knew it

would almost break this good man's heart, if I ended our engagement, for he had said so; and how was I to marry him when my love was growing less and less, and the mere thought of becoming his wife turned me cold with dread?

Before I was crippled we had ridden, and driven, and danced, together. His upright life; his keen and clever instincts as a successful doctor; his loving-kindness to all feeble, suffering creatures; his beauty, which did not make him vain; and above all, his pure, deep, and unchanging love for me throughout my trials—all these qualities had drawn me to him. Once I had refused him, and it seemed to darken his whole life. He had gone into the army, during our Civil War, and those with him told me that he had thrown himself, almost recklessly, into the thickest of the fight, wherever there was most danger, his escape from death being almost a miracle. He was a manly, upright, lovable man, and when he returned, on leave, for a short time, I had accepted this brave soldier.

When the war was over and he came home, we had been thrown together frequently in the intimacy of a betrothal, and I had then discovered, to my terror, that my life was only half filled.

What was I to do? When other men had wooed me, I had had the sense to know that they did not suit me. Why had I bound myself to this man, who now entreated me not to break with him, because it would ruin his whole life?

As I grew more and more delicate, I had hoped he would desire to end the engagement; but he scouted the idea.

He, himself, had so magnificent a physique, that it seemed to him impossible, I think, that I should be a chronic invalid. In our tableaux he was always chosen when some fine statue was to be represented. Six feet in height and perfectly moulded, he was a delight to the eyes. In the exuberance of health, then, he refused to believe in my weakness. I also unconsciously deceived him, I think. My rosy colour remained, my eyes, although they were useless and pained me cruelly, seemed to be brighter than before; in my short walks I tried to step briskly, and above all my mother's Spartan training was wound into the fibre of my being.

She had never allowed us to yield to irritability or depression; hence, though my body was becoming, month by month, a greater burden, I was able to maintain an outward cheerfulness,

those nearest to me not knowing how much I suffered, how heavy were my days and my nights.

Therefore, when I urged my betrothed to remember that he might be saddled, permanently, with an invalid wife, he only picked me up gaily, as though I were a child, and holding me at arms' length said, with his splendid laugh, the laugh of perfect health: "Nonsense, when you are my wife, Rose, I shall cure you. God knows that I would give all my strength to help you, my little girl, and He will inspire me."

Then my love for him would revive, only to die again, when, after a long evening together, I went to bed and cried myself to sleep, because the hours with him had seemed so empty.

About a year after my health had broken down, my mother was suddenly taken ill. My father had been unwell for some weeks, and she had tended him with what help I could give. When he recovered, she was struck down, and after one short week of illness she died.

My adopted sister, Anna, who was pregnant, was taken in premature labour, brought on by grief at my mother's death-bed, and after a week of terrible agony, wherein I helped to take care of her, she had followed my mother. I loved her as my own sister, and her illness and death, with her child still unborn, had been terrible to see.

She and her husband had lived near us, and on the day of her funeral I returned, in the evening, to our own home. My heart was breaking, and my poor, weak body, worn with fatigue, could endure no more. As I stood at the gate leading into our garden, it seemed to me that I should die.

Then came the turning-point of my life. I was tempted to curse God, if there was a God, and, unresisting, to let the bitter waters roll over me. I was about to let go of hope, and faith, and love. What had I done to be cursed like this? How, paralysed and blind, was I to exist without my mother? And how—the thought came to me as a crushing blow—how was I to live all my life, with a man of whom I wearied in an hour?

My mother was gone, who had filled my every need; and the lover was left, whose influence had begun to turn even my dreams into nightmares. The thought of our union was coming to be a dread, which darkened all my life, until there seemed to be no care-free pleasantness anywhere. Had he been a bad man, the

matter would have been simple; but he was a man of whom many women would have been justly proud—good, handsome, practically clever; why, then, did he bore me so that I dreaded to hear his knock at the door?

For many months I had felt like a chained creature, his simple integrity seeming to forge the last unbreakable link. I had no reason to send him away, for he was a man far above the average.

As these bitter thoughts surged through me, I clung to the railing for support, and looked up at the dark and silent house, where I should never again see the beloved face of my mother. How could I bear it all?

It was a crucial moment; the courage, strengthened through my mother's long, wise training, which had so long sustained me, was swept away like stubble; human strength was gone. Again and again, through these long, long months of suffering, had I struggled to resist the despairing grief which threatened to engulf me; and the incessant effort to overcome wearing monotony and ceaseless pain now seemed to make my defeat the more complete. I could do no more, I could only send a helpless cry to my Maker, in my extremity.

And He heard me, at once, for my need was urgent. He spoke to me, and His divine spark in my soul sprang into life and answered Him, proclaiming His Power. I was immortal, and I knew it; knew that neither disease nor sorrow can conquer His unconquerable children. We were born of Him, and if we choose, our Spirits need never taste death.

I lifted my eyes to adore Him, and I saw that the trees, grown indistinct in the gloaming, were illumined by a soft light. As I gazed, awe-struck, a radiant Form was outlined. Whereas I had been desolate, I was now enveloped in a Love so benignant that it seemed I could never again be a forlorn wanderer, for His Mercy reached to the ends of space. Then I saw my mother and my sister Anna. Their faces had been drawn with agony in their last days; now a perfect peace illumined them. They both smiled at me.

Some Power seemed to carry me into our home, where I found no one, my father and brother not having returned from the village. But as I lay on the couch in the dark room, with my physical frame out-wearied, my whole soul thanked God, until, at last, streams of strength poured through me, body as well as soul.

I think I seemed almost heartless to my sorrowing relatives and friends, in the weeks which followed; I grieved so little for my mother and my adopted sister Anna. But I could not, for He lent me His wings, and how was it possible to walk with heavy feet?

It would seem that God lifts us to some high place, and then permits us to be dropped back into the dark, deep valley, in order that we may climb, step by step, to the summits we have seen, and so earn the right of possession. When our eyes are uplifted, the prophetic heights help us onward. But when they perceive only the long, rough path before us, these divine pinnacles of aspiration seem only to make the ascent harder.

During the eight long and monotonous years which followed, I was constantly struggling not to forget the great Revelation, after my mother's death; but sometimes my lot appeared to be unendurable; and the contrast between my exaltation and my fall seemed as a mockery, invented by some evil spirit to torment me, instead of a wholesome incentive permitted by our wise God.

So I struggled on, vibrating, as most of us do, between the triumphant faith that claims all divine things, and the weak fear that again loses them.

Shortly after my mother's death, I had gone to make a visit in a neighbouring town. There I met an interesting, intelligent young man, who called frequently at the house I was visiting. One evening I heard a knock and ran to open the door, thinking it was the young man in question, and instead found my lover standing there. He had come from New Harmony to see me, and my heart sank as I perceived who it was. This experience added a new terror. Were I to meet, after I had married him, a man after my own heart, how dreadful it would be both for my good husband and myself. I was not at all tempted to care for the young man I had expected to find at the door, he was only a passing interest; but even so, I was disappointed when my lover appeared in his stead. I had not thought of this possibility, and it was a new thorn in my flesh.

A month or two later, my father, who was now domiciled in Boston, sent for me to join him, and when I decided to go, my lover was much distressed, for he had hoped that our marriage would soon take place.

My father consulted several eminent physicians after I reached Boston, but none of them could help me, I was growing ever worse. I could not use my eyes at all and could scarcely take any exercise, so my days seemed endless, shut in my room in the boarding-house, where we were staying. My devoted father did all that he could to make my lot more endurable. He took me to one or two dinner-parties, the table being filled with the distinguished men and women of talent then living in Boston and Cambridge; among these celebrities I most admired Mr. Longfellow.

But the fatigue was too much for my slender strength, and my eyes could not endure the light. So I begged him to go without me, as it made me unhappy to see him cut off from the circle to which he belonged and where he was so well loved.

As I grew feebler, he often carried me upstairs, although he was nearing seventy. But he said that he scarcely knew he had a body, it was so free from aches and pains. So he, at seventy, was fitted thoroughly to enjoy his life; while I, at twenty-five, was a wreck, and a wreck because two good women had neglected their homely duties, through a great zeal for Church services, leaving me to do harder manual work than I had the strength to endure.

After I had been in Boston some time, I heard of a very celebrated medium, and decided to go to her and to see whether I could get any light through her as to where my duty lay with regard to Dr. A., my lover.

It is not a course I should have taken at a later period. I should have asked our Lord Jesus Christ to guide me, but my faith at that time was still in a somewhat chaotic state, for I believed in God but rejected my Saviour, and so I went to this medium.

I wrote on a piece of paper: "Must I marry Dr. A. ?" and put it in my pocket.

The medium was a pale, neurotic-looking woman, whose strained expression in no wise resembled the peace which rests on the face of a more normal believer. But she was a sympathetic, and, so it seemed to me, an honest person.

It is certain that the trance into which she fell, a few moments after we were seated in her private room, was not simulated. She turned an almost ghastly green, and looked so deathlike, that I was frightened. Presently she began to speak in a low, strange voice, not at all like her own.

"Your mother is here," she said, "and she wishes me to tell

you that her two little granddaughters in the West will soon be put under your care. A gentleman, a relative, meets you when you arrive to take charge of them. I see his shining white teeth, his blue eyes, and his pleased smile. The smaller of the children is a little flower. I see her trying to curl her hair with her sister's curling-stick, and when it remains straight she sits down on the floor and cries."

This message, which I have also recorded in *The Mediators*, startled me very much. The medium was evidently describing my brother Julian, and his two children Grace and Margaret (Daisy), for these were the only grandchildren. Their mother, Helen, was living, and was a splendid-looking woman. My brother had met her when he was a Colonel in the Civil War, she was the beauty of the garrison town, and when he had brought her home, she had almost taken my breath away. Tall, beautifully formed, with golden-tinted auburn hair, great grey eyes, statuesque features, and the most beautiful skin I have ever seen—she made the rest of us look very commonplace.

Julian brought her to my room, when she was dressed for the first party given in honour of the newly married pair. She wore a pale green silk and coral ornaments, given her by my mother. Her splendid hair was coiled on her head in a coronet, her square-cut dress and elbow sleeves revealed the beauty of her neck and arms, her perfect skin looked almost transparent, showing the delicate tracery of the veins.

"There, Rose," said Julian, "that is the most beautiful thing God ever made."

"I have not seen quite everything He has made, but certainly I have never seen anything more beautiful," I said enthusiastically.

This vision swept before me as the ghastly-looking medium said that I should have the care of Helen's children. What, then, was to become of Helen. She was a devoted mother, both able and willing to take care of her own children, and I was a miserable little invalid, who seemed barely able to drag my weary body through each long day.

"Yes, your mother repeats, this is your future work. You are to have the care of these children," said the medium.

She came out of her trance with a series of horrible gasps, and looked at me as though she had not seen me before. She evidently had no memory of the message she had given me.

I repeated the prophecy to my father and some friends at the

house where we were lodging, but, of course, I did not write it home.

I had explained to my father my feeling about Dr. A., and it had seemed to him that, under these circumstances, I ought not to marry him, especially as my health was ever growing worse. My father's advice had strongly influenced me, and the medium's message seemed to add the determining feather's weight.

I wrote, therefore, to Dr. A., telling him that I thought it right to break our engagement. His answer troubled me deeply, for he said that he would never marry anyone else; I was the one woman in the world for him.

I never saw him again, for he left New Harmony and settled in the Far West. A friend of mine met him years afterwards, and he was still unmarried. He said his abundant hair was quite grey, but he was even handsomer and more refined-looking as a middle-aged man than when young. He was very successful in his profession, so the friend said.

When I meet this faithful lover of mine in heaven, I trust we shall be the best of friends, but I was not meant to marry him, for I could not have made him happy throughout the long years of wedded life, when I was not able to love him. It is too great a risk to marry a man one feels to be an alien, intellectually.

In the days which followed, I felt that a depression I could not resist was taking possession of me.

A gentleman friend in the hotel asked me to go and hear a light opera, which was having a great success. He said he would engage a box, take me in a carriage, and bring me away at once if I became fatigued. I had refused many invitations as my eyes could not bear the light, but I felt as though I must have some change, so I went. My eyes and spine pained me cruelly afterwards, yet the evening did me a world of good. The bright tunes and gay scenes, with no touch of coarseness, brought me out of the morbid despondency against which I had been struggling. God has many ways of helping His sorely tried children, and among these means a pretty and refined light opera is not to be despised, for it reminded me that the end of living is not sorrow, but joy. So my gay spirits revived and my spiritual feet danced, even though my physical ones still had to be wearily dragged along. I knew it was only my morbid fancy which had draped the whole world in mourning.

Are not the more solemn preachers prone to undervalue the useful mission of these dancing and singing children of God? Indeed, are not they themselves tempted to forget how much good they may do, when they do not bemean their art?

We are to meet Him in the air—wings are necessary in order to reach the heights of Heaven, how then can we find Him through a heavy solemnity? If prosy sermons bore us, who are accustomed to boredom, do they please God, who is infinitely varied, intensely living?

Among all the lies that Satan has invented, one of the most mischievous is that an irksome dullness is the fittest expression of religion. A droning voice, a wearying length of monotonous speech, a heavy manner, a ponderous tread—these attributes which are supposed to be the signs of piety, cannot be divine; for they are in widest possible contrast to the instant flexibility of an archangel, sweeping from one end of the Cosmos to the other with a single magnificent stroke of powerful wings.

Only a few simple truths need to be remembered to make the theatre an unmitigated blessing, and these truths are so plain that it would seem scarcely worth while to recall them, were it not that they are so often forgotten.

We realize, in the material world, that when brightness is besmirched it is no longer bright.

We realize, in the material world, that a dirty man or woman is not funny because of his or her disgusting filth.

We realize, in the material world, that sores and plague-spots are not agreeable.

We realize, in the material world, that wholesome food is to be preferred to garbage.

Then why should we believe that in the theatrical world brilliancy besmirched is more brilliant; that a mentally dirty man is a funny man; that he who spreads moral plague-spots is the better actor; and that he who offers us an unclean artistic diet proves thereby that he is a master in his profession? In the mental world, as in the physical, do not sane-minded men and women prefer brightness and cleanliness?

It is self-evident that they must prefer attributes which are so plainly preferable—then why do some theatrical managers still believe that a coarse under-current, a half-veiled vulgarity, "draws" better than a perfectly clean morality?

For the simple reason that morality and boredom are supposed

to be synonyms; whereas the truth is that a dancer seeking God's ether can dance entrancingly; that a comedian listening to divine laughter can act delightfully; that a singer hearing His harmonies —aye, when they are only merry waltzes and not chorals—can sing celestially.

When God is set in the theatre, no theatre-goer will ever again be bored or deteriorated.

This truth I realized on the night in question, for the dear little opera—where the rôles were taken by very young actors, still filled with the innocent joy of living—this bright comedy did me a world of good, of wholesome, lasting good.

It is true that the Church, and not the theatre, gave to me, in the end, the enduring support which has never failed me, but this fact need not prevent the deep gratitude which I feel for the help the theatre has been, and still is, to me. The Church and the theatre are not inherently antagonistic, but quite the contrary, as was clearly impressed upon me, later, when Wagner's *Parsifal*, at Beyrouth, proved to be one of the most uplifting influences of my life, the first golden notes of the hidden orchestra carrying me straight to my God.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE OF EVIL

As my health did not improve in Boston, my anxious father sent me to a lady physician in New York. I lodged in a house which was a busy beehive of strenuous girl students, I being the only idle person in the establishment.

I spent the long, hot days alone in my room with nothing that I could do from morning until night except to take two or three short walks in the dusty square in front of the house, each step of which was pain; not a word could I read, not a line could I write, not a note could I play, not a stitch could I take, without adding to my suffering and bringing the day nearer when I would be, so I increasingly feared, wholly paralysed and quite blind.

The only occupation I had was to practice, with closed eyes, the art of feeling my way and finding my belongings, without seeing, in order to be prepared for the fatal day when I should quite lose my sight.

When this monotony, following long years of monotony, was growing almost unbearable, I heard that the celebrated conductor, Theodore Thomas, was giving open-air concerts nightly, not far away, and I longed to go to them.

The matron of the establishment was too busy to accompany me, but I arranged to go with one of the young lady students, a quick girl, who was so far advanced in her studies as to be able to spare a few evening hours during the week.

We found a nook in the pretty garden where the lights were dim and did not hurt my eyes, and I had the great pleasure of hearing some fine music without the heat and glare, which I could not bear.

"Let us come often," I said, "this is delightful."

"Why not," she replied, "it is quite near us, and so cheap we can well afford it."

A thrill of happiness went through me, for I love music, and the long, empty days would be much more endurable if I had this pleasure to look forward to in the evening.

The words had scarcely been spoken when a man accosted us with coarse rudeness. As he persisted in his familiarity we rose

to go, and he followed us, even mounting the steps of our house when we reached home.

We tried going to these concerts on one or two other occasions without a male escort, for neither of us knew any young men in New York, and each time we were insultingly treated and followed, so that we were obliged to give them up.

We had put on dark, simple clothing and plain little hats, and we had slipped into our places as quietly as we could, looking neither to the right nor left; nevertheless, on each occasion we were molested.

I think these men, no matter how coarse-natured they may have been, would not have deprived me of my one pleasure had they known how wearily long were my empty days. Their licence wholly cut me off from such innocent enjoyment as was possible to me in my dreadfully monotonous life. We may be thankful that the days are now passed when girls are thought to be loose characters because they go to amusements unattended.

When I returned to my father in Boston, the news of Helen's death reached us. She was pregnant and had eaten some unripe fruit, which, in her condition, proved to be fatal. She passed away after a few short days of illness, having died, as people supposed, through an accident. Yet her death had been foreseen nine months before by the medium in Boston.

My brother wrote asking if I could come and take care of his little girls. On the day of my arrival Margaret (Daisy) took possession of Grace's curling-stick and tried to twist her own straight hair around it; when it refused to curl, she sat down on the floor and cried bitterly.

Thus, the prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

Two busy years passed, devoted to the care of my brother's children and home, and at the end of them my strength quite gave way. I could not digest a piece of dry bread without suffering, and I had so little vitality that I could not keep warm in the hottest July day.

A cousin of mine had greatly improved at the Water Cure in New York State, of which I have spoken, and my father and brother decided it was best to send the children and myself to this establishment.

I found, on my arrival, that children were not allowed in the

main building; so I discovered, after some research, a little hut, built around a great walnut-tree, its walls innocent of paint or paper, but with a splendid view from its tumbledown little veranda. Here the children and myself were established. About six weeks after our arrival, I was taken very ill in the night, with something which closely resembled cholera. A storm was raging, and we were some distance from the Cure, a rough mountain path leading to it. About two o'clock, I felt that I was sinking, and must have some help. Grace, then seven years old, had been anxiously watching over me, and when she saw that I was almost in a collapse she said she intended to go to the Cure, a large building with many corridors, to find one of the doctors. I feebly protested with the little voice I had left, but she put on her thick coat, drew the pointed hood over her head, and started out in the wild night and across the rough mountain track, to make her way to the Water Cure.

The night watchman afterwards described the scene to me. He said: "I was making my way, with my lantern, along one of the long, dark corridors, when I suddenly saw a little figure, at the other end, reaching up to feel the brass numbers on the doors. The apparition turned a white face to me, surmounted by a high pointed hood. I thought it was some sort of hobgoblin, and yelled at it:

" 'Who the devil are you?'

" 'I am Grace Dale Owen. My Aunt Rose is very ill at "The Perch," and I am trying to find the door of the doctor's room to take him over there,' she said.

" 'Well, you are a brick,' I said, 'how did you manage not to be blown away in this storm, and not to lose your way in this black night?'

" 'Please hurry,' she said, 'and show me the doctor's room, for my Aunt Rose must be attended to at once.'

"I knocked up the doctor, and they were soon on their way back to 'The Perch.' "

The doctor told me afterwards that had he not been called until the morning, he doubted whether he could have saved me.

I lay, almost without moving, for eight days, for I was so weak, I seemed scarcely to be alive.

Then came the turning-point. I weighed at this time only eighty-one pounds, being little more than a skeleton, and I gained thirty-four pounds in nine months; the change was so great that

one could scarcely recognize me for the same person. The children also improved wonderfully, and we were very happy in our little hut. The system which helped us so much, and to which I afterwards adhered, whenever I could do so, is the one I wished to establish among the little group at Haifa.

At the end of nine months my father came to the Water Cure, greatly adding to our enjoyment. He was delighted to see what remarkable progress we had made.

He was asked, presently, to address a meeting at Rochester, near the Water Cure. The hall was packed and suffocatingly hot, a cold wind sprang up as we left the hall, and my father, who was in a profuse perspiration, caught a severe chill. When we returned to the Water Cure, he was obliged to remain in bed, and yet his brain seemed to be most active. He insisted on dictating an abstruse treatise on the "Unity of God." In vain I expostulated, my opposition seeming only to irritate him, and I found that when I would not write for him he got hold of some paper and wrote during my absence. The mental activity was, no doubt, of an abnormal character, and the consequence of using his mind so strenuously during his weakness proved to be fatal. His brain became disordered, his mania taking the strange shape of believing that he was very rich, and when he left his room he threw money broadcast in the streets.

I found he was drawing out his investments and that he would soon be penniless.

I sent for my brother Julian, who was deeply distressed when he arrived. We returned to New Harmony with my father, having a very trying journey, as he wished, each time the train stopped, to leave the car, in order to give the people everything upon which he could lay his hands, the generous instincts which had always distinguished him seeming to have run wild.

Finally we reached home, and decided that it would be less trying for my father to be under professional restraint.

We took him to Indianapolis, where he was placed in an Establishment, and under the supervision of a trained attendant. The doctor decided it was quite safe to let him have the liberty of the house and grounds, tactfully watched by the young man who was to serve him.

My father regained his balance in a short time, and we had the delight of receiving him again in our New Harmony home.

An exaggerated account of this illness found its way into the

newspapers, and it was said that my father had become insane because of his grief over the imposture of a medium. The "Katie King Affair," as it was called, was blamed for his breakdown. So far as I could judge, it had nothing to do with it. He mentioned the subject to me only once, and then dismissed it, in his calmly philosophical way, with the words:

"I am afraid I have been wasting some precious time, but I suppose that is to be expected when one is working in a field so little explored as yet, and so imperfectly understood. The next time I shall be even more cautious and exacting in my tests, taking nothing for granted."

He never mentioned the subject afterwards, and had, during the earlier part of his visit, the calm serenity which had always distinguished him and which was the wonder and admiration of us all. Nothing seemed able to distress or even slightly disturb my optimistic father, with his phenomenally quiet nerves. The simple cause of his derangement was too strenuous a mental effort at a time when his body was too weak to endure it; and as there was no disturbing cause in his mind, his chief mania being an exaggerated generosity, he very soon recovered his balance.

When I returned to New Harmony I found that Julian was betrothed to be married to a widow with two children. I made my home with them, and when a little son was born there were three sets of children in the house. It was not quite easy to steer one's way under these circumstances, as my system with Grace and Margaret differed widely from the ideas of his second wife. Still, by dint of prayerful endeavour, a harmoniously affectionate atmosphere was established at last.

My general health was now much better, but my spine and eyes had not improved to the same extent.

When I had passed nine years without being able to read—oh, how hungrily I looked at a pile of new books and magazines on the library table—I went for a short second visit to the Water Cure, and my sister-in-law joined me in Rochester, New York, when I was returning.

A celebrated oculist was established here, and Annie, my sister-in-law, insisted on my going to see him.

"What is the use, Annie?" I said. "He will only tell me afresh that I am going blind."

"Go simply for the sake of being civil to your sister-in-law, that's a good girl," she coaxed.

"Well, if you put it on that ground, I suppose I must yield," I said, "although I do not want to hear the cruel truth repeated at the end of these nine long years of constant dread. I know I am going blind, slowly but surely, then why should I pay a big fee to have this fatal fact freshly imprinted on me?"

"You promised to be polite to your sister-in-law," laughed Annie. "So put on your hat and let us start."

It was the fifth of July and a very hot day. I dragged myself wearily along, the prospect of hearing afresh my doom seeming to pile upon me all the nine long, monotonous years through which I had struggled. Life seemed to stretch before me as an arid plain, with no interesting landmarks to vary the tedious way. I asked myself what was the use of living, when life seemed to hold so little for me.

When we reached the waiting-room of the oculist, it was crowded, among the waiting patients being several children who had been seriously injured the day before through Fourth of July fireworks. One beautiful boy would be blind for life, so the sobbing mother told us, when she returned from the office of the oculist.

My gloom deepened as we waited and watched the returning patients, some of whom looked greatly depressed after hearing the oculist's verdict. Several hours passed, and we still waited, as many of the consultations were long ones. Finally my turn came. The oculist was a tall, dignified-looking man, with a fine head and an almost sternly sad face. He questioned me closely, tested my eyes in numerous ways, and after a very careful examination, he turned to me and said:

"You will never go blind. There is nothing the matter with the retina or the optic nerve, as you think. Unless some unforeseen accident occurs, you have as good a chance of keeping your eyesight as I myself have."

I looked at him in amazement. I felt that it would be unbearable were I to permit this hope to enter, and then to be disappointed, so I said:

"Doctor, I do not believe you. I am going blind, I know it. I beg you not to wake in me a false hope."

He rose, stood by a tall desk, and brought his fist down upon it with an emphatic gesture:

"If I am mistaken, you can publish the fact everywhere, and spoil my reputation. I know what I am talking about, and I give you my word that at the end of a few months you will be able to use your eyes freely. Through a weakness of the muscles of the eye, a weakness which seems to extend throughout your system, you are phenomenally far-sighted—to put the thing in popular parlance—and hence you do not see things close at hand."

"But, doctor," I said, "my eyes pain me cruelly; it seems, sometimes, as though burning wires ran from my eyes down to my chest."

"Every glance of your eye is as painful as the effort to look through a pair of spectacles which do not at all suit you; and, necessarily, they are constantly being irritated, your brain suffering as well, and your whole system being more or less affected. If a perfectly healthy person were to put on glasses which were quite unsuitable, he or she would soon be tired out. That is precisely what has been happening to you, during the last nine years."

The man looked so clever, his regard was so searching, and his manner so positive, that I dared to let a little ray of hope enter my sad soul. Was it possible that I should be able to see again; to read, to write, to resume my music, to go about as did other people, and see and hear all that was going on? Were the deadly dull days behind me, and was a new life about to open? Was it possible that this great, good thing was going to happen to me? All the weary years in Boston, in New York, in Annie's home, passed before me, when minutes seemed like hours and hours like days, the long inactivity seeming to be intolerable to my active brain, my energetic nature. Was all this over, had God heard my many prayers at last; could it be true that I was to see again?

I sent up a cry to my God to guide this man aright, for I felt that I could not bear to be filled with this blessed hope, only to be cast back into darkness.

I looked up at the doctor with beseeching eyes, and he smiled back at me very gently, the stern sadness of his face being illumined by a kindly sympathy.

"Yes, I understand," he said, "but do not be afraid. Go back to the waiting-room. I have a few more patients to interview, and I will then go with you to an optician and see to it that your glasses suit you. You need the right kind of spectacles, that is

all. Read one minute to-morrow, three minutes the next day, and so on until you reach an hour a day, then you need no longer time yourself, but can read as much as you like. Be reasonable, of course, but you need not be anxious."

I began the next day, and at the end of a week my eyes pained me dreadfully. A spasm of despair seized me—was the doctor mistaken, and was I only hastening the day of my doom? I wrote to him and received a short, but emphatic, reply:

"Do as I tell you. Had your arm been out of use for nine years, it would pain you when you began to exercise it. It is the same with your eyes. Obey orders and your sight will be restored."

He was right. At the end of six months I was reading comfortably, and my life, which had seemed as a dreary desert, now spread before me as a varied, a beautiful landscape. Two little pieces of glass (my spectacles) altered the face of the earth for me, and with my whole heart did I thank the oculist and the optician for the scientific skill which had changed my life. It is indeed a noble mission to restore to use that which the Creator has made.

When I rejoined Annie and told her the good news, she was overjoyed.

"There, you see, it is a good thing to be polite to your sister-in-law," she said, with a happy laugh.

As we returned home, the way, which had seemed so drearily long in coming, was wonderfully short, for I walked with wings on my feet. I wanted to salute everyone on the way, and to share with them the happiness which thrilled me. My heart seemed to leap in my bosom for joy.

A NEW LOVER

DURING the last year of my blindness, I had undertaken to hold meetings for the children of the village in our church. We had a simple little service. I told them stories wherein a right and a wrong course of action were set in contrast, sometimes asking some child to finish the tale. I gave them a little task of a moral nature at home, and distributed gifts among those who could bring a good report.

The teachers at the public school told me that the chief subject discussed during the recreation hours were these stories and the moral each was intended to convey. Presently the church was crowded, not only with children, but with their parents, who thanked me warmly for the influence exerted. I adopted the system of letting the children fix their own punishments when they misbehaved, which they did with an almost stern justice.

But the exertion had been too much for me, and I was holding the last crowded meeting. I noticed in the body of the church a strikingly handsome man, a stranger. The next evening a friend brought him to call upon us, and a few weeks later he asked me to marry him.

He was an exceedingly attractive man. Gifted in various directions, and so remarkable in appearance that he was much observed. He took me to a neighbouring city for a little excursion, and I noticed that almost everyone in the street turned to look after him. God, knowing my love for beauty, has often been good enough to surround me with beautiful people.

When he asked me to become his wife, he told me that he was a divorced man; he had married very young, and had lived with his wife only a year. He had one son, now about twelve years old. He had not intended to be married again, until he had seen me in our little church and had loved me at first sight.

I did not know what I ought to do; whether I ought to permit myself to consider his proposal of marriage to the extent of seeing him often, with a view to discovering whether we were suited to each other, or whether I ought to refuse him at once. He had so potent a charm that everyone felt it, even the children being strongly drawn to him. It was, I think, more magnetic than

spiritual, but it was difficult to resist, aided as it was by his almost perfect beauty, and his good breeding, for he belonged to a well-known family.

From the first, however, I was uneasily aware that I ought to resist the influence he was gaining over me. Finally, I was led to say to him:

"I do not think I ought to consider the question of marrying you, unless your divorced wife gives her consent If she is willing that you should marry me, then I will not resist the thought of caring for you, should love for you be born in my heart."

"I think I am not mistaken in believing that you are drawn to me," he said, "that it is a possible thing for you to love me?"

"I am bewildered," I answered, "for it is not plain to me where my duty lies, and until that question is settled, I do not quite know how I do feel towards you. As long as my conscience is at war with love for you, that love cannot enter and take possession."

He wrote to his divorced wife and she strongly objected to our marriage. Therefore, we parted from one another.

A MAGNETIC TEMPTATION

Later, another experience followed, when I visited London. I found there a young American artist, ill and temporarily crippled for means. He lodged in the same house, and when I found he was in danger of dying, I devoted myself to him, running the gauntlet of a good deal of criticism, for it was thought wrong for me to attend to him. He, however, believed that I was the only person who could save his life, and it would seem as though he were right, for one night when I watched with him alone, he appeared to be dying. He was quite cold, and I could scarcely hear him breathe. His face was ghastly. He had lost a good deal of blood from the bowels during several weeks, and his life seemed to be ebbing away. I had done all that the doctor had directed without result, so I knelt down by his bedside and wrestled for his life. He was a young man full of promise, whose fine singing had touched me deeply, and it did not seem to me that God wished him to be taken thus prematurely. Through the long night I wrestled in prayer, scarcely knowing whether he breathed or not. Towards morning he opened his eyes, smiling at me faintly, and I knew that life was returning to him.

In a few weeks he was well, and I was very glad that I had not failed him in order to avoid gossip; for it seemed to me it would have been a very selfish thing to protect myself at the risk of losing a human life.

Then a strange situation developed; I knew, in my heart, that I did not love this man. I felt assured that he, like Dr. A., could never quite satisfy me intellectually, and yet the thought of him tormented me day and night. When he was absent, I longed to see him; when he was present, I felt chained. Later, when we no longer lived in the same place, I was constantly tormented by the desire to receive letters from him, and was always watching for the post, and restlessly wandering about until it came.

I was deeply puzzled, for I knew I did not love him. In answer to prayer, the only impression I had, while we were under the same roof, was to make myself as little attractive as possible. To dress badly, to do my hair unbecomingly, and to be stupid rather than entertaining. Finally I was led to speak frankly to

the young man about my strange experience, and he told me, in plain words, that although he reverenced me deeply, almost setting me in a shrine, he did not love me.

I hoped this declaration would break my chains, but instead it seemed to rivet them. His image haunted me day and night, and I could not resist the strange influence he, or some tormenting power of evil using his personality, exercised over me. I knew that the attraction belonged, not to the realm of true love, but to the spurious world of magnetic attraction, poorly imitating love, and yet I was in its grip.

One day, when my work had been seriously disturbed because my attention was constantly on the alert to hear the postman's knock, I sent up a great cry to God to deliver me from this uncanny bondage, telling Him I was helpless. The answer was instantaneous. Whereas in the morning I would have walked until I was footsore to see his handwriting, at night I scarcely took the trouble to go downstairs to receive my mail.

A few days later we met. He looked blankly disappointed at my indifferent manner, and now that my eyes were opened I marvelled that I had ever imagined I cared for him.

I was deeply grateful that I had been guided to make myself so little attractive to him, and had obeyed the instinct; for I think he might have been drawn to me, had I done otherwise, and both of us would have been unhappy in marriage.

Later, when Jennie attacked me, she cited against me the fact that I had taken care of this young man in his illness; and although I had shared with him the small sum of money I then had in hand, to keep him from want (a debt afterwards repaid) and, so he believed, had saved his life, yet he proved a broken reed.

When closely questioned, he acknowledged that I had only set aside the conventions, and that there was no thought of evil between us, but only a life and death struggle to save him; yet he did not come forward promptly, manfully, as my warm champion, but seemed rather to be influenced by the rich and powerful faction against me.

As I had helped him for many months, and had borne a good deal of unkind criticism for the sake of doing what I believed to be my duty towards him, for I could not shield myself and let him die through illness and want, his conduct astonished and pained me, and I was most thankful that I had been freed from him.

I have sometimes wondered how many marriages are made while under this false magnetic glamour, a glamour which may be dissipated in an hour, leaving the disillusioned victim fettered for life. No one need mistake the false attraction for the true bond, for there is a well-marked difference between the two; magnetic attraction rivets chains, whereas real love confers freedom; the one narrowly circumscribes, while the other vastly enlarges the legitimate joys of life. I trembled when I realized how obscurely small, how seemingly unimportant, had been the act of obedience which, in all probability, had saved me. I was told to be as ugly and stupid as possible, and I obeyed; hence the chains which held me were not riveted on the young artist. Is it not true that God would guide, in the same way, all those who are magnetically allured, only to be deeply disappointed through long years of regret, were they to ask Him for light, being willing, whatever might be His commands, to obey Him implicitly? Is it not strange that, in a Christian world, so few people seem to beseech God to guide them with regard to the person they should marry? Many clever minds have spent long hours discussing the laws of divorce, with the desire of reducing the evil as much as possible. Would it not be wiser to teach, everywhere, this simple truth: Those who can be put asunder were not joined by God? Were all lovers to entreat their Creator to illumine them, being willing to part, instantly, should He command it, would there be many divorces? I think not, for God does not mislead, or permit to be misled, those who sincerely pray, desiring only to know and to do His Will. This simple obedience would save endless miseries in marriage and do away with divorce.

THE HOMELESS STUDENTS

I HAD been saving money out of my small income, for a long time, to give the children a pleasure. Rid of all my lovers, I took the girls to New York. Everyone prophesied that I should come to grief and be stranded without money; but we got back, after a happy year, with just five dollars in our pockets. I packed curtains, linen, silver, pictures, and ornaments, in goods boxes which had been prepared with shelves. We rented a little flat in the workmen's quarter of New York, bought some cots, tables, and chairs, set up our boxes as bureaux and cupboards, decorated the walls and windows with their contents, and proceeded to study and to enjoy ourselves. Several young men, students and beginners in some profession, were introduced to us by a friend. They were living homeless lives in little rooms, and begged to be allowed to visit us without ceremony. They were fine young fellows, and I told them they were entirely welcome, provided they would allow us to treat them as members of the family, not leaving my work.

So our little flat was full to overflowing almost every evening, even the fire-escape being pressed into service when the small drawing-room could hold no more. They sometimes brought a supper with them, and we had the jolliest of improvised meals, when even the toasting-fork had to be pressed into service to set the table, our resources being limited.

It was a most innocently happy little company, and when we returned to New Harmony the boys thanked us most warmly, saying they had been kept from mischief by being allowed to come to a home in their workaday clothes, where they were not entertained, but did as they liked, precisely as though they had been in their own families, which were far distant from New York.

MY CONVERSION

With returning health and eyesight a desire awoke in me, growing ever deeper, to serve, in a wider sphere, my fellow-creatures. I seemed groping for some truth which was still hidden from me. My mother's cry, vibrating through me before I was born, sounded ever more insistently within me. I besought my God, even as she had entreated while bearing me, to reveal Himself to me more fully, for I often felt too weakly uncertain to help others.

I was led at this time to return to the East, visiting the home of a cousin, and here an answer came to me.

The atmosphere of the house was not one that appealed to me, for my cousin was somewhat morbidly mystical, surrounding herself with many symbols, and going through various ceremonies which were supposed to convey a mysterious insight to the onlooker, but which, so far as I was concerned, often distressed my common sense. She was also a Church Member, and went frequently to the daily services. But she neglected a good many of her homely duties, and, in consequence, selfishly though perhaps unconsciously, put a double burden on others.

She was, however, a beautiful and a gifted woman, possessing an extraordinary charm; and from my early girlhood I had loved and admired her. Thus at one moment she strongly attracted me, and the next my mother's training influenced me, a training inculcating all the homely virtues. My beautiful cousin seemed to me both lazy and selfish, and I had been taught that a lazy selfishness and religion could never be akin.

Nevertheless, God, who knew her true, her best self, chose her as a fitting instrument and her house as the place where He answered my prayer, growing ever more persistently strong; for some need existed within me, which was not filled, and I ever besought Him to fill it.

One Sunday morning my cousin asked me to go to church with her.

"My dear Isabel," I said, "you know I don't care to go to church, long ceremonies do not appeal to me."

In answer she repeated the words of my sister-in-law when my physical sight was restored:

"Well, then, come in order to be polite to your cousin. You are my guest, and you ought not to be so uncivil as to refuse."

"Very well," I said, "but I warn you that I shall not fit into the picture. I can and do pray sincerely, but cut-and-dried prayers and formal ceremonies only irritate me. When these prayers are intoned they almost make me angry, they sound so insincere to my matter-of-fact mind."

"You have promised to be polite," she reiterated, even as Annie had done. "Go and put on your cloak and hat, that's a good girl; for it is time to start."

The church to which we went was familiarly known as "The little Church around the Corner," because of the following incident: An actor was to be buried. His friends went to a large and fashionable church where the clergyman did not wish to have anything to do with the burial of an actor, and advised his friends to take him to "the little church around the corner," where all sorts of waifs and strays were received. The name clung to the church, lovingly repeated by many grateful ones, who had found a like sympathy and support in the unpretending structure, until its real name, "The Church of the Transfiguration," was almost forgotten.

I sat stiff and unbending in my seat, with a sense of revolt in my heart. My mother had taught us to be sincere, unaffected, and to my ears the prayers did not seem to ring quite true. Even when the saintly pastor of the church appeared in the pulpit, I gave a somewhat unwilling attention, at first, to his simple sermon. But his manner was so genuine that he presently held my admiring attention.

Then followed the Communion Service. I made a sign to my cousin that I wished to go, as I had no sympathy at all with this ceremony; but she begged me to remain, and as I did not desire to be discourteous I leaned back, somewhat wearily, in my seat, and watched the elaborately dressed women and worldly looking men making their way to and from the Altar.

"Is there any sense in all this," I said to myself, "does it do anybody a particle of good to go through this mummery?"

The reader must remember that I had been bred in a family which rarely went to church, but which practised the Christian virtues. And on the other hand, I had known a number of people

who did go constantly to church and who did not, so it seemed to me, practise the Christian virtues. As my cousin went to the Altar, I remembered how long she had remained in bed the day before, Saturday, and had hindered all the work falling on this day, so that the servant was obliged to labour very late, and would not have been able to finish had I not helped her. My cousin had spent the afternoon in the drawing-room arrayed in a garment which was supposed to symbolize that she had been initiated into some sort of occult knowledge. When I had returned, hot and tired, from the kitchen, I had been a good deal irritated by her pose and her demand that I should sit at a table, supposed to be sacred, in a certain position, and go through various genuflexions, making the signs she indicated.

"Isabel," I said, "I have been helping Mary and I am tired. If you want to go through any incantations you must do it alone."

As I thought of all this, my mother's image rose before me. She had made no pretence to piety, and certainly never indulged in hanky-panky; but in all her life, so far as I knew, she had not neglected a duty. This was the school in which I had been bred. I believed in salvation through works, and I was a Unitarian. My prayers were fervent, but they were not the pleadings of a Christian, for I rejected the teachings of the New Testament, as expounded by the Church.

Not long before, a good and venerable bishop had kept me in his study four long hours, seeking to persuade me that he was right and I was wrong. Finally I said to him:

"You affirm that God was angry with this world, and that when His wrath was appeased, because His Son had been cruelly sacrificed, He pardoned us. Were I to behave in such a manner, I should consider my conduct despicable; hence were I to believe what you tell me, I should lose my faith in God. You say, further, that we are all at fault because of Adam's sin, and that we are all justified because of Christ's sacrifice. I had nothing to do with Adam's sins, then why should I be told that I, in anywise, share his guilt; and seeing that I must struggle and strive every day to live a good life, and when I do not exert myself I am certain to fail, how can I accept that Christ does this work for me? Were these things to be written in letters of fire across the sky, I might believe them; but as no such miracle has happened, both my common sense and my experience reject your teachings."

This, then, was my frame of mind as I made way for my cousin

to re-enter the pew, after coming from the Communion Table, my conviction being in complete antagonism to the ceremony which was proceeding. I was weary and cold and my chief desire was to get out of the sombre church.

My cousin had scarcely resumed her seat when my whole being was roused and thrilled by the sight which I saw. On the Altar stood the most glorious Figure I had ever looked on, so glorious that no imagination of mine could have painted it, for its splendour was beyond my range of conception. I had never dreamt that such power and such sweetness could exist; and yet it was a man, with the familiar lineaments I was daily accustomed to seeing. Heaven and earth were joined. For a moment His wonderful eyes looked down at the Communicants, and then He turned and stretched out His arms to me. I ran headlong to the Altar, and knelt with the others, hiding my face because I could not bear His splendour. When I looked up the Form was gone.

The Figure I had seen in the garden at the time of my mother's death had been a vague shape, wrapped in light, and I could not distinguish any features. But the Form on the Altar was clearly outlined; I saw the lineaments, the golden hair, the eyes of heavenly blue, the magnificent brow, conveying to me a sense of brain-power such as I had never imagined, even while the eyes gazed at me with an infinitely tender love. Strong He was as an Archangel, and yet gentle as the meekest creature that breathes. It was this union of force and exquisitely yielding sweetness which astounded me; for in all the pictures of Christ which I have seen, the gentleness borders almost on weakness, and there is no trace of the all-searching mentality, the overpowering virility, which I perceived in this perfect God-man.

My whole soul went out to Him, at once and for ever. Every fibre in me acknowledged Him as Master. Every heart-throb proclaimed Him as King.

I have sometimes heard Christians doubt whether Christ will be able to conquer all men in the end. The sin is so great, the work so overwhelmingly difficult, they say, that it seems impossible to believe that He will bring all creatures to His feet. I have no shadow of doubt that He will reign at last, everywhere; for no mortal, though he were steeped in hellish sins, could resist Him. Nothing could have kept me from Him when he stretched out His arms to me, and when He pleads with others in the same wise, as He is sure to do before the end, they also will

fall at His feet as I did, for He is irresistible. Closer akin than the tenderest lover, yet He stands by the throne of God. Permeating us so intimately that no thought is hidden from Him, nevertheless He calls us from the heights of Heaven. How, then, shall any poor, wandering, helpless mortal refuse to come to Him, at last, when His love reaches to the most secret places within us, even while it fills the heavenly vault above us. Neither sin nor pain, neither woe nor want, neither separation nor death daunt Him, for God has given to our King sufficient power to overcome every earthly evil. Blind we are, as blind as moles, but hide away as we will, our Redeemer will find us, for Divine Love searches through the nethermost hells, so long as one spark answering Him may be found.

From the moment I looked upon that Form I felt assured of the eventual salvation of the world; and from that day a desire has possessed me, so strong as to seem, at times, almost like an agony, to hasten the day when He can stand before us in His Glory, claiming His full reward.

Then and there I said to Him, "Use me as Thou wilt, I am ready. I only ask that the way shall be made plain, and when I see clearly I will walk therein, God helping me, no matter what the difficulties may be."

I know that every living soul will repeat these same words, when once they have looked upon His Form, and so my prayer has come to be the homely, simple prayer which once I ridiculed, "Lord, convert this man or woman."

We poor mortals are very weak, so I stumbled and fell many times after I had seen this glorious Vision; but the memory of it ever strengthened me afresh, giving me courage to begin anew. I should be perfect, I know it, after looking on Perfection, but I remain only a weak, ordinary woman, given to the petty faults of other women. I belong to the common herd, and am in nowise a glory to my Lord—but were all the world to tell me that Christ is a myth, and that His Mission exists only in fancy, the denial of Him would not weaken my faith for one instant. I know that my Redeemer lives, for I have seen Him, precisely as I know that the sun shines, because I have seen it.

Having given me this unspeakable privilege, Christ has seen fit to let me be tried beyond the ordinary, as He had a right to do; for a faith strengthened as mine had been ought never to fail, no matter what fate overtakes me. And, thank God, it never has

quite failed, although at times my soul has reeled close to the abyss of despair.

When I have described this Vision to others, they have said that I was mistaken, that my imagination had created this Form. That is impossible, for my imagination is wholly incapable of creating a Divinity, infinitely above and beyond me. His Personality is greater than anything my conceptive powers can build, and because He was real, living, the influence of this Vision has been not evanescent but permanent. It has influenced, always and everywhere, my whole life; and no mistaken mortal imagination has this persevering power, lasting always and under all possible circumstances.

I have seen Him, others will see Him; and when we have all beheld Him, no man will be able to forget Him and to cease from adoring Him.

Since this Vision was vouchsafed I have felt assured that, in the end, all men must needs be saved through Christ, our Redeemer and our King, more intimately ours than the nearest lover, and yet more divinely great than the imagination of man can conceive. We are safe, for He will save us, but oh! fellow-Christians, do not let us keep Him waiting too long for His Consummation. Every mean word, or act, or thought, burdens Him; then let us cease, through His help, to be ignoble.

In seeking to reach Him, may every woman reader remember that the first sound which vibrated through me, lying next to my mother's heart, was her cry to find her God; and hence I had been urged to search for Him all my life until I had found Him. Women, to whom God has confided the greatest responsibility on earth, the responsibility of Motherhood, can serve Him as no painter, no musician, no orator can do; for these teachers only interpret and imitate God, whereas a mother witnesses how He, moving within her, creates a new life. He hears her petition, when she ever beseeches that her babe may be made in His image, and hence through its mothers may the world be most quickly saved.

MY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

THE next morning, Monday, the Voice began my education as a Christian, and my first command was: "Put your bureau drawers in better order, for were God as disorderly as you are, the Cosmos would return to chaos." When the injunction was made I remembered that I had left them in confusion, being busy for a week or two. The next injunction was to walk about the streets of New York, seeking in every face a trace of the Divine. I stared until my eyes were weary and those I met were incensed at my seeming rudeness; yet, sometimes, I could find nothing which seemed to me to be Godlike.

On several days I returned worn out and discouraged. But I began afresh the next morning, and finally I found that I was becoming much more keen-sighted. In the coarsest face, even those that answered my searching gaze with a leer, I began to discover traces of God. The droop of an eyelid, the curve of a lip, the contour of a cheek, the virility in vigorous hair, a firm tread, a kind expression, or a gentle gesture—something I found which reminded me that God had made men; and that they still walked the earth, hopefully, because the divinity in them was not dead.

One morning I started early, in order to continue the effort of finding Him in humanity, and passed on the way a scavenger's cart, which was malodorous. I hastened by with a sense of disgust, when I heard some one say "Stop." I looked behind me, and could perceive no one, then I realized that it was the Voice, but speaking so emphatically that it seemed to be a material sound.

"If you wish to despise anyone, look down on the luxurious inmates of these costly houses before you, from whence the garbage comes. They, in all probability, have eaten too much, and wasted too much, hence this overloaded cart."

I accepted the rebuke, and by way of apology, I turned to look at the driver of the cart in order to discover the divine spark in him. I had some difficulty, but finally a kindly gleam in his eyes answered my smile of greeting, and instead of feeling disgusted, a friendly warmth filled my heart as I bade him good-morning; a good will he seemed to share, for he returned my

salute heartily. So the scavenger and I parted as friends instead of enemies.

It was a simple little experience; and yet were it repeated many times among many persons, would it not go far to remove the ever-growing antagonism between the rich and the poor. Someone must cart off the refuse of the city, or else we would soon be buried in filth; hence the dustmen must exist. But seeing that it is our dirt they are carrying away, need we despise them, because of the disagreeable task they are performing for us? Instead, is it not our duty to be more alert in order to discover God in them, and so repay them, not through the pity that half despises that which it pities, but through the sympathy that searches out the best in our neighbour, and so presents to him his own image, ennobled. This best self in the scavenger is his permanent self, this model man, this Higher Ego, is the everlasting man; then why should our gaze dwell on the dirty clothes which he wears, instead of seeking for the shining robe, endlessly enduring, which awaits him, provided he does his hard work as well as it can be done, and so earns his true place in heaven.

A similar experience came to me in the "Little Church around the Corner" on the next Sunday. A poor and rather dirty-looking woman passed down the aisle, for many toilers found their way to the church, the congregation being curiously composed of the very rich, the very poor, and a group of people who were evidently actors and actresses, and who joined in the service devoutly. As the woman passed the end of my pew I thought instinctively, "I hope she won't come in here," for I have a very keen scent, and an ill-smelling person gives me nausea. Again the Voice almost thundered at me: "You have had the leisure this morning to take a luxurious bath, and to put on the clean clothes washed and ironed by someone else; you have risen at your usual hour to come here, and eaten a breakfast cooked by someone else, and you will find a good dinner ready prepared when you return. Therefore, you have made no sacrifice to come to church. Whereas this poor woman, with everything to do at home, has had to rise early, to hurry her work, to dress as best she could, and to tramp here on foot. When she returns, she must herself prepare the dinner before she can eat it. Hence she *has* made a sacrifice to come to church.

"Yet you take her by the shoulders and push her out of the Sanctuary. For were your thought translated into an act, and

were all the others in the church as inhospitable, the poor woman would be bundled out of the sacred edifice into the street.

"It is true that her clothes are not attractive, but have you any means of knowing whether her soul is attractive? May not the toil of her hands support, with uncomplaining cheerfulness, some helpless charge, and by doing her duty, may she not have discovered, as you have, that Christ is her truest friend? Hence may she not be close akin to you, because you are serving the same great Master?"

The tears came to my eyes as I acknowledged my fault, and realized how much I had to learn, before I could comprehend the all-embracing Love of the Saviour, who stretches out His arms to every meanest creature, even as He had held them out to me. I had a very long way to go, I knew, and my heart sank within me.

When I returned home, I threw myself on my knees and shyly, for the first time in my life, although I was now thirty-five years old, pronounced His name in prayer. As I formed the words, "Christ, help me," a honeyed sweetness poured through me, and the revelation came to me, which comes to every true Christian, sooner or later, that in truth He has taken our burdens upon Himself. I had held this belief in scorn, and now through the simple experiences of the week following the Sunday wherein I had seen the Vision, I was already learning the truth of the sentence, "Without Me ye can do nothing," and I was already feeling the exquisite relief which this knowledge brings. Having seen His Perfection, I knew, knew unquestioningly, that I could never reach Perfection in my own right; and so I asked Him to carry me as a little child is carried in loving arms.

When I rose from my knees, I looked at my reflection in the glass with amazement. Was this Rosamond Dale Owen, the self-sufficient, the proudly reserved and aristocratic woman, who had believed that she had sufficient strength to walk to God's Throne alone? Now I was persuaded, once and for ever, that He would always help me, when I told Him I could no longer climb unaided.

To the reader with sturdy common sense who is inclined to reject anything which seems to be of a supernatural nature, and hence thinks that it is impossible for me, or for anyone, to see visions, may I recall the simple and reasonable teachings of the Voice.

MARY

On the Sunday following my conversion, I again went with my cousin to church, this time with an eager willingness, and again my true, my spiritual eyes were opened, the only eyes that I feel I can really trust, and a second Vision was vouchsafed to me.

It was not palpable, objective, as was the Form of Christ, but rather seemed as an inner Presence. Yet were I a painter I could repeat every trait of the wonderful face I saw, so plainly outlined was it, and so indelibly impressed on my memory. I remember no material countenance as I remember these spiritual features.

This Vision revealed to me Mary, the Holy One, and all my life have I thanked God for showing Her to me.

Again all my preconceptions were proved to be mistaken ones. Whereas the virile mentality of Christ had astonished me, the exquisite simplicity of the Blessed Mary was equally amazing. She was not like any picture of Her which I had seen, for She was the Incarnation of Youth. The face was round rather than oval; the brow low and full rather than expansive; the features, although beautifully chiselled, were not statuesque, but were the traits of loveliest girlhood. She looked little more than a child, a divine child, and yet I was aware that wisdom informed every fibre of Her being. She knew all things, because the Spirit taught Her, and not because She had studiously learnt them. As I looked at Her, all my strenuous research, my hard study, my complex mental queries seemed to be nonsense. My big head appeared to me to be a caricature, for She knew more in one short instant than did all the students the world held, simply because every atom of Her being was permeated by God, who knows everything. There was no hindering question in Her mind, no resistance in the most hidden fibre of Her being; and so, because of Her perfect faith, He could thrill, with His creative power, Her whole Organism, pure as was the original Essence out of which He formed the spirits of men.

I understood, further, why the world, which has been told that the Generations should call Her blessed, still ignores Her, to a great extent, and fails to lift Her to Her true place. She is so

exquisite a child, that Her simplicity is incomprehensible to us. We, with our inflated egoisms, our clamouring demands, our exaggerated elaborations of thought—we cannot understand an Organism with so little self-consciousness that God may permeate it without let or hindrance. She seemed to be made up only of a few simple lines defining a contour called Mary, and all the rest was God; He filled Her wholly.

To be like Her, oh! to be like Her, this was the cry that rose in my heart. I detested my own cumbersome self, when I perceived what a Holy Woman is like, and I knew that I would have to be born again, and again, and yet again, before I could get rid of all the useless elaborations we call personal gifts. Simply to be a receptive channel for my God, this was all I had to learn, for this is womanly wisdom, and yet how long would it take me to be quit of all my encumbrances. Christ, whose mission it is to give, is the most complex Being I have ever beheld; but Mary, whose mission it is to receive, is the simplest, so that it is possible for Her to conceive, unhindering, all things, in trust for all men.

I realized that the powers of evil are trying to hide this truth from women, and are seeking to tempt them to be like men. The attempt is useless, as useless as the attempt to make mothers into fathers. The missions of the sexes are totally different, as I was persuaded, when the Prototypes of men and women, Christ and Mary, were revealed to me. Mary may know all that Christ knows, but She has this fullness of knowledge not because with a giant's brain She formulates it, as He does, perfectly understanding and fully utilizing, as chief Scientist, every subtlest element used in creating life; but because with a Spirit great enough to comprehend God, She conceives true Wisdom. Crystal pure, undefiled, She mirrors, untarnished, His glory, through an effortless receptivity.

I saw, further, that until I became like Mary, Christ could have no real pleasure in me. His love would be infinitely compassionate, but not personally satisfied, for I was a caricature compared to the Woman nearest and dearest to Him.

Years have passed over my head since the overwhelming desire to be like the Holy Mary awoke in me. Am I any nearer to my ideal? I do not know. Sometimes it seems to me that I have made no progress at all. And yet the desire remains as strong as it was on the day it was born, in the Church of the Transfiguration. I only know this: taught by my love for Her, the tiniest flower on

Mount Carmel thrills its unclaiming beauty through me, as the most elaborate worldly pomp is not able to do. The dear eyes of the babies I meet by the way, smile at me as though we had a secret in common. The meek nuns with whom I have often dwelt on Mount Carmel are affectionately at home with me, different as is our outlook; and above all the love between the sexes seems to me so holy a thing that the coarsest phase of it can no longer distress me for long; for the pure love of pure lovers is so heavenly that every creature must needs long for it in the end.

So much has my love for the Holy One, for the child who, unresisting, received Her God, taught me; through Her all goodness and innocence are akin to me; and in addition I have been made to understand how She, the tenderest Flower on earth, could stand as a Pillar of Strength at the foot of the Cross; so that She could take up Her burden, unmurmuring, when He was gone.

For She who receives all things from God can be fortified, as the need of the hour demands it, to bear all things. As Her strength is God's strength, it could not fail, even when the greatest agony the world has ever known was given Her to endure, for She was asked to look upon the Perfection of Her Beloved, and to see this Perfection tortured until He hung, a wretchedly disfigured corpse, mocked at by His humanity, the humanity He was asked to save. These were the heavenly and hellish extremes She saw with eyes scanning more clearly than any common eyes can do, and yet She gave no sign of despair. She endured to the end. This was the strength of this exquisitely tender Being embodying all maidenhood.

As I sit writing in a little pine wood on Mount Carmel, I am surrounded by Her Woman's world of beauty. The dear wild flowers, anemones, cyclamens, Carmel roses, with hosts of humbler beauties, sway in the soft wind; which, though it rose yesterday to a hurricane, did not destroy them, for they bent, unresisting, to the fury of the gale. These flowers, each as finely finished as though it were meant for a king's table, belong to Her Realm. No human eye may look upon them, in the remoter slopes of Carmel, and yet they bloom on, neglecting no most delicate tracery of beauty, which God meant them to perfect. Like these unseen flowers, She is waiting meekly, unobserved, until the generations shall call Her blessed; and while She waits Her Wisdom ever perseveres to adorn, with delicate precision, the finely wrought robes destined, at last, to clothe God-like men.

Yet this Holy One has shared the commonest duties and penalties of the commonest woman on earth, and because She has thus laboured and suffered, even while Heaven visited Her, may each of us seek Her in our need. She understands all our hard duties, because She has performed the meanest toil.

I pray that we Protestants may not ignore the Place She fills, for if we do not heed the injunction of the Bible, we shall suffer for it in the end. The divine Woman Principle cannot be neglected without dire consequences.

SEX

THE morning after this Revelation, I was led to rise at four o'clock, and when dressed to make my way to a green square near our house. Only the earliest workers and homeless ones were afoot, the rest of the city being still asleep. I had begun to scan the faces of the few sleepy passers-by, in order to discover the divine spark in them, as I thought I had been sent out to continue this task, when the Voice said: "Do not look but listen: Many babes have been waked to new life in this city during the night which is passing; how many of them have been brought into being through a physical appetite, and how many through a prayerful love? If the majority have been roused on this and other nights, through a physical appetite, the city will deteriorate; if they have been called from the Unseen through a love which is prayerfully obedient to the Creator, the city will advance, aye by leaps and bounds. Here lies the dividing line: When men and women seek their God before they venture to seek one another; when wedded ones pray, until sex love becomes holy; when true lovers first search for His Purity, and only when they have found it do they venture to create—in that hour is the salvation of humanity assured. Until children are waked through this sainted desire, no other reforms whatsoever can be thorough and permanent, for the stream of life will ever be freshly polluted at its source; how, then, can any after-cleansing purify it effectually?

"In this work of sanctification you are asked to help. It is a most difficult task, and the powers of evil will resist it to the utmost, for their reign will be over when pure sex love triumphs. Here do they find their best opportunity to antagonize their Creator, and here, when they are beaten, will their downfall be most complete.

"Are you ready to suffer," said the Voice, "for the sake of babes yet unborn?"

I quailed at the question, for, like other women of the austere type, I had hated the word *sex*. I should have been glad, in my youth, had there been no such word and no such emotion in the world, for the thought of it had often filled me with disgust.

The Voice continued: "You have seen how passion has moved

your lovers, having been almost stronger than themselves; hence you are sufficiently experienced to know that it is impossible to kill sex-love, and were it possible to destroy it the world would soon swing in space only as the carrier of corpses.

"*As it cannot be annihilated, it must be hallowed*, if the world is to be saved. The celibate monk and nun, faithful to their solemn vows, have a mission to fulfil, it is true; but it is a limited one, for were the whole world to imitate their celibacy there would be no world to be saved at the end of a hundred years. Therefore, this cannot be the way out of the difficulty, and hence some other means must be found.

"Our simple advice is," said the Voice, "that no mates should ever permit a sex sensation to surge through them, whether expressed through the lightest hand-touch, or the marital act, until prayer has spiritualized their passion. Only in the presence of God may a legitimate caress be given. When this injunction is obeyed love will no longer incline brute-ward, but will rise angel-ward. So must a purer race be born, thus can the world be best cleansed from sin. Are you willing to help in this work?"

"How?" I asked.

"You must pray without ceasing for purity, you must ask that women shall imitate the blessed Mary, radiating so holy a love that lust will slink away, ashamed. You must importune Heaven until you get your answer, you, yourself, embodying, at last, the love, rich and yet undefiled, which God is waiting to give to humanity. Though you be four-score years before your answer comes, still must you persevere, for dead as you are yet must you be made living.

"The centrifugal or male, and centripetal or female, Principles sustain the Universe, and hence these all-moving Energies must be perfected ere that Universe can be saved. When these positive and receptive Forces answer one another in a swiftly balanced poise, then will men rise to meet Him, transfigured in the air. So only can the world be redeemed. It is the Law. Everywhere is humanity struggling towards this goal, aye, through all positive effort, mental or physical; and through all concentrative receptivity, mental or physical. Thus are men and women being prepared, through the slow centuries, until they can no longer be given in marriage, because they are one and undivided as is the Male and Female Image of God in whose Likeness we are made. Every hand hurling an axe stroke, and concentrating its

grip to hurl it afresh, is advancing this positive and receptive development.

"Speech will be of some use, and writing will advance the world a little, and where these serve you must speak and write, but these are crude expressions; prayer, fervent and incessant prayer, is much more efficacious.

"Are you ready to undertake this task?" reiterated the Voice.

"If it will bring a very little nearer the victory of Christ and Mary, I am willing, with Their help, to undertake it," I said. "Without Them I can do nothing. Only these Immaculate Ones can show me where and how I can serve."

"You understand that you will be the target of evil powers?" repeated the Voice, "and that you must not complain, no matter what befalls you?"

A shiver of fear passed through me, but I lifted my soul to Christ and Mary and was able to answer:

"I accept the task; I scarcely know what I am promising, for the way lies dark before me, but if Christ asks me to work in this field, I am ready. He will guide me, step by step, and Mary will illumine me."

The Voice said:

"The conception of truth you are asked to spread, chiefly through prayer, silently offered up whenever you meet someone you can help, but also through speech and writing when necessary —this conception is simple:

"Marriage is a Sacrament. How, then, when we are asked to give an account of our lives before our God, shall it fare with those who have, in the slightest degree, bemeaned it into an appetite? Should the sacramental nature of marriage cease, when we leave the Altar, so that we forget to pray when we richly love each other?

"By what test," continued the Voice, "may we know when a union has been spiritual rather than physical, when a religion and not an appetite? The dividing line is so clear that the simplest mind need not be left in doubt, but may know, with accurate precision, when God has been remembered and when forgotten:

"Those who are serenely refreshed by the marital act, being made more ready to serve all men, everywhere, and to worship God more fervently in Spirit and in Truth—these have been joined together by God. Those who are exhausted, unbalanced,

deteriorated, by the act, are joined, not by God who creates, renews, but by Satan who destroys.

"Those, then, who are ashamed to meet their fellow-men after the marital act, may know that they are also hiding from their God.

"Those, on the contrary, who, unashamed, open-eyed, innocent, are filled with a buoyant sweetness, radiated in pure delight everywhere, to bless His neediest creatures—these holy lovers may realize that they have risen above the sin of Adam and Eve —the selfish, self-conscious passion of the crude savage—and are entering the sphere where the Twain are made one by the Cross (Ephesians ii).

"Whenever, then, there is a reaction, so that body and soul sink to a lower plane, lovers may know that they have sinned; for God uses creative Power, not to destroy but to build."

I returned home, and it seemed as though my difficulties began at once. The duties I generally undertook in the early morning had been neglected, and the house was in a state of discord. To be plunged from the exalted state to which I had been carried into this fretful, reproachful atmosphere seemed a downfall. But I put on my apron, and with a sweet new Influx pouring through me, fulfilled my humble duties, realizing that an orderly calm was restored far more quickly than was usual, when this rather erratic household, which I was visiting, had fallen into confusion.

HIS SCHEME

As the days passed there was an ever-growing desire to understand mentally the Scheme of Christ. My reason was not set in order, and so long as my thoughts were incoherent I could not be quite at rest. I owned a great many new treasures, but they seemed piled together in confusion, and to a reasoner such confusion is as trying as discord is to a musician or jarring colour to a painter.

As there are many others belonging to my clan, who are bound to set their beliefs in logical order before they are entirely satisfactory, I begged Christ to help me, saying to Him that I would suffer any hardships, if I might be allowed to present Bible truths in such a shape that those of us who cannot help our logical instincts might be satisfied.

When I perceived how extraordinary, how divine, was the mental capacity of Christ, I knew that His Book, the New Testament, must be logically accurate. He would not permit His disciples to issue statements which were against reason. Yet it had seemed to me that the New Testament, as analysed by the Church, was quite unreasonable, as I had explained to the good Bishop. It was not through obstinacy or ill-will, that I had spoken to him as I had done; but it was through the same instinct which forbids a mathematician to accept that two and two make five.

The scheme of salvation, as presented by the Church, had seemed to me to be mental chaos; but now a deeper insight began to teach me that I was wrong in part, I felt things to be true, which I could not explain with my reason. Yet God gave us our reason not to plague us, but to serve us, and so I asked our Lord to help me.

I gathered together a number of volumes, and began to study with strenuous concentration. It was a delight to me to re-enter the world of books, and I remembered how, in the days when my eyes were useless, a pile of fresh literature on the library table tempted me as a bone, out of reach, attracts a hungry dog. I longed to read, and I could not. Now my student's nature was being satisfied and I was very happy.

But after a few short days, I had a vision. I saw myself surrounded by big volumes; above me stood the Image of Christ, and He said to me: "Close your books and learn of Me." So after nine bookless years, I was asked during six more years not to read, and, even at the expiration of these fifteen years, I was often commanded, for months at a time, not to open a book.

I saw, later, that this was a most wise injunction, difficult as it seemed to be at the time, for it would have been almost impossible to receive from the Voice, *The Mediators*, the book to which I have now devoted more than forty years of my life, or *Duality: Male and Female created He them*, the small volume on the same lines, which is to precede it shortly, so I hope, written for those who do not care to go into the details elaborated in the larger volume. For had my brain been filled with all sorts of preconceived theories, there would have been no clean sheets for my wise, my Christ-instructed Guides to write upon.

A PROPHECY

ONE evening, after a hard day of manual work in my cousin's house, I lay upon a couch to rest a little. For my body, although it had grown much stronger, was not robust, and hence I was very tired.

Suddenly a Vision rose before me. I have often been asked to explain how I see. If the questioner will explain to me how he sees, how, on opening closed eyes, he may instantly perceive every detail of a vast landscape—if he will make it clear to me how, being a blank, he suddenly is filled with pictures, I will be able to tell him how I see Visions. For the processes are identical, except that the sights spiritually revealed are far more clearly perceived, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. The Vision I am now proceeding to describe was imprinted on my brain in the year 1882, and it is now the year 1927, hence I saw this Vision forty-five years ago; nevertheless, every detail of the picture still stands before me more plainly than does the scene physically mirrored on my eyes, as I gaze upon the blue Bay of Haifa, St. Jean d'Acre, snow-capped Mount Hermon, the purple-tinted valley of Kishon, the Carmel range, and the distant hills of Galilee. This vast panorama, which ever fills me with delight, has been spread before me daily, and is mysteriously pictured in my two small eyes; yet, though I have gazed upon it admiringly for years, the scene which gleamed before my vision forty-five years ago, with a swift flash scarcely lasting a second—this ethereal Vision is far more clearly imprinted on my brain than the beautiful material scene in the beloved Holy Land:

I saw myself sitting on a rude little bench with no back, the arms being so close together I had scarcely room to move my elbows, and the seat so narrow that it was very uncomfortable. Before me, but a little to the left side, was a rock, and on it was chained a terrible, writhing shape. The features were sharply aquiline, and the dark, leathery skin was so tightly drawn that the bones of the thin face seemed almost to pierce through it. The contortions of the hissing mouth were dreadful to see. The whole figure was horribly fleshless, mummy-like. Except that the convulsed, straining movements, which sought to break

the chains, were fiercely strong, one would have imagined that so parched a body could have no vitality. The life of this hideous being was concentrated in the terrible eyes. Gleams so fierce were shot at me from these eyes, that I shrank in fear, although the body was firmly chained. I appealed to Heaven for protection, and saw standing by my side a splendid angel. Tall, majestic, virile, he looked down upon me with a commanding regard. In his hands he held what I perceived to be the feather of an eagle and the feather of a dove. These he handed to me in alternation, and signed to me that I must write with them on pages of the book I held in my hands, a book adorned with a clasp. I perceived that he gave me the feather-pens again and again and yet again; and that I continued to write, perseveringly, for a very long time, scarcely looking up from my work, unless forced to do so by the fierce movements of the fiend chained close beside me, the glance of whose terrible eyes seemed to pierce me, sometimes like swords. Then a thrill of fear ran through me, and I almost forgot to write; but the angel ever bent a little closer to give me a sense of protection and to recall me to my task. I worked on and on, ever cramped by the narrow sides of my rude seat, and shifting to find an easier pose on this backless bench.

Presently the volume was full, and I fastened the clasp, on which was written the word "FINIS." The book seemed more like a diary than a Philosophy. As soon as the clasp was fastened I saw in the distance, approaching from the right, a procession. The crowd advanced until I could distinguish the figures. At the head marched Christ, holding in His hands an even Cross surrounded by a Circle.

This Cross had been used by my cousin to symbolize a divine matehood, as it was composed of oppositely placed lengths, each as long as the other, typifying the equally important, but totally different, missions of man and woman, surrounded by a Circle, signifying an eternal bond. Christ approached the rock where the evil one was chained, and held this Cross, the sign of a holy matehood, before him. The rays which streamed from the sacred symbol consumed the writhing Satan, and only a heap of ashes remained.

When he had been exterminated, the group behind Christ approached, and I saw that the procession was composed of youths and maidens, dancing hand in hand; they were throwing

flowers in the air until it was filled with luminous, floating blossoms. As I looked, I was thrilled with a sense of colour and of musical motion so ravishing that my own life seemed, by contrast, a sterile desert.

I have often pondered over this vision. The rude, uncomfortable seat symbolized, I supposed, that I was to work out my salvation in poverty. This has been literally fulfilled, for I have had, at times, scarcely enough to eat, nor clothes enough to keep me warm. My property was situated in America and in Palestine, but through American "graft" and Turkish trickery and treachery I had lost a large portion of my income. Still, with my simple habits, I would have had enough to make both ends meet had not Christ told me to give away so much of it that I was left almost in want. But He never allowed me to come quite to grief. When I scarcely knew where the next day's supplies were to be found, they were always forthcoming; and when I wondered whether I was to be turned into the street, a roof was always provided, a humble one, sometimes, nevertheless a sufficient shelter. I was away from home, and my family did not know of my plight, for I felt I had no right to ask them to supply me with funds for my charities. It was in these emergencies that the young Scotchman, who was with us in Haifa, came to the rescue, on more than one occasion. He, having dedicated his fortune to the needs of his fellow-creatures, was led to help me.

The rude, narrow bench symbolized, perhaps, that my books must be written under great difficulties. At any rate this has been the case, for I have had to compose them, in the main, in the midst of disturbing noise and subject to constant interruption, writing when and where I can, sometimes bolstered up in bed at five o'clock in the morning, because I had no other free and uninterrupted time.

My literary neighbours, with their comfortable, quiet libraries, can scarcely imagine how straining it has been to write a Philosophy in a common sitting-room, with a piano going on either side of me, and sometimes even an ear-piercing horn. Yet, when I could find my Lord, He enclosed me in a sphere of perfect stillness, where I could hear the faintest whisper of the Voice which dictated the book I was seeking to write.

The Vision of Satan also corresponds with the experiences which followed. He has been chained, for his fiercest wrath has only helped and not harmed me, when I held fast to my

Saviour; hence, although he has attacked me virulently, at times, that virulence has ever ended in impotence.

Whether in my books I have succeeded in using the feather-pens of the eagle and the dove, handed me by the Angel, I do not know. I can only say that I have tried to do so, realizing that force and gentleness combined are most persuasive. Where I have failed, it has been my own fault; where I have succeeded, it is because I have been so potently helped.

But whatever result may have been achieved, I have had to earn it. It is true that the Voice has dictated my books, and if there is any good in them it has been given to me. But it was never given, until I had overcome in a testing struggle. When some hard fate had not been able to crush me, a torrent of inspiration was vouchsafed, and I could scarcely write fast enough. When I did not overcome, my stupid mind was a blank. Thus, I have not been asked to evolve my books mentally, but to earn the right to edit them by the sternest moral effort. Conception after conception was thus wrested from the dark confusion which hid from me the truth I was seeking, and for which I prayed in order that logical minds could adore Christ, without the hindrance of disturbing mental doubts.

I realized that the old religion was being shaken by new discoveries of science, unsettled by fresh theories of philosophy; but the task of reducing to order this contradictory confusion of ideas through a personal mental effort, was utterly beyond me. Even after I had seen the Vision of Christ on the Altar, I asked myself, in puzzled doubt, where Jesus of Nazareth was to be placed.

Had I seen the Nazarene, or some Being, Master of us all, who had never been incarnated, I did not know. My soul was satisfied, filled to overflowing, with the love I offered my Master, but my mind was not yet at rest.

What is the mystery of The Trinity?

Could God leave His Throne and be incarnated on this small earth, without peril to the rest of His Cosmos?

What was the efficacy of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, and under what law could it be offered in atonement? How could He be both a glorious man and a glorious God?

How could sin, sorrow, Satan, hell, be explained and utilized?

These and a thousand kindred questions surged through my

brain and tormented me, as they have tormented many another questioner; and I pled with my Lord to instruct us.

I may here say that, in the end, my mind was set entirely at rest. My brain worshipped Jesus of Nazareth, even as my soul worshipped Him. No part of me was left unsatisfied, so that I could adore our King, born at Bethlehem, with my whole being, through a faith that nothing could shake. It has taken me more than forty years to write the books which set my mind in order. I was asked to exile myself from my people and my country; to forgo all amusement, even light reading; to shut myself off from society—in short, to live the stern life of a recluse, in order that I might receive, without hindrances, the message contained in *The Mediators*, and *Duality: Male and Female created He them*, and I am deeply thankful that I obeyed, for I am well repaid for the sacrifice I was led to make.

But, for the moment, no answer came to my mental queries. I was led to fulfil the household duries I had taken on myself in my cousin's home, to walk about the streets until I was tired out, seeking the divine in every face, and to go very often to the "Little Church around the Corner," for the Voice said that a prejudice against the Church had wound itself into my fibre, and I must attend the daily services until I realized in how dignified a manner the aspirations of generations of Christians were voiced in its ritual.

I often went to early Communion, but, as I was not a member of the Church, I did not again go to the Communion Table. Presently the need to do so arose in me, and I asked for guidance. I was turned to the third chapter of Jeremiah, where I found the words, "And I will give you pastors according to Mine heart." In looking up the paragraphs quoted in the margin, I found that they pointed towards the need of a common worship, of a human fellowship, in communing with God.

I went, therefore, to see the venerable pastor of the church, for whom I now felt a warm affection and true esteem, and I put my case before him.

"I am not an orthodox Christian," I said, "and I do not know that I ever shall be. My mind is in a state of confusion concerning many of the beliefs of the Church, but I wish to come to Communion. I have been baptized but not confirmed. Do you feel that you can receive me under these circumstances?"

He clasped his hands, and closed his eyes in prayer for a moment. Then, turning to me, he said: "Do you believe that you could die for Christ's sake?"

"The best men living, His disciples, failed Him in His hour of need," I said, "and I do not know what I should do, were I tempted as they must have been. But so far as I know my own heart, I believe that I love Christ better than myself, and therefore would die for Him." "That is enough," said this wise man. "The Bishop of ——", naming a State near my native State, "will be here next week; he knows, I think, your family. Would you like to be confirmed by him?"

"Yes," I said.

On the day set I was ill in bed with an ulcerated sore throat. It was a very bad afternoon, a cold sleet was being driven through the slippery streets by an icy wind; but I was led to rise, dress, and go to the church.

The bishop and the pastor were in the church, and the latter bound a veil, a square piece of muslin, on my head. I knelt alone, in the dusk of the late afternoon, and was confirmed in the silent, empty church, at the Altar where I had found my Lord. As I rose, an elaborate bridal veil of lace suddenly floated before my eyes, and, in vision, the simple muslin square was removed and the lace veil adjusted by unseen hands.

The bishop, who knew my people well, gave me his benediction, and the pastor led me, with gentle courtesy, to the door of the church.

I breasted the ever-increasing gale, and reached, at last, our own door, petrified with cold. But I suffered no harm, for my throat was much better the next morning, and I could swallow solid food, which I had not been able to do for several days.

From that time I went often to the early Communion Service, at seven o'clock in the morning, until, at last, I deeply loved the Church and its services.

In the years which followed, I have sought in many cities for a Sanctuary with a similar atmosphere, but I have rarely found it. Hence, although my old prejudice has wholly disappeared, I am more inclined to pray in my own home, where I seem to be able to find my Saviour more easily. I love Him so passionately, He is so real to me, that the formal atmosphere in many churches pains me. It may be my fault, and it is not for me to judge others, but I have tried again and again, and at times I come home somewhat wearied and spiritually chilled, and must make an effort to bring back His living Image, to find afresh the Saviour whose glowing Love comforts and sustains me in every trial.

In addition my brain was not satisfied, and my confusion grew, as I studied the theories of the Church. The old lack of reasonableness, which I had put before the kindly Bishop, still disturbed me mentally, and I prayed afresh for more light to guide me on my way in this long road leading from earth to heaven, for God who has endowed us with reason will not

punish us for using His Gift, when we do not belong to the blessed ones who can win wisdom through faith alone.

This book is not a Philosophy, but I am venturing to give a slight hint under the next heading as to the understanding finally vouchsafed to me, an understanding put in its simplest, shortest form in this volume. The fortunate Christian reader who has no doubts does not need any explanation, hence this contented believer may omit the next short chapter without loss to himself or herself.

"THE MEDIATORS"

MAY I suggest in this chapter to the searching student craving a reasoned sequence of thought, the following, culled, most briefly, from the Philosophies, *Duality* and *The Mediators*, and introduced herein as a forerunner to the detailed works which are to be published presently.

As my questioning brain, trained from youth in an agnostical atmosphere, is now set in order by these books, may I not hope that the logical Plan of Life vouchsafed to me which fully satisfies my mind, may be of some use presently to the keenly logical discernment of honest doubters whose intellects are not at rest under present disturbing influences, even as my own intellect was not at rest, until the Voice instructed me.

For many years, namely from 1882 up to the present, have I set aside all other studies in order to be of some service to earnestly searching agnostics, to Unitarians, and to unsettled Christians, who desire to believe, by sharing with them the understanding vouchsafed to me in my blind hours of mental confusion, an understanding not won, most certainly, by any wisdom of my own, but because I incessantly asked to be freed from any obstinacies, inertia, misconceptions, or fanatical hindrances lurking in my mind, and to be enlightened only from Above. Namely, I asked to be flexible rather than hard-set.

This, most concisely put, is the explanation vouchsafed to me by the Voice which guides me, given to help those of us for whom belief is difficult, unless reason is satisfied. The two Philosophies vouchsafed to me carefully elaborate the following presentation, which is as shortly stated herein as is possible, without risking obscurity:

A people believing in a glorious God (the fact of His Existence being analysed in *The Mediators*) and knowing that humanity is rising from an elemental savagery to reach its present development—such thinkers must needs accept that a Mediator, a Transformer (to use the phraseology of the Electrician) must stand between these two widely different extremes of Life, for the slow savage would be annihilated by the Glory of the Creator, unless

a Mediator exists receiving into Himself God on the one part, and releasing Him manward on the other part, to the extent that each growing soul can receive the Creator's Splendour. No man can gaze unscathed into the burning sun, much less approach it, how then shall we stand face to face with our God, so long as we are handicapped through an unredeemed, a slow materiality? How shall a changing, growing humanity, rising from an elemental savagery, step by step, "stroke on stroke," come in direct touch with an unchanging, an all-glorious Creator, throughout this slow progress, a Creator immutably sustaining the Universe—how may this need be met without the intervention of a divinely gifted Intermediary, able most wisely to adapt God's unbearable Power with the subtlest sympathy to each changing, growing human development?

Thus, he who believes in a perfect God must needs accept the necessity of Mediation between this Perfection and a slowly halting human imperfection quite unable to bear, as yet, God's overwhelming Power. Seeing that even physical forces may electrocute unprotected malefactors, how shall we endure an unbearable Divinity stronger than any material forces can be, without a Mediator between God and man, in order to protect man, not from the wrath of God, but from the Love of God, greater than man can now bear?

Many hours have I pondered and prayed over the seemingly unfathomable Mystery of a Godhead, who is Three Persons in One, so the Church claims.

Finally, after I had overcome in a difficult moral struggle, a most simple explanation was vouchsafed to me:

The activities of this earth on which we live furnish us with the only object-lessons, enabling us to trace our way, satisfactorily, from this Effect back to the Cause creating it.

On this earth wherever successful construction is seen, three processes are invariably observed: Men plan, embody the plan made, and reap the result of this plan when embodied. These are the three steps which are universally observed wherever builders are successfully building.

May we not assume, therefore, that the Godhead is composed of Three Persons differentiated through three Missions. The First Person plans the Creation, the Second Person embodies the Creation, and the Third Person brings to fruition the Plan which has been embodied.

To explain how Three Persons may move as One, a further illustration may be used:

The Spirit, which is likened to water, proceeds from a Source, namely the Creator, conceiving Life; descends to a depth, through the Mediator incarnating Life; and is urged again to find the High original Source, through the Holy Ghost, utilizing Life by ascending as a Fountain, rather than a solid Stream, in order to find a place for each human droplet, in a sacred Fellowship.

The Stream of Life remains the same throughout, but the Missions are totally different. For God remains in His High Heaven; the Mediator descends to the lowest Life-line; and the Holy Spirit urges all men to aspire, starting from this Life-line, to the Altitude which they were born to reach, in order to become perfect as their Father in Heaven is perfect, seeing that no aim less than this flawless one warrants the introduction of a Creation evolved by an Almighty Creator.

Colossal as is such a Plan, yet God, in His Mercy, has so simply conceived His Immensities, that the smallest thinking creature therein may compass His Universe, and yet adore, in humblest gratitude, its boundless Grandeur.

Our own King, Jesus of Nazareth, has declared that He is not the equal of this primordial Triune Godhead, which was perfected, necessarily, before inhabited worlds could be safely swung in space. Whereas He, our own Saviour, grew in Wisdom and Stature, and undertook His Work when He was made ready.

Nevertheless, the Task He assumed as our King is so unthinkable to us that no Love we can give our adorable Saviour is enough. For when all men had forsaken Him, He measured the depths to which the lowest criminal can fall, in contrast to High Heaven, and realizing how great was the Task of helping all sinners, who chose to follow Him Heavenward, yet He accepted it. In this sense does He bear our burdens, for He must descend to our low level in order to protect us from God's unbearable Power, and most sympathetically to guide us Godward, by being so intimately at one with us, as true Christians know, that He must needs suffer with us, even as we suffer with our closest of kin.

We who help our fellow-creatures, feebly and at intervals, are aware how weary we sometimes become in carrying the loads of others; yet the effort we make is a feeble nothing compared to His Effort for all mankind, everywhere and always.

As every human undertaking of a complex character best succeeds under a Head, is it difficult to believe that the earth itself needs this supreme Master? And does it not follow that being our unerring Guide, confusion will persist until we obey Him?

How, then, shall we love Him and serve Him strenuously enough? By ever rising joyously, through His Help, when evil has done its worst!

The fact that Jesus Christ has declared the Father to be greater than Himself, even as the body is greater than the hand, although both are one, this, His clear affirmation as to His own Status, has no belittling influence on our lives: For no Service, no Adoration, no Love we can offer Him is enough. So great is the Effort which our Saviour daily makes for us, that it is beyond our widest comprehension, a truth which a ceaseless prayer has revealed to those who love Him with all their souls.

For is He not even greater as our voluntary Slave than He is as our splendid King?

TWO VISIONS

At this time two remarkable visions were vouchsafed to me.

I saw a steep hill, in shape like Mount Tabor, in the Plain of Esdraëlon. A number of people were clambering up the sides of this cone, and among them were my cousin and myself. I was dragging behind me a skeleton, whose bony hands clasped my ankles, and she was playing, by the way, with a crown made of some spurious metal. The crown often rolled away, and she disappeared in search of it. I called her anxiously, for I loved my cousin, and still love her, although I have never seen her since the days when Jennie quoted her, among others, as being my enemy.

She was much more highly gifted by nature than I was; beautiful, charming, and possessing ready talents, so I pled with her, in my Vision, to keep on the straight way which led most directly to the Summit. Finally, she did not answer me, and I lost sight of her altogether, as afterwards happened in real life, and went on alone. Many, many days I seemed to toil over the narrow path, which was so steep and rough at times that I could make no progress, unless I called on my Lord, especially as I was constantly hindered by the heavy skeleton, which I dragged after me. As the way grew more and more difficult, I saw many persons turn back to seek again the valley below; until, at last, the solicitude on the eerie heights grew oppressive. Again and again I was tempted to join the discouraged ones, who were returning to the familiar amenities of the homelike valley, because they found the upward way too steep, too lonely, and too hard. But the Image of my Lord ever rose before me, and I could not bear to fail Him, so I struggled on, sometimes moving only inch by inch, for I was exhausted by the long effort of climbing while so heavily burdened, so constantly hindered by the skeleton fastened to me.

When I had gone a little more than half-way, a great Hand unclasped the skeleton fingers, and I moved onward and upward with a freer step, though still very slowly. At last, after what seemed ages of toiling, I reached near to the summit, and there I saw so small a group that I was astonished. Those who had

persevered in climbing the Mount of Aspiration, seemed foot-sore and weary, almost too exhausted to greet each other.

As they stretched their tired limbs on the grass, they were suddenly roused by the appearance of Jesus Christ. He descended from Heaven and stood among them. Then He rose again, and drew them with Him, a transfigured Company.

He floated downward until the valley was reached, and although those of the group who were nearest to Him veiled His glory in part, yet the dwellers in the valley fled in fear, and casting themselves on their faces, begged Him to withdraw His Splendour for they could not bear it. On and on He went, sustaining the helpless little group which surrounded Him with a mighty Power. Wherever He made His way the affrighted crowds fell prone, covering their eyes, so that they might not see Him. But when He had passed, they rose again and lifted their hands in supplication, until the whole world seemed to be praying that they might be made ready, when He came again, to meet Him face to face. Here and there someone was uplifted to join the company surrounding our Saviour; but, in the main, the multitude seemed to be preparing, earnestly, sincerely, devoutly, for the Second Coming of the Lord, of which He had now given them an unmistakable warning.

The second Vision was of a homelier nature:

I saw a man whom I can only describe as a Christian gentleman sitting in the foreground of the picture, shone on by a full light which revealed clearly his spiritual nature.

He was tall, dignified, strong, and gentle, and above all, the inclination of his shapely head betokened meekness. In his arms he held a beautiful boy.

Years afterwards, when I saw the picture of the inspired boy, Jesus, in the Carpenter's shop of St. Joseph, holding the three nails in His hands, I said to myself: "It is the likeness of someone I have seen," for the face was perfectly familiar to me. The next instant I realized that the beautiful boy, Jesus, was almost exactly like the boy in my Vision, except that he, the vision-child, was a little fairer, more of the Saxon type. I was sitting in the background in a somewhat dim light, and in my arms was a little girl of an entirely different contour. The face was of an exquisite oval, the head small, the luminous eyes rather dark, and the hair, plaited in two strands, almost black. Her whole

slender body seemed to embody rhythmic motion, and she was so perfectly poised as scarcely to have any weight. She looked a little like the best pictures of Alice Oliphant, but much more beautiful, or rather much more living.

When I had clearly seen these details, the picture faded away, but it has remained indelibly impressed on my memory, these two children being more accurately imprinted on my brain than any children, in the flesh, that I have seen. The features of the gentleman were not plain, but those of the children were distinct.

That night, when I knelt in prayer, these two blessed ones seemed to kneel beside me, one on either side, and so real were they that when a little breeze came from the open window I involuntarily spread out my dressing-gown to protect them from the draught.

I have a dread of empty and useless fancies, for I have seen many lives disturbed by some hallucination among people with whom I came in contact through my father's researches. I feared the strange presence of these two beautiful children might be an impression belonging to the category I had always disliked and avoided.

So I knelt down again and begged Christ to keep me perfectly sane, wholly normal; and, if possible, to give me some rule by which I might divide useful from useless visions.

The Voice answered, "Wherever a picture set before you urges you to harder work, to a more incessant effort, physical, mental, and moral, you need not be afraid that it is from Satan. When a vision feeds your vanity, without asking for renewed exertion, you must be careful not to accept it with blind confidence.

"Were you to believe that you might become the mother of these children, in this incarnation or the next, and were you to accept that the stately Christian gentleman is your mate, whom you will meet in God's good time, your consummation being delayed possibly until your next life, would you grow more supine or more energetic? Would you take to dreaming or to hard, tedious work?"

"I should labour until I could do no more, if I thought I could earn, by this most strenuous effort, the right to be the mother of such children," I said.

"In that case," replied the Voice, " it cannot harm you to cradle these blessed little ones in your soul, patiently waiting until they can be placed in your arms, provided you do not complain

should these precious treasures be given to you, not when you desire them, but when God sees fit to give them to you. Prepare yourself for a holy motherhood, and, when you are ready, whether it be in this incarnation or the next, you may be sure that God will give you your reward the instant you have won the right to it. And what we say to you, we say to each man or woman who reads this book. The most important work in this world is the preparation to bear holy children, conceived not in sin and iniquity but in a sacred purity. This is the crying need, this the means of salvation.

"Therefore," said the Voice to me, "do not be afraid lovingly to realize the presence of these children, provided, in the next instant, you help Mary the cook with a more capable energy, because of your holy hope. And do not refuse to be thrilled by your love for them, if you are willing to wait a century if need be, before you clasp them in your physical arms. This is the patience of the saints: to work in the present instant with the minutest care, even when you know that the fruit of this labour will not be given to you for a thousand years."

As the Voice spoke, my soul seemed almost over-strained in the effort to understand such perseverance.

I could only gather from these Visions that God held in store for me a blessed realization. That He meant to give me a husband who would satisfy my highest needs, would fill my purest ideal, and children crowning us with delight; but when and where I did not know. I realized that I might have to wait until I was again incarnated. And it was well that I did not ask for a swift consummation, for a long and an almost incomprehensible period of waiting lay before me, when I was asked, not to be queen in my own home, but to serve, not only once but twice, as the handmaid of other women. Puzzling was my destiny to be, strange its developments, and endlessly long the expectant years of waiting. Had I not walked with my hand in His, guided step by step through His patient Wisdom, I should have been certain to fail, for I scarcely understood where I was being led and what was the aim I was asked to keep before me. So many detours were made, that I almost forgot there was a main road leading to a fixed goal.

But I understood that in each hour there was a certain step He wished me to take, and my simple duty was to take it, not asking whither it led.

Though a fully blessed matehood might not be vouchsafed to me until my next incarnation, because I am not ready, yet must I strive to do perfectly each smallest task, in each moment, with as precise a care as though my consummation were coming on the morrow. This, so the Voice ever repeated, is the rectitude, the patience, and the perseverance asked of those who truly serve Him. Above all, I was told never to cease from praying for my mate, and though my prayers remained without answer during a lifetime, still must I ever continue to sustain him, through uplifting messages of courage, faith, hope, joy; for if wireless physical messages can be sent, cannot wireless spirit messages also be sent? Is the soul more confined in its radiations than is the body?

This advice was given not only to me, but to every man and woman who is ready to receive it, for each has an answering self, created for him or her from the Beginning, but union with the Creator must ever precede a true union, spirit-pure, with the created.

In the days following the Vision of my stately mate and the two holy children, this, then, was the next step clearly shown to me: I was asked to go as often as the household duties I assumed permitted it, to the Church of the Transfiguration and, kneeling upon the Altar in the empty church, to pray for my mate, for my other half made for me by God from the Beginning, so that we twain could faithfully copy His Dual Image, male and female, even as all other mates are asked to copy the Father-Mother. Where he was, who he was, or how soon he would come—whether, indeed, he would come in this life at all, I did not know, I only knew I was asked to pray for him, and prayer is always of use, wherever and whoever its object may be. Hence, I was able to appeal to Heaven sincerely and deeply for this unknown answering self, and I knew that my appeal was not a wasted effort, even as similar prayers offered by every solitary man or woman on earth are not wasted efforts, as each has his or her Counterpart made blessedly ready, at last, by the dual Creator. Every living creature who is at all developed knows this to be true; each knows, no matter how heroically self-sustaining he or she may seem to be, each knows that a solitary life is a bereft, a yearning incompleteness. But, so says the Voice, the consummations awaiting us may be long deferred, for only the

soul which can endure through length of time is fitted for eternity, the eternity insured through the faultlessly answering spirit-poise of a perfected duality, the only life-motion able to insure a wasteless continuity by giving all things, and yet losing nothing, a Law suggested in detail in *The Mediators* and *Duality: Male and Female created He them.*

One day as I knelt at the Altar, I was asked to make a three-fold vow:

To give, to forgive, and to believe.

Years afterwards, when I seemed to feel that my Lord was, perhaps, a little satisfied with the way I had sought, through Him, to keep these three vows, and I was asked what I desired in return, my answer was unhesitating.

"I desire to be sane; hence I pray for the meekness which enables God to enter and to take full possession, so that He may radiate His love through me, unhindered, to all whom it may serve."

This is sanity, thus may the only true life be won; for, beyond question, His and not mine is the glory.

We are helpless, that is the truth; so it is an utter waste of time to imagine that one is, in the slightest degree, self-sufficient. If one places one's ideals high enough, one will soon become persuaded of this fact; for one seeks in vain, after endless trials, to reach unaided His lofty Summits.

All who have striven strenuously during the centuries, have found, in common, this verity.

My cousin decided, at this time, to join her mother, my aunt, in England, and asked me to accompany her for a short visit. I wrote to my home, and found the children could spare me for a little longer, and indeed I felt that my brother's new wife could take her position better, if, for a time, she was sole mistress. This had been one of my reasons for leaving my brother's home to visit my cousin for a season.

When I had been in London for some weeks, my aunt came to my room after I had gone to bed.

"Rosamond," she said, "I have promised that you will address a meeting in —— Hall next Sunday evening."

I sat up in startled surprise. "You must cancel the engagement," I said, "for I cannot speak. I have no talent and no inclination for public speaking. Why did you make such a promise without consulting me, Aunt Frances?"

"Because I believe that you have a mission, and I knew that you would never speak in public unless you were forced on to the platform."

"I cannot speak," I reiterated emphatically, "you must write to-morrow morning and cancel the engagement."

"That is impossible," said my aunt, "for I have permitted the Committee to advertise the meeting in to-morrow's papers and the hall is engaged."

I was much disturbed, but felt it was useless to protest.

"I will go with you," said my aunt, "and help you as much as I can. I am sure you are meant to speak in public."

My aunt was called away to a daughter who was ill; the lady she asked to take her place fell and injured her knee, so she could not accompany me; and on the night fixed I made my way to the hall alone.

I had never spoken in public, except at informal little meetings in our village, and I was paralysed with fear. I found a small company assembled in the hall, and was escorted to the platform by the Chairman. During the week I had been in such a state of nervousness that I had not been able to gather my wits, and when I stood up before my audience, I looked at them in blank despair,

for I seemed to have nothing to say. I sent up a prayer to my Lord to help me, as I did not wish quite to disappoint the little company of people who had made their way, on a very inclement night, to the hall.

I spoke for about half an hour, feeling horribly awkward and scarcely knowing what I said, and then sat down thinking, "Well, I am such a disappointment, they will never ask me again, that is one comfort."

To my great surprise, a dignified-looking man, with a long white beard, rose in the audience and said, "I came into this room an unbeliever and I go out of it a believer. I thank Miss Dale Owen with all my heart."

A young man then rose, of a fine type; he resembled the conception I had formed of Adam Bede. He said: "I may repeat the words of the gentleman who has just sat down; for, like him, I came into this place an unbeliever and I go out of it a believer. I also am deeply grateful to the young lady who has had so great an influence upon me."

I looked at these two men in amazement, for it seemed impossible that my poor attempt could have had so great a result.

The Chairman then begged me to speak again on the following week. I asked him to be good enough to allow me a night for reflection before I gave him my answer.

"Certainly," he said, "but I trust you will consent, everyone will be disappointed if you refuse."

I tossed about in my bed, rather an unhappy mortal, for the greater part of the night. I seemed to have almost a horror of appearing on a platform, and yet if I could help such men as had spoken at the meeting, had I a right to refuse?

The next morning I wrote saying I would speak again; for I felt if I did not, it would be because I was a coward.

At the next meeting the hall was crowded, and I managed to speak a little better than on the first night. The following morning there were several notices of the speech, and a few days later I had a letter from Newcastle asking me to address a meeting there.

I was filled with consternation on reaching Newcastle to see my name staring at me from great posters and to find that a very large hall had been engaged.

I said to the members of the Committee who had met me at the station, and were in the carriage:

"Why have you taken —— Hall? I am not a trained speaker,

and I fear I shall fail. I had no idea the meeting was organized on such a scale."

Evidently my companions were taken aback, and I was sorry I had made them uneasy.

When I rose to speak, standing on a large platform intended, evidently, for an orchestra, I was paralysed with fear. I did not even know how to manage my voice in so big a building, and I felt it was not reaching the back of the hall. It seemed impossible to think, and my only desire was to escape from the spacious platform, where I seemed lost, and to hide myself somewhere in a little corner.

Why had my aunt put me in this painful position and prepared a disappointment for all these people?

This thought roused me. Believing in Him, had I a right to disappoint them? The faces turned up to me seemed to be asking me for help. Was I so filled with idiotic self-consciousness that I could not think of them and their needs?

I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, and sent up a cry to my Lord not to let me fail, not to let me miss the opportunity of being of some use to my fellow-creatures. But I was so ill at ease in my unaccustomed position that I was not able to overcome fully. I felt when I sat down that the audience was disappointed, and I was very sorry. When the members of the Committee surrounded me, after the meeting, I realized that they were chagrined.

I apologized to them, and begged to be left alone during the afternoon so that I could prepare myself for the meeting to be held that night. I prayed without ceasing, and fasted, taking nothing to eat nor drink. In the evening the hall was crowded, the platform filled to overflowing, and I did not cease praying until, throwing myself wholly on His mercy, I rose to speak. I felt that He sustained me. My voice filled the hall, the words came to me, a new instinct seemed to be given to me, the instinct of the scene painter who produces broad effects for a large audience.

There was a certain thrill of pleasure as I began to realize that I held this great crowd in my grasp, every face being eagerly, intently, turned to me. It was like playing on a splendid organ, where two slender hands may fill a vast responding dome with music. The intoxication of the orator was revealed to me, and yet I still felt out of place. I could not picture the Virgin Mary in my

position, I could not think of Her, who silently pondered so many things, standing in the bold relief of a platform. I could not imagine Her gentle voice being raised as mine was forced to be, in order that I might be heard. I felt that it was a man's right to stand where I was standing, rather than a woman's; and that I would have been far better employed had I silently, prayerfully, helped some splendid man to speak, as useful as he (for prayer is as important as labour), nevertheless sitting behind him unobserved. Throughout the year and a half that I spoke in public this instinct persisted. Always, when I sat in the waiting-room and heard the audience crowding into the hall, my heart sank with fear; and always, when I stood on the platform, I felt it to be too prominent a place for a woman.

Had I been an actress, or a singer, sheltered behind my art, veiled by the character I had assumed, helped to forget myself through the scenery and music which surrounded me, I might have felt differently. I do not know. But as a public speaker I never was comfortable; possibly one reason is that I am not an orator; this noble gift has not been given to me, and it may be that women to whom it has been vouchsafed have a right to feel at ease. I once spoke after hearing Annie Besant, and I was filled with admiration, realizing how crude was my own effort. And yet, imperfect as I was, the audience answered to my touch as it did not respond to other far more gifted speakers, and I suppose the reason to be that I entreated Christ to set me aside altogether and to speak through me unhindered.

At Newcastle, when the evening meeting was over, the platform was thronged, and I had great difficulty in getting away from the eager crowd desiring to shake hands with me.

The next morning I found two or three newspapers at my place when I came down to breakfast. I turned them over to see whether there was a small notice of the meeting in some corner, and finding nothing, opened the main page to read the editorials. To my amazement, I found they were written about me, praising my effort. A few moments after a number of people came to the hotel dining-room, and they were evidently much pleased with the lecture. I went out later on some errands, and my name stared at me from the newspaper posters. When I had made my purchases I gave my address to have the things sent to the hotel, and the owner of the shop made a profound bow saying: "Madam, Newcastle is ringing with that name."

I was very much astonished to find that I had suddenly become famous, and a good deal amused, for I was tolerably certain that I was not an orator and that it would not last. But I was very thankful that the working men who had organized the meetings had not been disappointed and were not out of pocket. I spoke eight times during the week, and when I returned to London I looked so ill that my aunt was dismayed. The strain had been too much for me.

I was obliged, however, to go on, for invitations to address meetings came from all sides; and, by degrees, I began to see why I had been led to speak. My audiences, in the main, were composed of the followers of my father, Robert Dale Owen, and my grandfather, Robert Owen. The former were, for the most part, searchers after truth through spiritualism; and the latter agnostics and the more reasonable class of socialists believing in co-operation. I presently fell into the way of giving a short lecture, and then holding conversations with my audiences. In this way I heard from thousands of lips the doubts and difficulties which had driven these questioners out of the Church, and this was the best possible preparation for my work. I knew what good and intelligent men and women were asking; I realized, through meeting after meeting, where were the stumbling-blocks, and I was very thankful to be thus helped in writing my books. As I myself had been hindered in accepting the Creed of the Church, as these men and women were hindered, I could fully sympathize with them. Many of their questions I could not then answer, but as my book developed I felt that the doubts of the reasonable and unprejudiced minds in my audiences could be satisfactorily solved in the main.

On one occasion, when I was speaking in a large city to spiritualists, a number of persons belonging to a Christian Sect made their way into the hall and tried to break up the meeting. The afternoon gathering ended in confusion, but I was determined that this should not happen again when I spoke in the evening; for those who had engaged me had paid the expenses of the meeting, many of them out of hard-earned money, and it did not seem just to interfere with their rights.

So I ordered, from the platform, that each person who broke the peace should be carried out of the hall by those on either side of them. After several persons had been ejected quiet was restored, and the members of the disturbing con-

tingent who remained finished by listening attentively and respectfully.

I was, however, exhausted. A number of people followed me to the home where I was staying, and remained until midnight; several persons awaited me when I came down to breakfast, wishing to make a confession of some sin; and when I took the train to the next town, where I was to speak that evening, two or three people accompanied me and kept me talking all the way.

At the other end of my journey I was met by a company of persons, and had not a moment to myself until I stepped on to the platform. My voice was gone, my strength had ebbed away, until I felt that there was no life in me; I was blind with fatigue. The hall was packed, and I cried to my Lord for help. When I had finished the message vouchsafed to me, a Unitarian hymn was sung, a prayer offered up, and the audience was dismissed. But not a soul stirred. The Chairman turned to me and said: "They won't go, what shall I do?" I said, "Sing again." He gave out another hymn, and still the audience remained in their seats. Several times he dismissed them, but his voice seemed to fall on deaf ears. It was a strange sight, this motionless, entranced company. Many of them sat with closed eyes, others looked at me as though fascinated, and still no one stirred. Again we sang and still they remained.

"You will have to leave the hall by the front door," said the Chairman, "for no one will go as long as you remain."

I walked down the aisle, almost in tears, for "God bless you" resounded on every side. At the door stood a group of lads between eighteen and twenty. One of them stepped forward and said: "May I shake hands with you, for your touch will make me a better man all my life." The others then advanced and I shook hands with them all.

I afterwards asked a venerable old man why the audience remained after the Chairman had dismissed the people.

"I do not know why the others remained, but I was perfectly at peace, and I did not wish to break the blessed spell. I have never before felt so near heaven."

I realized that the power which held these people belonged not at all to me, and altogether to God; for I had been helplessly, blindly exhausted, when first I rose to address them. He had taken the opportunity of my utter weakness to speak through me.

I had the same experience on one or two occasions afterwards, and it was always when, in my own strength, I could do nothing.

The next night I spoke at a town twelve miles distant; when the crowd on the platform, desiring to shake hands with me after the meeting, had thinned a little, I perceived a young woman with a baby in her arms, standing on the floor of the hall close to the platform. I stepped to the edge to speak to her, as I recalled that she had been patiently waiting in the same spot for some time.

She raised her eyes to mine and said simply, "I love you," then turned to go. I called her back, and she told me that she had heard me speak the night before, and had walked twelve miles, carrying her child, to hear me again.

"Are you going back to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, I must be back at work early in the morning."

"Then let me send you in a conveyance," I said, "your child is heavy, it is late, and you have a long walk before you."

"No," she said, "I will walk; it has paid me to come."

MY GRANDFATHER, ROBERT OWEN

One of my lectures was on my grandfather, Robert Owen, and I generally opened the talk with a little anecdote.

I said to my hearers that I had not seen my grandfather since I was six years old, and hence did not remember him clearly, but I would relate to them a little story, which would give them some idea of his appearance.

"I was waiting one day at the station of a small town in Indiana," I told my audiences, "for some friends who were to meet me, when an old man hobbled up to me and peered into my face."

"Is your name Owen?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "I am Rosamond Dale Owen."

"I thought so. Your grandfather, Robert Owen, was the ugliest man I ever saw, and you look exactly like him."

On one occasion when I was telling this story, which greatly amused my hearers, a man rose and shouted something I did not catch.

"Did you say you agreed with the old man?" I asked.

"Nay, nay, yon man was an old fool, and if I had been there I would have told him so. You're no grand beauty, but you're a bonny lass," and he turned around to the listeners, "Eh, what do you say?" There was a shout of approval from the audience, composed mostly of working men, many of whom were Owenites, and hence saw me through rose-coloured spectacles.

Old men who remembered my grandfather sometimes came on the platform to greet me, and often broke into tears in speaking of him.

"When shall we see his like again," they said. "His heart was big enough to love the whole world; we shall never forget him."

I went for the day to New Lanark, where his cotton mills were situated, while I was lecturing in the vicinity; and the older members of the Community could scarcely speak for joy on seeing the face of an Owen. Little souvenirs were brought out, trifles he had given them, and which they kept as treasures. One old man, they told me, had recently been buried with a key in his coffin which Robert Owen had given him as gate-keeper; he had always kept it by him in life, and asked that it should be

buried with him. I was deeply touched, for it is a wonderful thing to be so beloved years after one's death. Those who remembered the old days seemed to think that New Lanark had been a little paradise. Looking down from Heaven, where money is of no value, surely Robert Owen rejoices that he generously helped his fellow-creatures, instead of hoarding his wealth, and we who might have been rich heirs and instead have been strugglers like the rest of working humanity—we have no right to complain that he, having an income of forty thousand pounds a year, died without forty shillings in his pocket. My father, who was with my grandfather when he died, told me that when his limbs were cold and his breath leaving him, he was still planning, with an irrepressible enthusiasm, to hold a great meeting, wherein he hoped to be of use to his fellow-creatures. His love for humanity was stronger than death.

THE SLUMS

On one occasion a working man came up to me after a crowded meeting in a central London hall. He asked me if I would speak to some people he was trying to help. I consented, and he arranged to meet me at a certain station and to take me to the meeting. On leaving the station we climbed into an omnibus and went some distance into an ever meaner district, which was not known to me. Finally we alighted and walked through some slums filled with very rough-looking people. I began to get nervous as the jostling crowds grew ever more uncivilized, and I reflected that I did not at all know my conductor. However, there was now no escape, so I followed his tall, sturdy figure, keeping close behind him.

Presently we halted, and entered a room filled with rough benches. At the far end was a large packing-box which served as a platform. My conductor helped me to clamber on this box and gave me a rickety chair; then, sticking a few lighted candles in empty bottles here and there, he went outside, and I heard him speaking to the passers-by. When he had gathered a crowd, he invited them to come into the room and hear me. They trooped in and filled the benches. Then he ascended the box by my side, introduced me to the audience, and asked me to speak.

A shiver of fear passed through me as the Voice suddenly said to me, "Speak to them of sex purity." I looked at the coarse, rough faces before me, the men wearing dirty caps which they had not removed, and the dishevelled women with shawls over their heads.

How was I to speak of sex purity to these dirty dwellers in the slums? Surely I would be grossly insulted.

"Remember your vow," said the Voice.

I began in a low, faltering tone, but soon gained courage. After I had spoken a few minutes, a young man who seemed half-drunk shouted something at me; but my conductor rose and thundered sternly, "Silence." During the rest of the talk the audience listened respectfully and with close attention.

I described to them the meeting of two lovers, I traced them through their courtship, their marriage, their parentage, their

old age. I showed them how at each advance these two, who loved one another, either grew better, happier, and nearer to God, and hence more lover-like; or else deteriorated, step by step, forgetting at last all the sweetness of the early days. I spoke to them of the difference between a prayerful marriage bond and a lustful one; and, finally, with a power which was rarely given to me, I described to them the exquisite beauty of a holy love, which could turn the poorest home into a paradise.

When I had finished, every face was turned to me, and in many of them I could trace a dumb longing for better things. The Chairman, if a man perched on a rough box may be called a Chairman, closed the meeting with a simple prayer and a hymn. As we left the room many hands were stretched out to me, and a fervent "God bless you" was pronounced by many lips.

A great gratitude filled me as we made our way back, for I realized that deep down, even in the coarsest hearts, our God speaks.

Pure love is so beautiful, and lust is so hateful, that even the commonest can be made to desire the clean stream instead of the sewer. The response to my appeal that night had astonished me, I had clearly been shown how irresistible is our Eternal God. Where He moves, who shall withstand Him in the end; and He moves wherever one spark of true love exists. Even in these coarse faces had I seen that He cannot be quite forgotten by the creatures He has created.

I was speaking the next week in a town near the borders of Scotland. I had scarcely been able to make my way into the hall, there was such a crowd within and without the building. But when we returned from the evening meeting, the company which, as usual, followed me to the house of my host, sat around the fire-place in what seemed to me an almost surly silence. I was desperately tired and scarcely felt able to dispel the gloom which seemed to have settled down on the company.

Still I made the attempt, but no one appeared to respond. and I relapsed into silence, fearing that I had been a dismal failure and that everyone was sorely disappointed. Being aware that I had not the gift of oratory, I always knew that if I did not pray profoundly enough I was bound to fail, as I feared I had failed that night; and I reproached myself sharply for not having sought my Lord as I ought to have done.

What, then, was my astonishment when, at last, my host said: "I've heard John Bright and Gladstone and most of the big speakers, but I never heard anyone yet I liked as well as yon lass to-night," and he jerked his thumb in my direction without looking at me.

"Aye, aye," assented the others, and again fell into solemn meditation. Presently a splendid specimen of manhood rose, and walking about the room said: "She's tired out, and looks ready to faint, and here am I with strength enough for ten. It's a pity I can't give it all to her, which I'd be most willing to do if I could, for she can do a lot more good with it than ever I can. Is there no way I can help you?" he asked, looking down at me wistfully. "I can think of nothing to rest you a bit, unless you would like us to sing to you."

"Please do," I said, "it would refresh me, I am sure."

They sang two or three songs with their fine, strong voices, and I felt much better.

"Your wish has been heard," I said gratefully, "for you have given me a wonderful strength. I feel like a new woman, and I thank you all."

I was deeply touched by the devotion of these big, strong sons of the North, who said so little and felt so much; and as long as I dwelt among them, I was aware of the sustaining power of their reverent affection.

Often I saw persons in tears in my audience, and wondered at it, especially when there was nothing whatever in the lecture of a sad character.

On one occasion I saw my host with his handkerchief pressed to his eyes, and evidently deeply moved. He was a reserved, well-balanced man, not in the least hysterical, and I asked myself why he and others were brought to tears without any apparent reason. Englishmen, as a rule, are not given to crying in public.

I ventured to question him when we returned to the house, in order to discover why he and others were so deeply affected.

"I do not know how others feel, but I think every sin I ever committed rose before me, and I was filled with so deep a remorse I could scarcely control myself. You seemed to be searching out every weakness in me."

"Believe me," I said, "it was not I, for I must make so much

effort to overcome my own sins, I have no time nor inclination to judge others. But I ever pray the Lord to make me as useful to my fellow-creatures as it is possible for me to be, and He hears my prayer. It seems to me, unless we offer up this petition we have no right to take up the time and claim the attention of an audience, for without Him how shall one small person usefully influence a thousand."

My plan had been to win the affection of my audiences and then to speak to them of my faith in Christ. After the lectures, I had sought, whenever it was possible, to lead the conversations which followed into a religious channel, asking my auditors to tell me of their doubts and difficulties, but I had listened rather than taught during these talks.

I felt at the end of a year and a half that I might venture to speak of my faith, with some hope of success; although other speakers warned me that those who rejected Christ in my audiences—and they were in the majority, being either Unitarians or Agnostics—might insult me, if I sought to lead them to Him.

As this was my sole aim from the beginning, I felt that I must make the attempt, no matter what the result might be.

I was scarcely prepared, however, for the resistance I encountered. Those who had seemed so pliable to my touch when I spoke of temperance, education, hygiene, social problems, my spiritualistic experiences, etc.—these same audiences presented fronts of steel when I began to speak to them of Christ.

After the first lecture the drawing-room of my hostess was crowded, and the company following me from the hall belaboured me until midnight; the same company that had lavished praise on me a few weeks before.

The next morning I received a letter containing about ten large pages of abuse, and only a few missives reached me of a sympathetic character. When I had finished the two or three lectures I had engaged to give, there was not a single invitation to speak.

This experience intensified my desire to get to work at my books, and I besought my Lord to give me an understanding of His Scheme which would wholly satisfy these people and myself. I did not blame them for the attitude they assumed, for I might have done the same a few short years before; and, indeed, I

realized that I was not at all prepared to address the keen, analytical minds in my audiences, when my own brain was still in confusion.

So I was most thankful that I was no longer called on to speak, and retired into private life with grateful pleasure.

A HOLIDAY

I THEN left England and returned to America. When I reached New York I found an invitation to speak in the South, and I reluctantly accepted it. When I arrived at the station there was no one to meet me, as had been arranged, and I found that my host lived some miles away. A feeling of uneasiness came over me as the negro drivers crowded around me, I being the only passenger who had alighted, for it was a small station.

It was growing dusk, and it seemed best not to wait any longer, so I engaged a carriage, and as I stepped into it the Voice said:

"You will find an even Cross in your bedroom, which will be a sign that you have done right in coming here. God sent you."

I met my host half-way, and with many apologies for being late he accompanied me to his home.

It was a large, rambling building situated on a range of high hills and surrounded by pine woods.

The daughter of my host was the mistress of the place, and she met me with evident dismay, as cleaning was going on and the house was upside down, my room not being ready; I heard her presently, in the next room, reproaching her father tearfully and angrily for bringing "another disagreeable woman into the house without notice." I was a good deal disturbed when I heard this altercation through a thin partition, but when, a few moments later, a negro ushered me to my hastily prepared apartment, a large even Cross, embroidered in red silks on a cushion, met my eye as I entered. So I was reassured.

When I had settled down in my new home, I realized that I was thoroughly exhausted, but I had come for a purpose, so I rallied my forces and asked my host to inform me concerning the meetings he had organized. It seems he had made no arrangements of any kind, and begged me to remain as their guest for some time, until he could find a suitable hall. As there seemed to be none which could be engaged in the village, I scarcely knew how he was going to manage. However, as the daughter had now become my warm friend and also begged me to remain, saying they were only too glad to have me, I settled down in a hammock swung between two great trees, and, drinking in the pure, soft

air, I gathered much needed strength. There was a medicinal spring near the house which did me much good. I became thankfully aware, as time went on, that God had sent me here not to speak, but to rest, on these balmy heights.

My hosts showered on me the best the land afforded, and appeared to be cordially delighted to have me.

It seems that a woman had lectured in this village before me, under the auspices of my host, and had been much disliked, so he was unable to make any arrangements, because the hostesses having sufficiently large rooms in which to speak refused to open their doors. Just before I left, however, a company drove up to my host's house, some miles out of the village, and taking possession of the large veranda sent word to me, just as I was going to bed, that they wished me to address them. I hesitated, but as several urgent messages were sent up, I redressed and gave them a talk in the moonlight.

We had a long conversation on religion lasting until midnight, and then there was a chorus of beseeching begging me to remain and to speak to them in various houses in the village put at my service; but I had made arrangements to leave the next morning, as I had heard there was sickness at home and I was urgently needed; so I was obliged to refuse these tardy invitations.

As I bade good-bye to my kind southern hosts, I was most grateful to God, and to them, for this place of rest to which I had been sent, as I think I should have quite broken down had I not been detained here, almost against my will; for my host ever urged me to remain longer, saying he hoped to arrange for some meetings.

So God found a home of rest for me, and gave me new strength for the wearing duties which fell to me when I returned to New Harmony, several of the family being seriously ill.

I am thankful to say this meeting, under the southern moon, was my last experience as a public speaker, and presently I was able to turn my attention to the work which is much more congenial to me, the retired work of the writer.

THE TWO PHILOSOPHIES

THEN followed several years of strenuous work on my books, *The Mediators* and *Duality*, the last winter and spring being spent in the house where Laurence found me in the year 1888. During the winter of 1887–8 I was led to pray, almost without ceasing, for my stately mate shown me in the Vision. I led the life of a recluse, scarcely going beyond our garden walls. Sometimes I was waked at night with the words "Pray for him," my whole soul being urged to give itself in strenuous beseeching for an unknown man who seemed to be passing through some important crisis. It was a difficult task, belonging to the realm of mysteries, which my practical mind is inclined to dread. But I felt I must persevere; and when, in the midst of this absorption, Laurence appeared, it was exceedingly difficult for me to reconcile the two duties. Difficult for me to wrench my mind from a mate I did not know, and who might be not on earth but in heaven, and to marry a man who was the mate of another woman, so I believed.

But my guidance was plain, and how deeply thankful was I that I had followed it, when Laurence fell ill and needed me sorely; and when, in the attack which followed his death, I was there to defend the man I reverenced and loved so deeply. I was certain, because of the events which followed, that my leading had been from God. He meant me to take Laurence's name.

A MYSTERIOUS COMMAND

But now came a command which was even more puzzling, so puzzling that only a perfectly clear answer to the deepest prayer I knew how to utter would have induced me to obey it.

The reader remembers when I resumed the story of my past life, now brought to a close, that Grace and myself were at Haifa, finishing business connected with Laurence's estate, and Murray was in Paris awaiting our arrival.

After much delay we were free to go to Europe. We had decided to take a little flat in Paris, and I had sent Murray such money as I could spare to furnish it very simply. I was taking with me carpets, silver, and linen.

We took steamer to Marseilles, and Murray met us at the Paris station. How delighted we were to see again this dearest friend of ours, the flush of joy on his face hiding from me for the moment how thin and pale he looked. He had engaged a room for Grace and myself in a quiet hotel, and when we three had finished all we had to say to each other, we found it was after one o'clock in the morning, and Murray had some difficulty in finding his way out of the building, all the lights being out.

The next day he took us to see the flat, which would be ready for occupation as soon as our Haifa belongings arrived from Marseilles.

He had done wonders with the small sum I had sent. He had bought cheap plaster bas-reliefs and statues costing a few francs each, and by manipulating them with wax, colouring matter, etc., he had made them look like the most expensive antiques. Out of common goods boxes he had made beautiful little shrines, and he had searched the second-hand shops for effective furniture costing very little; he had picked up good prints of fine pictures, which he had artistically framed through a device of his own, and a few Venetian lamps and hangings from his Paris studio were added. When we were settled we had a little reception of the art students he had met while in Paris, and asked them to value the art works in the flat, which we had been careful to place out of their reach. They thought them worth several thousand

pounds; and were amazed to find they had not cost a hundred francs.

It was a charming little home and Murray was delighted at our appreciation, for it confirmed a theory of his that in the homes of the future taste rather than money would confer distinction, because beautiful things would become so cheap that the most modest incomes would be able to afford them. Hence, the advantage would lie not with the rich as against the poor, but with the artistically refined as against the crudely coarse.

Grace and myself were soon settled in our little home. Murray had found a very cheap room at the top of a very high house, not far away, and had moved into it from the cabman's hotel, which, he said, had become unbearable, as he was surrounded by evil women.

Here, in a bare room, he had worked on his Christ picture. He now came to us for his meals and spent his evenings with us, and in Paris, as at the foot of Mount Carmel, we three formed a little paradise.

It was a pretty picture to see Grace and himself sitting on the floor before the fire to finish some of the plaster bas-reliefs he had bought, and which under his deft touch were being transformed from common objects into refined works of art. They seemed so happy, these two, as they worked together, they were so perfectly at home with each other, that again my fears were aroused, and I began to wonder whether I ought not to hasten Grace's departure for America.

She suffered terribly from seasickness, the effect lasting for weeks, so it had not seemed wise for her to make the journey to America at this time of the year, midwinter. But it was better to suffer physically, I thought, than to run the risk of awaking a love which could only bring pain to both.

What, then, was my amazement when Murray, shortly after our arrival, asked me to be his wife. He said to me:

"Rosamond, a few days before you came, I was kept awake all night through so pure a joy that it seemed to come straight from heaven; my poor little room seemed to be illumined, my hard bed to be made of roses, my curtainless window an angel's entrance. I praised Him, soul and body, with all my strength.

"A Voice then said to me, 'What woman has most helped you to gain this nearness to God, and what woman, so far as you know, can best bring you closer and closer to Him in the future?'

" 'Rosamond,' I answered, without a moment's hesitation.

" 'Your chief desire,' continued the Voice, 'is to come close to God, then is it not well to ask the woman to be your wife who can best help you to reach Him?' Rosamond, I am not worthy of you, I know," continued Murray, taking my hands in his, "and I cannot fill Laurence's place, for he was a much greater man than I am, but if a life's devotion will atone to you a little for his loss, will you let me serve you always?"

I was dumb with astonishment.

"I know," said Murray wistfully, "that I am asking too much, and I do not wonder at your silence."

"It is not that I doubt your worthiness," I said. "You have grown by leaps and bounds in these last months, you have come to be a man the best woman living might be proud of, I do not know another man like you anywhere. In the beginning of our acquaintance, yes, there were some lacks in you, some weaknesses, so it seemed to me; but in the last year you have developed as few men grow in a lifetime. You have sacrificed all to be faithful to your duty, and God has clothed you with a new dignity, my beloved friend.

"The trouble is that you are too good for me. You are young, you are handsome, you are gifted, your life lies before you as a fair page; and to the utmost of my ability I will help you to live it as your friend, but I have no right, it seems to me, to burden you by becoming your wife. I am thirteen years older than you are, eminent physicians say that I may be paralysed for life at any time, and certainly there is often an ominous coldness throughout my right side; and whether I am paralysed or not, my weak body will always be more or less of a load. I am in my forty-fifth year, and so my youth is behind me. Don't ask me, dearest friend, to take your name, and so prevent you from marrying your true mate, should you find her. I cannot let you assume such a burden. With Laurence it was different; I knew that we were not eternally destined for one another, as I know that you and I are not eternally destined for one another; but he needed my services in his last long illness, and so God led me to take his name, in order that I could be near him day and night, and, with Alice's help, comfort him to the last. But you are a splendid young man, with, I believe, a splendid future."

Murray knelt by me and said, "Rosamond, listen. Were I sure that you would be paralysed all your life, and did I know that

I would have to carry you about, a helpless physical burden, until your death, still I wish to marry you, for it is not your body which I love but your soul, the noblest that ever I knew. New energies wake in me, new inspirations come to me, when you are near me. My God is a living Presence when you are there to help me find Him. Oh, I wish to serve Him with all my strength, and no woman in all the world can help me as you can. I do not claim you as my mate, I only ask for your constant companionship. I can well believe that a far greater than I is destined for you, in the end, for I am not your equal, I know it; but for His work's sake, put your hand in mine, and let us walk together, because together we can best serve Him. This is the only plea I am justified in offering, I am led to entreat you to be my fellow-worker for Christ's sake."

I could not suppress my sobs, for Murray had almost the look of an angel as he knelt beside me, clasped his hands over my knees, and raised his beautiful eyes to mine. Somewhere, deep down in my soul, a premonition seemed to be given me that he belonged to those who die young, because they belong to Heaven rather than to our poor earth.

"Will you give me time to pray that I may know His Will?" I said at last.

He raised me and, folding me in his arms, kissed my forehead. "Yes," he said, "ask God for guidance, but for myself I am sure He has told me that I may love and serve you."

I spent two nights in prayer before a clear guidance was vouchsafed to me. I could not divest myself of the thought that it was wholly unfair to bind Murray's fate to mine. Had Grace, beautiful, young, charming, gifted, been free, then without a moment's hesitation I should have been glad to join their hands. She, it seemed to me, suited him perfectly; but I, old, broken, almost ugly, what right had I to burden him?

Grace watched me with anxious tenderness during these two days, for she guessed some struggle was going on within me.

It seemed, at last, kinder to tell her.

"Oh, Aunt Rosamond," she cried, "the best man on earth has asked you to marry him; take him, honey; don't refuse him." And then, quickly changing, as she was apt to do when there was too great a seriousness, she added, "You dear, delightful little aunt of mine, no doubt you are a very clever woman, but sometimes, you know, you are as blind as a bat. We all saw, on the way to Haifa,

that Murray had eyes for no one but you. He nearly broke his neck falling over everything on the deck, he was so constantly looking at you. You and he may think that his love for you is new born, but I know better."

"He is not meant for me. I am sure he is not the mate God made for me from the beginning," I cried.

A spasm passed across Grace's face, and for a moment she opened wide her beautiful eyes and let me gaze straight through them to her soul. Even as I had looked into them when she was three hours old, and had seen there a depth I could not fathom, so now, after many years, I again stood humbled and abashed, for I perceived in her a strength I cannot describe. It was as though the memory of many martyrdoms, with flames turned to sparkling glories, had wrought in her an indomitable strength. "I can wait until God is ready," her soul seemed to say to mine.

The next moment I wondered whether I had been quite mistaken, my imagination having run wild, for she was dancing around me like a mischievous sprite.

"My part is to see to it that Murray has his boots blacked on his wedding-day. If I don't look after him, he will appear with the face of an angel and boots which would disgrace a beggar. You know he will, auntie. So now and here, I appoint myself Master of Ceremonies, for you will both forget, if I don't look after you, that people must look their very best when they are getting married."

At last I felt that my indecision was putting too great a strain on Murray, and I cried to the Lord with all my strength to let me see clearly.

The answer seemed to me to be plain. "You must yield to Murray's wish, for he, when he was very near to his God, has clearly heard God's Voice."

So I consented to our marriage, but it was an act of blind obedience, for it did not seem to me a fitting thing to burden so promising a life with my disabilities.

We were married in the Chapel of the Embassy. Daisy arrived a few days before the wedding, so I had my two dear children with me, and an intimate friend of Murray's joined the little wedding-party.

Murray gave me no time to prepare a wedding-dress, so I wore a brocaded blue silk he admired, which a cousin had given to a sister, and the sister to me, therefore it was third hand. But

Murray thought it suited me well, so it did not matter that it was not new; indeed, I much dislike new clothes, for they seem to have no magnetism in them.

My heart was still somewhat anxiously troubled in spite of the clear answer I had received, for every glass in the waiting-room at the Embassy which reflected our images seemed to be saying, "You are unequally yoked," as he looked so young and so handsome, and I so old and plain.

But my fears melted away in the weeks which followed, for Murray seemed so very happy. He still kept his studio, and he often took me on his back, as though I had been a child, and carried me up the many flights of stairs until we reached his attic. There he established me, and resumed painting on his picture of Christ, turning to me for help, while I worked on my book, *The Mediators*.

He bought a wheeled-chair, and we spent long afternoons roving about, as I was less and less able to walk long distances. When we found some sheltered nook, he would perch himself on the foot of the chair, and we talked together, endlessly, as we had inexhaustible subjects of common interest. So my heart was comforted, and I prayed ever more fervently that God would teach me how to add more and more to his deep contentment. I did not know why I had been told to marry him, but my duty was now plain, I must fill his life with joy, in so far as it lay in my power to do so.

The week after our marriage a book was sent to us, written by a Paris friend of Jennie's, in which we were accused of every sort of sin, and several letters reached us from Murray's friends, filled with bitter reproaches.

I could understand the disappointment of Murray's father, seeing that his only son, on whom any parent could build high hopes, had married a middle-aged invalid. It was hard for him, I knew.

Yet how could I grieve, when we four, in our little flat, were so gaily happy, that the outside world could no longer distress us. We did not mind, any more, what was said of us, no matter how harsh it might be, for we knew that His Spirit filled our sweet home.

A lady occupying a prominent position in Paris had sent us the book, and asked presently to come and see us. She was a strikingly intellectual woman of an imposing appearance, and she

seemed determined to probe us to the bottom. We both felt quietly unconcerned, for we were trying to do, to the best of our ability, in each moment of each day, what Jesus Christ desired us to do. We had placed the past and the future in His hands and only asked to be guided in the passing moment. At the end of a searching examination, lasting over an hour, she suddenly turned to me and said:

"Were I in deep trouble, were my husband to die, or any other great loss to befall me, you are the woman to whom I should turn for consolation." She joined Murray's hand and mine in hers and said earnestly, "May God bless you both."

I kissed her gratefully, and whenever her busy life permitted it we had most enjoyable talks with this remarkable woman.

An old acquaintance of Laurence's also found her way to our flat, her carriage with its liveried servants making a great stir in our little *impasse*. She was very rich, had a high-sounding title, and lived in a grand mansion, where she invited us to visit her. Her unmarried son took me in to dinner, and although he lived in a palace fit for a king he seemed to be very much bored. During our talk he said to me, "I can imagine love without marriage, or marriage without love, but I cannot imagine a love which would endure after marriage."

I looked around the splendid dining-room, with a balcony for an orchestra, at the glittering table, the sumptuous toilets; and then back to the *blasé*, rather sensual face of my host, in which there was not a ray of the joy which made our own little home so delightful a spot.

"I am sorry for you, deeply sorry," I could not help saying, for he had grasped at so much, and he had so little.

His eyes opened in startled surprise, for I suppose the Duc de S., so rich that he did not know what to do with his money, was not used to being pitied. Then I looked across at Murray, who seemed a king among these men. His bright glance met mine, and when my neighbour caught it, a sigh, which was almost a sob, suddenly burst from his lips.

"You are happy, yes," he murmured. He said little during the rest of the meal, only speaking when his good breeding prompted it, but I felt that he was pondering many things.

As soon as we could be excused we ran back to our flat like two happy children, and found the girls still up waiting to hear all about the party. How sweet it seemed to get back to our little nest.

A few weeks after we were married Grace said to me:

"Aunt Rosamond, I think I ought to go back to Charlie, and I have decided that I ought no longer to live a brother and sister life, but to yield to his wish and to have a child, which he earnestly desires."

"This subject is sacred between yourselves," I said, "and no one else can decide for you; so, my dearest child, I can only pray that God may guide you aright."

A pathetic look stole into her eyes uplifted to mine, the look of the martyr I had seen there in that brief glimpse, when I had spoken about our marriage, and a pang seized me, for I seemed to sense a coming doom.

Daisy and I bade her God-speed in the flat, and Murray accompanied her to the coast to see her well on her way.

They, Murray and Grace, stood together on the landing of the stairs, looking up at us, to say her last good-bye. The memory of her sweet face, which I was never to see again, remains with me to this day. The merry light, which was rarely absent, was gone; her mournful eyes, large with a strange apprehension, were turned to me, grown pathetically dark and sombre; but as she saw my anxious gaze, she tried to smile; it was a pitiful failure, for her whole face was drawn with pain.

Still she sought to rally her old spirit. She wore a very becoming and handsome dark red toque and cloak, a part of her trousseau, and she swept us a little curtsy, saying, "Do you notice how grand I look, I've worn it on purpose, so that the memory of my splendour will keep me from feeling too abjectly demoralized when I am seasick. It will restore the balance, as it were."

And so she went out of our lives, our beautiful Grace, the most charming personality I have ever known, and yet with a spirit possessing an unbreakable strength such as belongs to few of the solidly solemn characters I have met.

When I returned to the flat, with an aching heart, I found Daisy in her room; she had thrown herself on her bed in a passion of grief, and seemed to be sobbing her heart out. This was so unlike our placid girlie that I was astonished. She seemed unable to regain her balance for several days, and she told me afterwards that she felt she would never see her deeply-loved sister again.

"Oh, auntie, auntie," she sobbed, "when her beautiful eyes were turned to us, as she stood on the stairs, I felt it was her last look in this world, and it seemed more than I could bear."

When Murray returned after seeing her safely on the boat, his cheerful account of their journey and Grace's many bright messages seemed to reassure us. Surely our fears were without foundation, we had only been imagining that some evil would befall her. When we received a letter from her from New York, giving us a most amusing account of her voyage, and she described her home-coming in a hopeful spirit, telling us of Charlie's intense pleasure at seeing her again and how good he was to her, we decided that we had been morbidly apprehensive, and that our precious Grace was quite safe and happy with her devoted husband.

We left Paris, storing our things, to be sent eventually to England, and spent the summer in Switzerland. Margaret grew in beauty and grace, and was much admired at the hotel where we took our meals, our rooms being in an overflow cottage near-by.

One day an Austrian aristocrat begged for an interview.

"Madame," he said, "I am afraid you will think me rude, but it seems necessary to speak to you. Almost every evening after dinner you leave your pretty niece in the *salon* of the hotel without a chaperon, to join in the dances and games, while you and your husband retire to your cottage. This seems to me an extraordinary thing to do."

"Baron F.," I said, "when your son goes to a dinner-party do you follow him to see that he does not steal the silver from the table?"

"Certainly not," said the Baron, with some indignation.

"Well," I said, "I should no more think of watching my niece to ensure that she will behave properly, than you would think of watching your son to see that he does not steal the silver. I have told my niece to be in her room at the cottage at ten o'clock, and she never disregards my wish. She is always punctual. I desire that she shall retire early for her health's sake, but otherwise I lay no restrictions on her, for I fully trust the girl I have brought up from babyhood."

A few weeks afterwards the Baron joined me in the garden and said:

"Madame I have a confession to make. I have taken it upon myself to watch your niece whenever she was out of the cottage. In the *salon*, in the summer-houses, everywhere I have followed her, to see whether, in truth, you were right, and she could be trusted."

"Well, Baron F.," I said smiling, "what did you discover?"

"I discovered that the girls who are constantly watched were rather unmaidenly in their conduct if they were left unwatched, even for a few moments; whereas Mademoiselle Marguerite

has done nothing which the angels themselves could not have looked upon. Her conduct has been blameless."

"Precisely, Monsieur," I said. "We Americans trust to the honour of our girls rather than to espionage; and, in the great majority of cases, they prove themselves to be worthy of that trust. In America, as elsewhere, there are some girls who are not refined, and would remain coarse under any circumstances, but the system tends to induce a higher, rather than a lower, morality; for we are taught that it is our duty to be even more dignified in our reserve, when we are alone with young men, than when we have the support of our elders. It works well, believe me, Baron, and I only wish other nations would follow our custom. My fear is that, instead, we may be tempted to imitate your ways.

"The constant, unwatched, and yet innocent companionship between men and maids in America, especially in the Western villages of America, where we were born and bred, is, I am sure, conducive to good in every way; for the natural desire for the society of the opposite sex is satisfied, and hence an unnatural outbreak, following an artificially restrained intercourse, is not so apt to occur.

"We have such a very jolly time in our Western villages," I continued, "without any harm following, and it seems a great pity that the young people of other countries should be robbed, uselessly, of so much innocent pleasure, does it not?

"I have lived a number of years in a very religious Colony where the young people were never allowed to be together. In the earlier days of the little village the young men walked about alone, and the young girls did the same. In the congregations all the women sat on one side of the church and the men on the other, and when they were dismissed the women went out and were well on their way before the men were permitted to follow. What was the consequence? There was more sin in that Colony, and sin of a strange nature, than in our happy little village, although the Colonists were, perhaps, better men and women by nature than the New Harmonites. It was the system which was at fault, and not the remarkably good, even heroically brave, people of the Colony. You cannot watch any human being without intermission day and night, hence there are always opportunities for sin. The only unfailing safeguard, then, is a God-given purity. Is it not true, therefore, that this is the protection we should seek

to find, seeing that it is the only sure, the only ever-present, protection?"

"It is a new idea," said the Baron, "which I must consider. But in any event Mademoiselle Marguerite is a good and charming girl, and may I offer you my felicitations because you possess so well trained a niece."

A STAMPEDE

We went from Switzerland to London, where we intended to establish ourselves for some time, in order to do what lay in our power to minimize the harm which had been done by Jennie's onslaught, as we feared it might interfere with any future work we might be called on to do, through my books or in any other way. Murray and Margaret went house-hunting, and came back one afternoon in high glee, saying they had found exactly the right house. I went to see it the next day, and found that it was rather an imposing four-story building, with a fine studio for Murray on the upper floor. We could take it on a sub-lease for nine months, and the terms were very reasonable.

"But how are we to furnish it?" I said. "The few things we had in our flat will be lost in this house."

"I have a feeling that we shall manage it, somehow; at any rate we can furnish it in part. We are allowed a good sum for repairs, and I shall see to it that the wall-papers, etc., are artistic, so there will be a good background."

Murray seemed so anxious to take the house that I yielded. He wrote to the overseer of his father's business to send him a few things which he had stored in the factory, sent for our Paris furniture, and roved about picking up cheap and pretty hangings. Presently a large furniture van arrived at our front door, and to our astonishment it contained enough household belongings to make us decently comfortable for the moment. It seems Murray's father grew tired of his furnishings every few years, and storing them in the factory, where they lay forgotten, he bought new things.

Some of this discarded furniture, which looked almost new, had been shipped by the overseer. So we were fairly well provided for temporarily, and Murray, spending only a few pounds, made the house look charming, so everyone said who visited us.

"You see, Rosamond, that my inspiration about the house was right. The Lord has provided the furnishings. We shall have room to receive visitors and a fitting place in which to influence them for good, and to bring about, in so far as we can, peace and unity."

Murray suggested that we should go to Scotland for a short visit, while the house was being papered and repaired. He wished to take me to a resort where he used to go, and where some of his friends generally went in September, for he hoped, if only we could meet, the feud would vanish. I was not so hopeful as he, still, it was my duty to do all that lay in my power to overcome their enmity,

The Sunday after our arrival we went to the place of worship frequented by his friends, and Murray whispered to me that several of his intimates were in the church and that evidently they had seen us. But none of them waited to speak to us at the end of the service, instead they hurried out of the church as fast as they could go.

We went rather wearily homeward, for I seemed to be growing ever more delicate, and the exertion of dressing, going to the church, and supporting the hard stares of Murray's acquaintances, had tired me out. On reaching home I threw myself on the bed, and Murray sat beside me soothing me with his gentle touch.

Suddenly a furious anger seemed to possess me. I sat up, with flashing eyes, and a torrent of words seemed to force themselves from my lips.

"What right have these people to condemn me for sins I have never dreamt of committing; what is their church-going worth, when it does not teach them the truth; of what use is it to repeat long prayers, year after year, if at the end they wickedly judge a person who is seeking to serve Christ with every breath she draws? I have now borne this injustice patiently for years, and yet they are no nearer to the truth than they were in the beginning. How can these people dare to call themselves the followers of Christ, one of whose chief commands is not to judge."

Murray's look of deep concern arrested me.

"Why, Rosamond," he said, gently taking my hands in his and kissing them, "I have never seen you look or speak like this in all our long acquaintance."

I dropped back on my pillow in tears. "Murray," I said, "forgive me, I am the culprit, for am I not breaking Christ's command in judging these people? How can I tell what Satan whispers in their ears; how he tempts them? Certainly, it is not for me to judge them, when the evil one has just turned me, for the moment, into a Fury. Dearest, forgive me."

Murray lifted me in his arms tenderly, and carried me to the window from whence one could see a beautiful and extended view.

"Yes," I said, "God's world is large and beautiful, and I have been small and mean." Then, as I caught sight of the church in the distance where we had met Murray's friends, I remembered how these worthy people had raced down the lane leading from the church in hot haste, as though they were fleeing from a pest, with coat-tails, veils, and ribbons flying behind, one member nearly losing his tall hat in his efforts to get away; and a fit of laughter seized me, which swept away the last remnant of my wrath.

Murray smoothed my hair, put on my hat and cloak, and took me downstairs to the pretty grounds surrounding the Water Cure, where we were staying. This tender care, exquisite in its gentle sympathy, comforted me greatly, and as I sat on a bench, my aching back supported by his strong arm, his love poured through me, soul and body, as a healing balm.

I turned to him, and lifting my face to kiss him, I said:

"Ah, Murray, so long as your loving-kindness shelters me, what does it matter whether others are civil to me or not. If they were to give me all their devotion, would it equal your devotion? God has given me much more than most women possess, then it is wicked for me to complain. If you will forgive me this once, I promise never, never, to get into such a bad temper again. What do you think possessed me?"

"The devil," said Murray sententiously.

"You are right," I exclaimed.

We returned to London without being recognized by any of Murray's people, but during our nine months' stay several of his near friends and cousins visited us, and returned to Scotland to give an enthusiastic account of our home.

Some of his relatives, however, steadily refused to see me, saying that I was a witch, for all who visited us were drawn to me, and they did not intend to run the risk of being befooled.

Again I had a short struggle with Satan, for I am a practical person, and where religion—for all these people were regular church-goers—seems to have not one particle of real influence, a Christian behaving as though he were a heathen, my common sense is in revolt. I am ever tempted to ask myself, "What is it all worth?"

But it was growing ever clearer to me that I had a right to condemn the sin but not the sinner, for it was utterly impossible for me to fathom the smallest human soul, and to know how it had been born and through what environments it had been shaped. Hence, I had no means of judging how far these seemingly hard and cruel people, who, after all, had heard only evil of me, were responsible for their apparent hardness and cruelty. A human soul is so profound a mystery that only God, who made it, and has followed it through all its progressions, can tell to what extent it is responsible for its misdeeds.

And there was much excuse for them: From the world's standpoint Murray's marriage was a mistake. I was not young nor strong in health, nor pretty, nor rich, and they had been told that I was not even a good woman. Yet had they been willing to look into my husband's beautiful eyes for a moment, they would have seen that none of these things mattered to him, for a spirit-pure love illumined his tender gaze. His soul sought my soul and he was satisfied.

GRACE

We had been chatting one day, in our home in London, before we separated to begin our daily tasks. We were laughing heartily at a sally of a cousin of ours, a witty, entertaining girl, who was visiting us, when a cablegram was handed to me; it read:

"Grace dead, baby lives—Charlie."

I looked at the others, unable to speak, and Margaret took the telegram out of my hands. With a singular calm she read it aloud to them, and then left the room. Murray, gathering me in his arms, carried me upstairs to the studio, where he placed me on a couch opposite his picture of Christ, which Grace had watched with such eager interest while it was being painted.

The room swam around me, as an almost intolerable sense of loss took possession of me. Grace dead, it was not possible; everything in my seemed to reject the thought. That bright spirit could not die. And, in truth, she had not died; for while I was still too stunned to feel the full force of the dreadful blow which had fallen on us, my inner senses heard her voice, her own familiar, merry voice, saying, "Auntie, they do joke in heaven. I am so glad."

My mind swept back to a little talk we once had. She had said to me, "Aunt Rosamond, if all the saints are going to look solemn every time I joke in heaven, I would rather go down below, to the other place, I really would, for I must joke, I cannot help it."

The little scene came before me, her bright face, saucily rebellious, was recalled, and I knew it was Grace, our own Grace, who was speaking to us and reminding us of this almost forgotten incident. Then, she added, "Now I can go with you everywhere, auntie, I am free."

The reader who doubts whether such messages can be delivered has only to remember that no miracle is necessary in order to enable the fine ears of the spiritual body to hear swift vibrations, precisely as the coarse ears of the physical body hear slow vibrations. There is no change in the law, but only a more refined use of its resources.

So I listened to the message of my precious child with an

intense gratitude to our Lord who, being omnipotent, has the power to bridge the chasm of death.

No spoken words were ever more clearly heard, for Grace was very near to me. I repeated what she had said to Murray, and with the thankful tears streaming over our faces we knelt together to thank Him for permitting Grace to come to us, for her loss seemed to us almost more than we could bear. She had twined herself into our very fibre; her potent charm was not ephemeral, but so lasting that it seemed impossible for us to be robbed of it. And we were not despoiled, for again and again she came, brighter, sweeter, more gay of wit even than in life, so that often I laughed aloud at some characteristic sally of hers, and the family would ask, "Is it Grace?"

There are many who fear the evil effects of Spiritualism, and their fear is warranted if by Spiritualism we mean a morbid curiosity which seeks, at séances, to probe into the hidden secrets of the Inner World. Murray and I never permitted such meetings to be held in our home; for we perceived, so far as our experience went, that their tendency was to unbalance the sitters taking part in the séance. But if by Spiritualism one means the Christ-given vision, the normal vision of the spiritual body, which perceives the beloved ones who have been taken, so that instead of an awful wrench there is a tender renewal of familiar intercourse—this spirit communion is most sanely sweet, and is His consoling gift to men. He knows how dreadful is our heartache, and as He is infinitely pitiful, He permits that, joined by Himself, our dearest ones may clasp our hands across the chasm.

I am not much given to expressing my love, and for that reason, perhaps, it is all the deeper, so that I am almost intolerably hurt when my dear ones are wrested from me. My mother, Laurence, Grace—these losses seemed almost to kill me, and God, knowing my nature, has not permitted more to be inflicted upon me than I could bear. He has led my beloved ones back to me, and has permitted them to speak to me, as He will bless all who live close to Him. He does not desire that we shall be cruelly hurt, but deeply blessed.

How great a boon was Murray's companionship during these first trying hours, how it helped me to know that our souls were knit together in our love for Grace. But suddenly it struck us that we had been nearly half an hour in the studio, and that we had seen nothing of Margaret. A pang of remorse went through

me. How selfish I had been to forget the dear child so long. I hurried to her room, and there I saw a sight which touched me to the heart's core.

She was putting in order her bureau drawers. The tears were streaming over her face, but she was resolutely persevering in her task.

"Grace always said I was too untidy, too careless, and now I am trying to do as she would wish." The wildest grief would not have touched me as did this homely attempt to please her dead sister. I took her in my arms, and felt that my love for this remaining child grew very deep. She, also, beneath her placid blonde exterior, had the resiliency which, heavily oppressed, yields, in order to rebound the higher.

I knew what her love for her sister had been. She had said to me, "I cannot imagine that anyone would trouble even to look at me when Grace is there," and this self-effacing humility was ever present when the two sisters were together, although Margaret was considered by others to be a very pretty and charming girl. "But Grace," she would say—"oh, Grace is everything that is lovable. I don't count."

And yet in the weeks which followed she did not put a burden on anyone. She watched over me with the tenderest care, and always tried to hide her own sorrow. Sometimes when I followed her to her own room, I found her stretched on her bed sobbing as though her heart would break, for the brightest light had gone out of her life, but she always tried, instantly, to suppress her grief and to smile at me reassuringly.

She said God had been good in giving her so strong a premonition that Grace was to be taken, when we bade her good-bye in Paris, for it had made the shock of the cablegram more bearable. "I knew it was coming," she said.

In the night after we had received the news, I lay awake staring into the darkness, with the thought pressing on my brain again and again, "Grace's intuition was right, she dreaded marriage, because she felt that marriage would kill her." She had yielded against her own instincts, and she had died in child-birth. I could not blame Charlie, for he loved her very passionately, his devotion to her had often touched me deeply. And now he had his child, but he had lost his wife, and I felt very sorry for him.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AND "PARSIFAL"

When our London lease had expired Margaret returned to America, emptied of the presence which most had drawn her home, and we went back to Haifa, bereft of the hope that Grace would not be separated from us for long; for we had intended, after a time, to establish our permanent home in America among my people.

It was now early spring, so we decided to make our way leisurely across Europe, living in quiet, cheap little places until the autumn, when the heat would be over in the Orient.

Murray and I had had one, and only one, bone of contention. He thought Wagner the greatest musician in the world, whereas I clung to my love for Beethoven.

"Let us go to Cologne and see the Cathedral," he suggested, "and let us go to Bayreuth and hear 'Parsifal,' then our eyes and ears will be satisfied, when we return to the intellectual dearth of the Orient."

We made our visit to the Cathedral in the late afternoon. A draped coffin with tall candles on either side stood in the aisle, and somewhere in the distance a choir was chanting.

We sat side by side with clasped hands, and then a strange thing befell me:

An exquisite influx flowed from Murray's being into mine, as he gazed up at the pure aspirational lines of the Cathedral, which gave him such intense delight. I seemed to be wrapt in his love; impersonal, for he was filled with a sense of the Cathedral's chaste beauty, rather than with a sense of my presence, and yet intimately personal, for it swept through me, body and soul.

In that moment a new life was born in me; I conceived what beauty meant; I knew, as I had never known before, how infinite were the mysteries of Him who created every lovely curve and tint throughout the Universe. My husband's beauty-seeing artist soul impregnated my soul with a wholly new conception. I had been arid, austere, dressing in grey or black, as a rule, and inclined to fear all richness; now I knew that I had been a blind woman, from whom endless delights had been quite hidden.

I looked up at my husband, and his eyes gazed down into mine, shining like stars.

God did not mean to give us a child, so we believed, but He had now given us an intimate one-ness of vision, which had created in me a new life. From that moment Murray and I were linked as we had never been before.

"I have always known it," said Murray, "always known that sex has endlessly varied, loftily noble uses, and is not confined to one privilege."

We sat on, oblivious of time, wrapped in a pure delight, which, radiating from us, seemed to be reflected again from every perfect line of this wonderful creation of man, this prayer in stone.

The new life conceived in me during that blessed hour in Cologne Cathedral has endured until now, through many lonely years, so that every flower on Mount Carmel fills all my senses with a thrilling pleasure I never used to know, a delight dimly akin to the joy of the Creator when He made every beautiful thing.

All the pleasure grasped by sensualism cannot equal this exquisite influx from God, which might fill all lovers, soul and sense, if only they were pure enough to see His face, for Christ has promised that such searchers shall be blessed.

God gave my soul, through Murray, this divine art-sense, and He has never taken it away, although I am now an elderly woman. I know that I perceive only the faintest glimpse of the Glory He means to give us, but even that dim ray illumines the long and solitary way.

Then we went to Bayreuth and heard "Parsifal." Here again our souls were knit, and in some strange, unfathomable way they were knit through Grace, who so loved music. She was between us, we felt, as we sat in the darkened auditorium, and she taught each of us the better to know the other.

"Well?" asked Murray, turning to me at the end, as we sat wrapped in harmony, loth to leave the building, although silence now claimed it.

"Yes, yes, yes," I whispered; "you are right, and I am wrong. I yield completely. 'Parsifal' is an inspiration from Heaven. Don't let us go back into the world, but stay here always."

But we were obliged to go back into the world and to drain one of its bitterest cups.

HAIFA, PALESTINE

We took ship at Venice and journeyed to the Orient, only we two left out of all the company, and yet we two were more than a host, for we were united, harmonious, desiring to move as God wished us to move; and so we did not feel lonely, for, so the Voice says, a human being has two societies. The point ⋀ represents the person, the two lines his earthly sphere of usefulness, and in exact proportion to this earthly area is the heavenly area, thus:

namely, the heavenly Helpers of a human being are in precise proportion to his earthly ministrations; he who labours and prays for a hundred men having a hundred unseen friends to aid him. For this reason a true humanitarian never feels solitary, while selfish ones, though they grasp all things, end by being bored, for the air about them is empty of living souls, pulseless, spiritually stagnant. No wonderful depths of delight are revealed to them.

Murray and I gratefully realized this truth as we settled into our daily routine. There was no music, no art, no intellectual stir of any kind around us. Our kind and good neighbours paid us occasional visits, but their lives and ours were differently attuned. They did not care for the mental food which was our daily bread. So he worked at his painting and I at my book in a long succession of happy days, which made no history, for each was like the other, calmly, richly happy. He was good to me, ah, how good, letting no slightest burden fall on me if he could help it. If he saw my slender wrists could not turn a lock easily, it was oiled the next time I tried it. If I shivered in a draught, I found a curtained wire built around my easy chair. If I expressed a liking for some edible, he scoured the town to find it. He worked daily at his music to give me pleasure each evening. So I walked in a sphere of love, protected, comforted always.

The days slipped by like beads on a rosary, each holding its blessing, until our lives seemed to be one great prayer, for all men.

One morning I was awakened by the sound of the organ. A fine march, spirited and sonorous, rolled its rich harmonies upward to my room. I slipped on my wrapper, and opened the door of my bedroom to hear it better. Presently the music ceased, and Murray came bounding up the stairs.

"Do you remember, Rosamond, that this is the second anniversary of our wedding-day?"

He picked me up and waltzed around the room with me. As he set me down again, I looked up at him, and saw, to my joy, that his eyes were shining, his step buoyant, and that his laugh rang through the room as though he were a care-free boy. This handsome, young husband of mine was happy, in spite of the fact that he was saddled with an old wife, who was ever growing more of a burden to him.

"I am afraid I had forgotten it, Murray, I am sorry; but you know how stupid I am about dates and places, I never can remember anniversaries."

"Never mind. I have remembered it. Do you like the Wedding March I have composed for you, in secret, while you were in the garden?"

"I do, very much indeed. I must hear it many times before I shall truly appreciate it, for you know I am slow in my comprehension of music. But it seemed to me to have a splendid swing. I immediately felt I must march on somewhere, to do something worth while, and I suppose that is the mission of a march, and proves it to be a fine one. Will you play it for me again after breakfast?"

"Yes," said Murray, "we are not going to work to-day, we are going to have a holiday. Dress yourself in your prettiest clothes and come downstairs as soon as you can."

He looked back at me from the open door, and I knew he was planning some surprise as I heard him run downstairs and call Lisa and Herbert, a young married couple we had brought with us, as servants, from England. I had dismissed the nine servants I had found when I came to Haifa, and kept only two, Dali the cook and Saleh, her husband, the coachman; to these had been added Lisa as housemaid and general overseer, and Herbert

as gardener and man-of-all-work. The two sets of servants did not work well together, however, so finally, to avoid discord, I kept only the two English servants, offering the others a place at Dalieh, and my house and garden were better kept than when I had nine.

I heard a great bustle going on downstairs, and when I descended I walked into a bower of flowers. The breakfast-table was also decorated with bouquets, and a number of little presents for myself and the servants were piled on it. I thought, with a pang, that I had bought nothing for Murray.

But he did not seem to notice the neglect, he was so pleased with my appreciation of his efforts.

"You are happy, Rosamond," he said, a little wistfully, "these two years would have seemed a little emptier had I not been with you?"

"Oh, Murray, you have been like an angel, and I could not do without you. My only fear is that I am too much petted and spoiled."

As we finished breakfast, Yusuf, a servant from our mountain home, Dalieh, asked to see us. He was waiting in the garden.

When we joined him, we found he was watching several chickens bound by the legs, and he held them out to me with a broad grin. "Here they are," he said, "thinner than before." He spoke a little English, which Alice had taught him.

I did not quite understand, then I remembered a little incident which had happened before I had sent Saleh and Dali to Dalieh: I was leaning out of the window, my attention having been drawn by some high-pitched, voluble talking. Dali the cook, and Hajali, a Druse girl from Dalieh, were bargaining over some chickens for the servants' table, which lay on the horse-block with legs bound. The two women were gesticulating and talking with great animation. Finally a bargain seemed to be struck, and the girl went towards the gate of the stable-yard, while Dali disappeared in the direction of the servants' quarters. The next instant Hajali darted back, seized the chickens, and ran through the gate like a deer. Presently Dali reappeared and went to the horse-block for the chickens. She peered in every direction.

"Are you looking for the chickens, Dali?" I said.

"Yes, Madam."

"Hajali has taken them away. Had you bought them?"

"Yes, the miserable thief; they were thin as chicken could be, I paid her too much, and now she has stolen them," said Dali wrathfully.

At that moment Saleh appeared from the stable, and Yusuf from Dalieh, and there was great excitement in the stable-yard, Saleh threatening to go to Dalieh at once, and to accuse Hajali before the Sheikhs.

Yusuf begged for a few days of grace, and promised to arrange the matter. So I told Saleh to leave it to Yusuf.

"I went to Hajali," explained Yusuf when we joined him, "and I said, 'Hajali, the Sitt (Madam) is a very great lady, and a great lady must not eat thin chickens, it is a shame; you knew this Hajali, and so you brought them back to Dalieh to make them fatter, so they would be good enough for Madam to eat.

Now they are very fat, so I will take them back to her.' There they are," concluded Yusuf, presenting his chickens to me with a chuckle, "the thinnest birds I ever saw."

"But, Yusuf," I said, "this was a lie. Hajali stole the chickens, and did not take them back to fatten them."

"Lie, yes, but that is nothing, a lie is very good, better than truth. For had I spoke true, Hajali would have been whipped very bad by the Sheikhs. Now Hajali is not whipped, she is not angry with me, and you, Sitt, have your chickens. All this good, not bad; so lie is very good. I like lies very much."

In vain I tried to explain to Yusuf the value of truthfulness. He only grinned and repeated, "Lie is very good, I like to tell lies better; here are the chickens," and he held them out as proof positive that lies were much to be preferred.

The only thing I could do was not to give him the backsheesh he expected, a reproof he understood well; and to send him on an honest errand, afterwards, for which I paid him.

We were so amused by his Oriental point of view that we had some ado to control our countenances, and to administer the rebuke seriously enough.

In the afternoon Murray went to the Turkish Post Office to look for some missing magazines; here he had another glimpse of the Oriental way of looking at things.

We had subscribed for several of the best English and American magazines, in order that we might keep in touch with the world's doings. These had not reached us for several months, and Murray had been to inquire about them on more than one occasion. He knew it would be a pleasure for me to have some fresh literature to enliven our holiday, so he went to town to make a last attempt. Looking about, he spied a pile of our magazines in an old box behind the grille.

"Why, here they are," he said to the postmaster, who spoke a little French.

"Yes, there they are," he said, with an imperturbable mien. "I have not given them to you, because it is obscene literature."

"Obscene literature!" exclaimed Murray, "why, these are the best English and American magazines. I should like their editors to hear you accuse them of publishing unreadable vulgarity!"

"All the same, it is obscene literature," repeated the Turk stolidly.

Murray reasoned with him for some time, but in vain, the Turk persisted in saying he could not deliver the magazines.

"Show me what you consider objectionable," suggested Murray at last.

The Turk opened one of the magazines and pointed out a picture by Michael Angelo, in which were two boy angels, almost naked. "Here," he said, "look at these children without any clothes."

"But your children run about the streets no better clad!" Murray exclaimed.

"Ah, yes, but they are children, not pictures; we do not take their pictures when they are naked. That is a shame."

Murray could not restrain his amusement, and laughed heartily; but the Turk only stared in solemn surprise.

"Come, now," said Murray, "you would not have kept all my magazines because of this picture. Is there not something else?"

The Turk slowly hunted through the *Review of Reviews* and found an illustrated article in which some pictures of Turks appeared.

"Very good," said Murray. "I will strike a bargain with you. I agree to cut out everything you don't like, if you will peaceably give me the magazines."

So the offending Michael Angelo was cut out and one or two other illustrated articles. These the Turk put in an envelope in order to send them to Constantinople, so he said, and Murray returned in triumph with the mutilated magazines.

"They are a queer lot," said Murray. "Do you remember our experience on the way to Haifa?"

I did, and laughed at the recollection of the scene when my husband appeared, for the first and last time, in the rôle of a violent assaulter, attacking three men at the same time.

The Custom House had passed the greater part of our baggage, but suddenly spied a quantity of Murray's tubes containing paint. Evidently the officials thought them some sort of infernal machines and refused to deliver them. Murray opened one of them and made signs on his face for the purpose of explaining that they were to be used for painting pictures of people. But they took it to mean that they were cosmetics to improve his complexion, and as they understood the use of these, for many Oriental

women were made up, they decided to pass them as toilet articles. While this long parley was going on I had returned to the boat, to order a deck-chair brought, which we had forgotten, and when I came back I was amazed to see my husband violently shaking two men, whom he had by the collars, and kicking a third in front of him, while a fourth was rapidly gathering our luggage from three carriages and piling it in a fourth. Murray was smiling blandly, although he was jerking and kicking most vigorously, and I said to him:

"Murray, what on earth are you doing?"

"These three scamps," he explained, "were piling our baggage in three different carriages, dragging it away from the man I had engaged. As I couldn't explain in Arabic, and they speak neither English, French, German, nor Italian, there was nothing for it but to hold the three, while the fourth gathered the baggage; lucky there were not more of them, as I had only one leg left to stand on.

"I keep myself in good training for these occasions," said Murray, with an unruffled calm. "Once or twice I had to knock men down in the Paris studios who were insulting the models. In one of the students' studios there was a foul-mouthed young Frenchman. I stood him as long as I could, and finally, after giving him several warnings, I picked him up bodily, and fastened him in the lavatory. There was a pitched battle between the English and French students, but we won, and I did not release him until night. Some of the French students were fine fellows, and better artists, as a rule, than the English, but this young man contaminated the air. After this incident our wise French master was good enough to dismiss him from the studio, and we were never troubled with him again.

"So, you see, it is a useful thing sometimes to have a muscular length of limb, even though the makers of beds, theatre seats, etc., take no account of the fact that some men are taller than others and need more room."

I realized the truth of his assertion that muscle is of use, for the Arabs he had now released made him the most elaborate salaams, looking up at his six feet four inches with evident respect.

So our amusing little adventures and memory of adventures, with a welcome pile of fresh magazines and Murray's music, gave us a most pleasant day's rest. Filled with the Peace of God,

we took, in the evening, a short walk by the sea, under the Oriental stars, which ended our happy little festival.

Many times has the memory of this blessed day returned to me, for it was the last anniversary of our wedding which we were to spend together on earth.

THE BEHAÏS (OR BABISTS)

In the town of St. Jean d'Acre, across the bay of Haifa, live three brothers, Abbas Effendi, Mohammed Ali Effendi, and Bedi-Allah Effendi, who are the sons of the three wives of Baha'o'llah, who was a polygamist.

The three brothers were in dispute, and finally, when alone in Haifa, I was called by the three as arbitrator, hence I am well acquainted with their history, our acquaintance having extended over twenty-five years.

During my stay in Haifa I have been led to interest myself especially in three persons. Frau F., the elderly daughter of the founder of the German Colony, a refined and religious woman, but somewhat depressed in spirit. My task with her was to fill her, through His help, with a more joyous hope and courage.

The second was Carlos, of whom I will speak later.

The third was Bedi-Allah, the youngest surviving son of Baha'o'llah.

He was a political prisoner in St. Jean d'Acre for a number of years, and I found that he and his family of seven persons were about to starve. So I helped them to the best of my ability.

When he was released later, at the time the Young Turks came into power, my task grew more trying, for I found that both he and an able-bodied brother-in-law, living in his home, still failed to exert themselves seriously in order to make a living. As they had very little property, they were always in difficulty, and often the Voice bade me help them, until I had spent on them a very considerable sum of money. It had been difficult under these circumstances to keep my vow, to give, to forgive, to believe, especially when the following circumstances arose:

I had been going through a long period of money stress, made the more difficult by the drain on my purse through Bedi-Allah. Finally, I received an unexpected sum of money, and began to breathe freely after a prolonged anxiety about ways and means.

But my relief did not last long, for Bedi-Allah came a week or two after, and asked me to let him have four hundred pounds. I was obliged to pray all night before my soul was sufficiently free

from bias to hear the Voice of Christ and to obey His touch. When I attained this balance the Voice said, "Give."

Later, Bedi-Allah confessed to me that he had asked for this money, four hundred pounds, in order to save from exposure a Turk, whom we will call Halim Effendi, and who had been robbing a Government strong-box put temporarily under his charge.

When Bedi-Allah saw that through his foolish act I was reduced again to poverty, he was very sorry and tried to get back the money, but in vain.

It had been very difficult under these circumstances to keep my threefold vow to give, to forgive, to believe. For I urgently needed the money the thief had received; I was tempted to be much irritated with Bedi-Allah; and my faith was strained, when I realized the Voice had told me to give for so unworthy a purpose.

Still, a sweet peace flowed through me, when I was able to overcome, and it seemed to me that I had done what Christ meant me to do; although I could not see what good purpose it had served, and hence it was an act of blind obedience.

It was about this time the three brothers, Abbas, Mohammed Ali, and Bedi-Allah, desired me to act as arbitrator in order to settle the disputes between them, Abbas Effendi adding: "I want you to look well into the affair of Halim Effendi." Bedi-Allah had already confessed how foolish he had been in yielding to the entreaties of Halim Effendi, and with a good deal of effort I had forgiven him; hence it was not necessary for me to investigate this detail. I had obtained from Halim Effendi a legal acknowledgment of the loan, but it was useless, as he had no money and no property upon which I could levy.

In looking into the affairs of the three brothers, at their own request, I found that Baha'o'llah, the father, had given a Testament to each son, and that Abbas Effendi had declined to show his Testament; and, thus declining, had claimed, on the strength of the concealed document, an arbitrary power over the younger brothers, both temporal and spiritual. This they justly resented. I therefore asked the three brothers to meet, preferably at the tomb of their father (their sacred place), in order to read the three Testaments before witnesses, chosen from the followers of each brother; and, in addition, myself and an interpreter. I requested an answer in writing. Mohammed Ali and Bedi-Allah imme-

diately complied, accepting all the arrangements proposed, but Abbas made no reply.

I then sent him another letter, which Emin Abdoul Nour Effendi, the honorary dragoman of the English Consulate, was good enough to deliver to him, and the English Consul was so courteous as to pay him a visit, both acting in an unofficial capacity. Abbas Effendi said to these gentlemen, in the presence of Colonel Bedray Bey, Commander of the garrison of St. Jean d'Acre, that he refused my request to read the Testament. The excuse he offered to me was that his father had asked him to keep the Testament a secret, but as Abbas had previously stated to me that he had read the Testament to Colonel Bedray Bey, a statement which Bedray Bey confirmed, and as he, Abbas, said to Emin Abdoul Nour Effendi, that he had sent copies of the Testament to the Shah and the Sultan, the Testament was no longer a secret, if Abbas spoke the truth. Hence I said to him that according to his own admission there was no excuse on the score of secrecy for withholding the Testament from his brothers, whom it most concerned, and then to claim an almost unlimited control of family affairs and money on the strength of this unproved Testament.

Abbas, however, persisted in his refusal to read the Testament; and therefore it was impossible to come to an amicable arrangement between the brothers. Hence they and their followers are still divided, to this day, into antagonistic groups.

As a rule a man who wishes justly to administer a last Will and Testament does not insist on concealing it. But be that as it may, the following facts are certain:

Abbas Effendi and his family live comfortably, whereas Bedi-Allah and his family would almost have starved had I not come to the rescue.

It is true that Bedi-Allah might have made a living, had he been a man of resource, even though he was robbed of his patrimony; but as Abbas Effendi also is not a wage-earner, he, as well as Bedi-Allah, would have been poverty-stricken had he no means of support.

There are three sources from which Abbas Effendi could reap his income. From his father's property; from the Persian followers of the family, each faithful Behaï binding himself, so I am told, to give nineteen per cent. of his income; and from his European and American admirers. Whatever benefits he receives from these

three sources, and these benefits are considerable, he receives them all as a Behaï. It is scarcely likely, then, that Baha'o'llah, the father, the Persian followers of that father, and the foreign admirers of that father, intend the one Behaï, Abbas, to live at ease out of the moneys thus received in trust for the family and the Society; and the other Behaï, Bedi-Allah, to be deprived of these three sources of income to such an extent that he and his children have been in want.

I understand that Mohammed Ali, the second son, is as great a sufferer, having been saved from extreme poverty only by the exertions of some relatives in America.

For a short time Abbas gave to Bedi-Allah a small allowance, which he withdrew when Bedi-Allah emancipated himself from his tyrannical control; and afterwards he paid, irregularly, a very small sum to Bedi-Allah's mother-in-law, thereby ignoring all just claims, and substituting, instead, a very meagre charity to one of his relatives, a sum which cannot be depended upon.

Abbas claims that Bedi-Allah himself refused to accept a monthly sum from him; when I repeated this assertion to Bedi-Allah, he dryly said: "Let him try me, and see whether I will refuse money which is rightfully mine."

I repeat these details, as the admirers of Abbas claim that he, although he conceals the Will, is justly generous to his brothers.

If the numerous Christian followers of Abbas Effendi, in England and America, consider this a noble course of action, their ideas of brotherly love must be, so it seems to me, somewhat peculiar.

I have known Bedi-Allah for twenty-five years. He has visited me in my home for weeks at a time; hence I have had ample opportunity to study his character.

He is a well-bred gentleman, amiable and generous. He will never be a virile personality, but under European influence he has now become what he calls "quick and sharp"; namely, he is far more effectively energetic. He is a truly religious man, and has the fortitude religion confers.

But for years he seemed to be almost paralysed by the influence which Abbas Effendi exerted on his yielding, gentle nature. The members of the family have told me that after an interview with Abbas, he could neither eat nor sleep, and fell into fits of violent trembling. But whatever he suffered, he bore it with a forgiving patience, silently and manfully.

Finally the yoke became unbearable, as was plain to those who knew him as well as I did, and he sent a cry to his Maker from the depths of his being to deliver him from this mysterious tyranny. The answer was instantaneous, for all dread of his brother left him.

From that time he has been a changed person, growing rapidly into an ever more energetic manhood. He wishes his brother well, but the power he exerted over him is broken, and he feels himself to be a free man, although a very poor one.

When I had given all that it was possible, having even reduced myself to the point where I scarcely had enough to eat, I appealed to Abbas Effendi, but in vain. He refused to repay me any of the money I had given.

After Bedi-Allah was delivered from the strange influence of Abbas, I came to like and respect him more and more. He had not a complex European mind, and it was sometimes very hard to find matters of mutual interest to talk about, but he was a trustworthy friend and a pure-minded man, the most faithful Oriental I have found among the Orientals, so I realized that the Voice, in urging me to do what I could to influence and energize him, had guided me well; hence I do not regret that I was led to interest myself in this good man.

Also it is through him that I have come in close touch with the Behaïs, so that my long and intimate knowledge of them may serve as a guide to the European and American followers of Babism, a numerous company, so I am told.

It may be that Baha'o'llah ordained, in the Testament hidden by Abbas, this cruel difference in the condition of the three brothers; but if so, the love which he, Baha'o'llah, is said by his enthusiastic Christian followers to bear to the whole human race, must have blinded him to the duties he owed his nearest of kin.

Bedi-Allah had no vices; he did not drink nor even smoke, his household was simply ordered and his clothing plain; hence his want did not come from riotous and extravagant living. He was in want because his very small income could not be made to cover the expenses of even the simplest life. Aware of his suffering, I was led to help him to such an extent that I was myself in want.

I understand that there are at least three million Christians who are followers and admirers of Abbas Effendi. This scarcely seems possible, but if it be true, then it is for these people to determine

whether a man of the character of Abbas Effendi, letting his brother almost starve while he lived most comfortably, is fitted to teach Christians a more Christ-like mode of life.

I have gone into some detail with regard to the knowledge I possess concerning Abbas Effendi for the sake of these followers. But the man is of comparatively little consequence compared with the larger question to be considered:

Is there any evidence to show that Christians are well advised in following any sect, no matter where it may be found, which does not accept Jesus Christ as the supreme King of men?

May we discover, either in the material or the spiritual life of the Orient, any sign that we, the followers of Christ, should look for fresh light to those who place Him—if they honour our Lord and Saviour at all—not as the Master of mankind, to be supremely worshipped, but respect Him only as one in a group of inspired prophets?

Has the Orient given any practical proof that it may give to us a higher knowledge, lead us to a fuller light?

The Christians who believe that the Behaïs are fitted to bring a new knowledge to the Christian world, claim that they, being the most enlightened of the Oriental sects, are also fitted to teach the Orient.

This last claim may be quite true, and to this extent I readily accept the valuation put upon the Behaïs by their Christian admirers, for this sect holds a number of high ideals.

Let us concede, then, that the religion of the Behaïs is the purest Oriental religion.

The admirers of the Behaïs claim, in addition, that they are distinguished by a practical efficiency which we, the followers of Christ, may profitably imitate.

A book, written by an Englishman, which lies before me, claims that: "Christianity as a civilization is completely, conspicuously a failure," and the writer suggests that the weaknesses existing in Christ's Mission and Message are to be corrected by Baha'o'llah; through him "could the world learn its unity." The suggestion is that Christ's work is "parochial," whereas Baha'o'llah's mission is world-wide, all-embracing.

Accepting, then, the estimate of the Christian admirers of Behaïsm, I have had, according to these admirers, the opportunity during twenty-five years, of observing closely the leaders of the most enlightened Oriental religion, and what do I find?

I discover, on the practical plane, that in all the years the family of Baha'o'llah have lived in their home, they have not had, the last I knew of them, the energy to build a well or cistern such as is possessed by every smallest German cottage, nor the enterprise to make a decent road to their house.

None of the sons of Baha'o'llah have done any practical, wage-earning work; Bedi-Allah is beginning to be "quick and sharp," but he has become so, not under Oriental but under European influence, exercised over many years before a result could be seen.

In short, the Behaïs are Orientals, and the difference between a Christian civilization and the backwardness of the Oriental races, so far as my experience goes, is constantly emphasized to me in my daily walks on Mount Carmel. I have only to look out of my windows to perceive the contrast writ large before my eyes:

Looking out of one window I see a Christian Colony. In twenty short years they have erected sanatoria, built good houses. and made solid roads; have planted trees and vineyards; have dug cisterns and reclaimed the soil so that it may be cultivated; in short, they have turned that portion of Mount Carmel which they own into a garden spot. Looking from the opposite window at the rest of Carmel, the Oriental portion back of the Christian Colony, I see, as far as the eye can reach, two poor huts with unglazed holes for windows, no trees, no cultivation, no attempt of any kind to redeem and utilize the land. The fellaheen cut down for charcoal the few trees that grow, and rarely plant new ones. This is the progress that a non-Christian race has made in several hundred years, as compared to the progress which a Christian race has made in twenty years.

And this difference may be traced everywhere. The laws and customs of that part of the Orient with which I am familiar are bad, whereas the laws and customs of Christian civilization, if not perfect, are centuries ahead of the products of non-Christian nations.

So far as my observation goes, I have never known a person who was not a Christian, or directly and constantly under the influence of Christians, to do his best. Everywhere among the non-Christian nations there is slackness, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, wherever I have had an opportunity of studying them, and the sons of Baha'o'llah, although far more civilized

than the average, are not miracles, who may escape from, and rise above, the general law. Behaïs of the younger generation are developing fine characters, among whom I find good and respected friends, but that development has taken place under Christian teaching.

Thus, I have no fault to find with the Babists, but quite the contrary, for I like and honour them, proved by the fact that I have made serious sacrifices for them, but my message concerns the so-called Christians who prefer to be led by a Babist and to dethrone our glorious King, Jesus Christ, as the supreme Guide of this earth, a Guide who stands, even from the historical standpoint, above every other inhabitant of this earth.

I do not blame any Oriental Sect for this backwardness, for it is impossible for me to trace their ancestral influences; but I can affirm, because of my long experience in this land, that when a Christian asserts that he may look to an Oriental to find a fresh impetus Christ-ward, it is like saying that the sun must seek fresh light from the lamp of an automobile. The lamp may serve a use which the sun does not serve, and the Orient may teach us some lessons, but those lessons are few and limited. It is we, supplying the Orient with almost all that it needs, who are the teachers; and not they, receiving the fruits of our multiform energies, who must instruct us.

We, the Christian nations, build the schools, the hospitals, the missions, the railways, the bridges, the roads, so far as my observation goes. We discover new inventions, and put them into use; we teach the arts and sciences; we heal and help and energize the non-Christians everywhere; then why, doing the brunt of the work, should we come to nations for instruction who do little of it, but who, depending helplessly upon us, ask for everything and give almost nothing.

The white man is not required both to carry his burden and then humbly to ask those whose loads he bears how best he may adjust his back to make the weight less heavy.

We, the Christian nations, manifest, then, not only the highest spirituality and the keenest mentality, but He also teaches us how to ensure the greatest practical success. Our King is not only the Master Teacher of the inner man, but is also the most successful business Administrator, His followers doing the greater part of the practical work that is being accomplished in the world.

In short, were we told that a tribe of Red Indians were producing a Tennyson, a Wagner, a Benjamin Constant, or a Darwin, we should know the affirmation to be a mistake, for the master minds of a race are only a little above the common herd.

In the same wise when I am assured that an Oriental Behaï, or any other Oriental, can teach, as a leader, faithful, high-minded Christians, I know this to be an error.

In short, I have liked and admired nearly all the Persian Behaïs I have met; they are lovable and hold worthy ideals, and I willingly acknowledge that in certain things we may be taught by them. Their manners, for instance, are perfect; but the fact remains that the greatest workers spring only from the nations who are themselves good workers, and it is certain that it is the peoples who acknowledge Christ as the supreme King of men, and not the nations who fail to recognize His pre-eminence, which do the important work of the world. Hence it is to a strenuous and firmly established Christendom we must look for the masters wherever great physical, mental, or moral efforts are to be made, because the law of proportion between a base, the people, and its apex, the master mind, ordains it.

Thus it may be quite true that the Behaïs rise above the common herd in the Orient, even that they are considerably above the general level; they are lovable and clean-minded, but it is not true that they, or any other members of undeveloped races, can profitably teach, and strenuously quicken to a higher life, faithful Christians.

Yet the Christian followers of the Behaïs claim that this is the mission of this Oriental sect. I have been told by Christian followers of Abbas Effendi that I ought to keep silence concerning the facts I have set forth, not because this sect may do good in the Orient, which doubtless is quite true, but because it is doing good, so it is affirmed, among several million Christians.

I consider this sacrilege, and whatever influence I possess will be used to the utmost of my ability against such a claim as this, and for the following reason:

This sect holds that Baha'o'llah is greater than Christ. I have asked the question point-blank of his son, and he has told me that this is their belief.

I put the question to him in this plain form:

"Do you consider Jesus Christ to be greater than your father, or do you consider your father to be greater than Jesus Christ?"

He answered without a moment's hesitation, "I consider my father to be greater than Jesus Christ."

If this is the irreverent attitude we take, if we are prepared to say, as the Behaïs believe, that Baha'o'llah is greater than Christ, and hence can exert a wider influence, can wake a more potent life, than can our Saviour—if this is our attitude, then we are not Christians, and if the Lord says, "I know you not," when we come face to face with Him, we shall have no right to complain.

Those of us who feel the Presence of Christ; those of us who know that He is closer to us than is our own being; those of us who realize that this Lover, intimate as He is, gathers in His own world-wide soul every throb of terrestrial life, in order to raise it heavenward; we, His adorers, who worship Him as a supreme Master, as an all-potent King, we repudiate with all our strength the claim that any human being can fill His place or extend the scope of His work, no matter how lofty an instrument he may be; and when any ordinary mortal is set up as a Master, while ignoring Jesus Christ, I am filled with a righteous wrath.

It is not a fitting thing to benefit by all the immense advantages which a Christian civilization confers, and while inheriting the prestige of the nationalities acknowledging Him as King, disloyally to exalt to a pre-eminence wholly undeserved, any Oriental sect which refuses to revere Him as the Supreme Master of men.

This truth applies especially to the women of Christendom, who, were they indeed Orientals, would soon find themselves shorn of their most precious privileges.

To accept all the benefits Christ, our Master, has conferred, and then ungratefully to ignore Him, or in the slightest degree to bemean Him, is not this a despicable course of action?

We Christians may teach these Oriental sects humbly, gently, perseveringly; and we can also be taught by them, but to claim that we can learn a new Christianity from men who place Christ below the level of these sects, this view-point is a distorted one.

Is it possible that we have lost our passion for Jesus Christ? If so, a blight has fallen upon the earth.

The reader may ask: "Have we not free will, and may not a Christian elect to exalt Baha'o'llah, or Buddha, or any other Oriental prophet, to the level of Christ, or even above our Redeemer, if he chooses to do so?"

A man or a woman has a right to select any master he or she desires, but no one has the right to deny Christ and to claim Christian privileges. If a man or woman chooses an Oriental master or an Oriental religion, let him or her live in the midst of the civilization evolved by that master and that religion, and not claim the music, the art, the literature, the inventions, and the organized administration of Christendom, while denying the supreme position of the King under whom these results are obtained. This truth applies especially to women. If a woman prefers an Oriental religion, she should accept the status of an Oriental woman, and not shelter herself under Christ's mantle in order the better to stab Him.

It is earnestly to be hoped that, in the end, there will be not only Protestant Christians and Catholic Christians, but also Jewish Christians, Buddhist Christians, Mohammedan Christians, Behaï Christians, etc. It would be a great calamity were all the rich differences which have been developed through centuries of toil to be obliterated: God forbid that the Church Universal shall be a monotonous Church, seeking to make Protestant and Catholic and Jew and Buddhist and Behaï, etc., all alike. Nowhere in the vast Cosmos do we see individuality thus foolishly sacrificed; and hence we may believe that the God of the Cosmos will carefully preserve to the last fibre all wealth-adding differences.

But nowhere must Jesus Christ be dishonoured by being placed below, or even on a level with, other prophets and teachers. He is supreme, but the fact that He is pre-eminent need not lessen, in the slightest degree, the dignity of the lesser prophets. Because a Buddhist loves Christ more, he need not love his own great and good Buddha less, for so divine is love, and so unlike material wealth, that it grows, instead of being robbed, in the degree that it is widely lavished, and chooses for the lavishing the worthiest objects.

It is doubtless true, then, that other nations, less developed than Christendom, and destined to be taught rather than to teach, may for a time profitably follow lesser leaders, both for the benefit of the leaders and the led. And these lesser prophets need never be given a lower place in the estimation of those who, until now, have been wisely guided by these great ones whom they have chosen. It is not necessary to honour any good child

of God less, because Christ is honoured supremely. There is praise and to spare for all those whom He has sent forth. For instance, were a converted Jew to lose the magnificent heritage he is able to bring to the Commonwealth, were he to be made after the same pattern as are those of us who do not belong to this foundation-family, how immense would be the loss, both to him and to ourselves, who can learn much from him.

But retaining all the priceless results of his stern training, all the splendid lore of his own prophets, he and every other child of God must, in the end, acknowledge that Christ stands above all others, if we are to secure a perfect Unity because we move under the one Being who has proved Himself to be a supreme Master.

Those of us who follow Him must see to it, then, that our voices proclaiming Him as the King of the earth reach, with no uncertain sound, to the ends of the world.

Alas, we Christians are still very faulty; but however backward we may be, let us not be guilty of the fatal sin of bemeaning our Saviour to whom we owe everything.

ARMAGEDDON UNDER TURKISH RULE

THERE was one discordant element in our harmonious lives—Mustafa, the dissipated Arab I had seen on the boat, who had stared at me throughout the night, was our trial, our mysterious trial, made the more difficult because it became, as time went on, a more and more incomprehensible test of faith.

Soon after our arrival in Haifa, Mustafa presented himself, and told us he had been employed by Mr. Oliphant in legal affairs. On consulting my neighbours, I found that this statement was true.

Evidently this man, whom Laurence had entrusted with his business, was a king among his Arab fellow-lawyers, and in addition he was a generous, helpful benefactor. But at intervals he drank heavily; seeing, however, that these lapses did not seem to be frequent, so far as we could discover, there was hope for improvement, so we trusted.

A scheme then matured in our minds in answer to our constant prayer that we might be of service in this land where the poor, especially widows and their children, were cruelly dealt with, being robbed, often, by the Turkish Government.

We were led, presently, to make an arrangement with Mustafa, whereby he would become the defender of the poor, when legally cheated, and serve them at our expense.

In addition, when the Turkish Government some time later put Armageddon, in the Plain of Esdraëlon, up for sale at auction, I was guided to seek to hold in my own name this celebrated spot, accepted by experts as the real Armageddon which, so Biblical prophecy foretold, is to be typical of the work I had been given to do, for the triumph of Armageddon insures the final fall of Babylon, the harlot (see Rev. xvi). Hence it seemed a fitting thing, as I had been commanded to devote my life to this work, that Armageddon should stand, if possible, in my name. As the fellaheen themselves had instructed the Government to sell it at auction, and we were asked to buy it, I was not robbing anyone, should I be able to acquire the title to this thousand acres of very fine land.

It seemed a remarkable turn of fate that I should not only come

to this land, as my vision had prophetically foretold, when a strange new environment was flashed before me as I swung in a hammock among the clustering roses of an Indiana garden—not only this vision was now fulfilled, but through circumstances yet stranger I was having conferred upon me the honour of being the proprietor of the one spot on earth historically typifying, in the Holy Bible, the struggle to establish Purity, to which I had been asked to devote my life. For the triumphant end of the battle of Armageddon was ensured when Babylon, the type of harlotry, met its doom.

This offer asking me to buy Armageddon, this coincidence, strengthened my faith, and it is well that the mission I had been asked to undertake was thus emphasized, for all the trust in God I could muster was needed ere the end came.

For no final settlement of Armageddon was ever reached by the Turkish Government, excuse on excuse being offered, until a catastrophe left my life empty, unprotected, and I had to fight the seemingly hopeless battle alone.

So long have been the various trials to which I have been subjected that they have lasted from the last decade of eighteen hundred up to 1927, and during this time I have not advanced, by the fraction of an inch, in finally settling my heavily burdening undertakings—undertakings which, so I had been led to believe, were dictated from Above. Yet, in actuality, my affairs were simple enough, for Armageddon had been bought, paid for, and finally the deeds were in perfect order, being made out correctly in my name and registered in the Government books as my property.

Had I not believed, and continued to believe, without a shadow of doubt, in Christ our Lord, I should have fainted and failed long ago, growing ever more pessimistic and embittered as incomprehensible injustice after injustice helplessly victimized me.

But instead of being tempted to despair, a splendid law has comforted me: Christ revealed to me that, by forgiving those who ill use us, we may raise structure on structure, fitly building His Kingdom; and if He is well served nothing else matters. Next to Love, His most insistent command is to forgive those who injure us, and so instead of destroying we may ever construct. On this foundation, written on every particle in Creation, so my Philosophies contend, namely the law of mediation ordaining that loss may ensure fresh gain—through this law no Christian

who loves his fellow-men need ever despair, for though he lose all things, yet shall he ever gain all treasures, not only for himself but for those who have despoiled him, if, in the end, his enemies become his humbled friends.

Thus *vis-viva* (living force), i.e. the utilization of disintegration in a renewed integration, to use a scientific expression, may conquer wherever union triumphs over disunion, order over disorder.

Because of this Law, the Scheme of God is a magnificent one, ever building anew out of destruction.

How, then, can those of us who believe in Him ever fail, when out of failure Heaven and Earth may be splendidly exalted, a fact most simply set forth by telling us that he who loses his life gains it. This Law may be more elaborately explained through science, as has been hinted.

Who has the right to despair in a Scheme where loss may always ensure gain, so my Philosophies seek to prove.

Thus I discovered that I, hailing from Posey County, Indiana, U.S.A., had come to own, by a turn of the wheel of fate, a large tract in the plain of Armageddon.

But the strange fact remains that up to the present my property might as well have been situated in the moon, so far as any practical benefit to myself, the legal owner thereof, is concerned, although it is the best land in Palestine. This estate stretches away from the foot of protecting mountains, a rich, smooth soil, where scarcely a stone is to be found and the lands of the village are watered by many ever-running springs, a great boon in a land where not a drop of rain falls for five or six months. Later, when a carriage road was made to Jenin, I passed the land one perfect February day, and a more beautiful, interesting, practically useful property I have never seen. Yet during the many years I have owned this large and fertile tract, bought from the Turks, it has profited me nothing and cost me a great deal. The unseen hand of an utterly bad Government has robbed this extensive estate of all value. "There is no better land in the whole of the United States," so a relative of mine, an American landowner touring in Palestine, declared when he saw it; "it is a splendid property." When I first owned it, it was in an out-of-the-way place, but later, when the Hedjaz Railway was built, it was near Afoulè, the second station out of Haifa, and so soon as

the projected railway to Nablous should be constructed, it would lie in the angle of the two roads.[1] The land was then easy of access, and hence possessed every physical attribute a property can have. As we rode along, the beauty and the historical interest of the scene possessed me. Nazareth, Samaria, the hills of Galilee, Mount Tabor, the Mount of Transfiguration, and Mount Carmel are all visible from Armageddon.

A brooding peace rested on the Plain of Esdraëlon, which has known in the past such fierce conflicts. Exquisitely shaded tints veiled the surrounding mountains, the strange glamour of the Oriental atmosphere gathering the varied scene into a magnificent unity. The delight of it was so great I was almost forced to cry aloud, "How mighty is God when even His poor earth seems so heavenly," and yet this loveliness was then cursed by a hand of death, for everywhere the Turkish Government paralysed industry by its tyrannous laws, founded neither on common sense nor on justice.

This splendid expanse has been made as useless as it could be made, not by the wars which formerly raged here, but by an unseen thing called "The Law." All the long carnage which has soaked this soil with blood has not been so destructive as are the grim and silent spectres of Turkish tyranny and of Turkish inefficiency.

Did true Christians own this splendid Plain, a miracle would be wrought; a spirit of fruitfulness, of industry, of resourcefulness, would move the stagnant air with energetic wings, and in ten years it would pulse with life, where now there is only silence and solitude. But true Christians are rare.

Had not experience taught me, through long and poverty-stricken years, that an unseen hand can pluck the bread from one's lips, that invisible chains can bind and torment helpless sufferers, I should not have believed it—I should have said, "A splendid property remains a splendid property, and it does not matter whether it is cultivated under Christ or under Mohammed." I have found out my mistake through the ownership of Armageddon.

I have discovered that endless exasperations, futile efforts, hopeless confusion, unchecked trickery, unreproved treachery, useless legal expense, may torment and rob a victim to the point of reducing him or her to want, simply because Mohammed and

[1] This railway is now built.

not Christ was still the Master of the Turkish Dominions; and what is true of Turkey is doubtless true of other lands, where He is not acknowledged as King. Let, then, those who seek to destroy His Law and Order take heed, for they know not what they do.

Christians are not what they ought to be; it is sadly true that we fall far below His ideals, more shame to us; but with all our shortcomings it is only we, the Christian Governments, who are fitted to be masters of the world, and where we do not reign there is chaos.

Heathendom stupidly ignores all the resources Christendom has learnt to utilize. It behoves us, then, to take our true place and to govern the earth, for, if we fail to do so, the heathen peoples of this globe will be to us a continual torment. Mercifully mastered, they will follow in a submissive usefulness; unmastered, their destructiveness will move as a giant, although their constructiveness is only as a pigmy. They can kill, but they cannot create; let us see to it, then, that we, who are learning to build rather than to destroy, shall not shirk our responsibilities as the monarchs of this world. I may speak as one having authority through a long and bitter experience, so far as the Turkish Dominions are concerned, and to my amazement, when Great Britain succeeded Turkey, I was not one whit better off, because so few Government officials ask Christ for His advice and strictly obey His commands.

My faith has been strained sometimes to the breaking point during these long years. For in the teeth of every discouragement, and in spite of an almost incessant opposition, often inclining to ridicule, I have had to persevere, because a small Voice, heard by no one but myself, told me to do so.

Yet every Christian knows that His followers are asked at times to obey blindly, no matter what it costs, and that deep down there is a conviction, "I must follow this road where He bids me walk, though all men oppose me and it leads me, incomprehensibly, at last only into an abyss."

The perseverance which persists only where there is success is not faith, but only the worldly instinct which works for gain. For the faith which opens the gates of Heaven must arise, refreshed, to press forward anew, when a black darkness hides every inch of the way, save the one immediate step to be taken.

No human creature, who is weakly discouraged, easily depressed, erratically emotional, unsteady in aim, and constantly seeking rewards, will reach God's Paradise; for a resolution which cannot be broken by any fate whatsoever is required to endow one with the strength needed to walk from earth to Heaven.

This lesson I learnt through my ownership of Armageddon, as I have not been taught it through any other experience; and, in addition, Satan has discovered that where Christ is loved, he cannot succeed, though every advantage is conceded to him, the evil one, and on the other side stands only a faith unrepaid. The full story of this testing experience will follow in due course.

But, for the moment, we are only at the beginning of the Story of Armageddon. Murray and I were still together, helping each other, and the one discordant element in our home was Mustafa.

We were led to continue to work for this man to the utmost, for the purpose of making him, as I have said, a fit lawyer for the oppressed poor of Syria, some of whom suffer every indignity helplessly. He was at that time remarkably clever. He knew the law of the land well, he had great power with the Government, and he was what is known as good-hearted: namely, he had generous instincts and was not a hard skinflint of a man. He helped those in distress, and he was capable of affection. He was the person we needed to do a pressing humanitarian work, as well as our own legal business.

He was not a well-groomed man at any time, and when he was drunk he was a disgusting object, spreading what is for me the hardest physical discomfort, a most offensive smell. I love clean air, and I could scarcely endure his presence.

Yet we were told to let him come in when he would, drunk or sober, and Murray often rose at four in the morning and went to Mustafa's home in the Arab town in order to be with him when he woke and keep him from drink. It was a strange sight to see my tall, graceful, handsome husband walking about with this Arab, disgusting when he was drunk.

But could we redeem him, he would be able to do a work for the oppressed of the land which we could not do. So it remained our intention to pay him a salary, squeezed as best we could out of our income, and to employ him as a lawyer wherever the down-trodden, unable to defend themselves, needed help. But we laboured on, month after month, without making, so far as we

could see, much progress, and yet God said, "Persevere," although Mustafa had now become addicted to that fatal drink, absinthe.

Once only during the long years of this trial did I fail to do something which I knew I ought to do; and, through His help, my lapse from duty lasted only three minutes.

We had had Mustafa in the house in one of his worst lapses, during three days and nights, raving like a dangerous madman. He had to be incessantly watched by one or the other of us, and he so befouled the house with his filth, vomiting everywhere, that my English servants threatened to leave me, saying they could not endure it.

At the end of the third day of this delirium, Murray had gone out for a few moments on some errand, and I was alone with Mustafa. Suddenly my strength gave way, and I felt I must lie down. I knew I ought not to do so, that Mustafa would get away with the craving for drink still devouring him, and that I must be on the alert every moment. But I threw myself on a couch, knowing I was doing wrong, and lay there for three minutes. I rose just in time to catch him at the front door and to force him, mainly by strength of will, to return. With the exception of this lapse, I have neglected nothing in all these years that my conscience told me that I ought to do in connection with this battle between good and evil. Yet at the end of this long period there is no tangible result, nothing the world would recognize as a work accomplished. Victories have been won in the sight of God, so I believe, but so hidden are they that scarcely a human being gives me the credit of them; on the contrary, I have been ridiculed and sometimes bitterly attacked throughout my work. Yet I am told to persevere in this seemingly useless task, and it has taken so much resolution to obey, that I am persuaded by this experience alone that there is a God, for my frail human strength unaided would have failed me in the first three months of my trial. "Why," the self-preserving voice of reason would have said to me, "why should you destroy the peace of your blessed home for the sake of a filthy Arab, especially when you see so little result? Why?" This question I was not able to answer, nor have I been able to answer it during many long years, as the changing phases of this task, always difficult and seemingly fruitless for the most part, have piled up their burdens. But though I could not answer this *Why?* which, at times, seemed to

grow colossal, I knew that God was answering for me, "Because I command it."

At times a lurid chaos flashes before me which seems to be physical, a vision which appears to indicate that there will be some material, outward strife, some terrible Armageddon; this may well be so, for an outward sign may profitably precede, as a warning, an inward, a spiritual struggle.[1]

But the real Battle of Armageddon, so I was led to perceive more and more clearly, is a moral battle, and the context plainly indicates that it is a sex battle, for when victory is won, Babylon, the Mother of Harlots, falls. I have been made the owner of Armageddon, then, because of the task given me in the beginning of my mission. I was told to undertake the most difficult work in the world, to cleanse, so far as my feeble strength permitted it, sex-filth; and the harassing ownership of Armageddon is the outward sign of my inner, my hidden responsibility; a responsibility borne quite alone, in the end.

I must believe that the mighty prayers I have sent out during these years, over the world, often and often, from the heights of the sacred mountain where I now write—Carmel—these prayers are answered wherever souls are ready to receive them. If Marconigrams can be carried, wireless, across space, surely the vibrations of an intense beseeching may travel until they also find answering receivers, namely the men and women who desire a holy matehood.

Have I sometimes been given an actual response, coming under my own observation? Yes. There was no flare of trumpets, no pageantry, no recognized triumph, but I have seen coarse faces grow innocent, even among the Arabs, when I have prayed God to teach these sinners, who were so well acquainted with sin, to forget it all, and to become as little children, believing only in pure goodness.

And this book that I am writing! Am I not sending it out with all the passion of my soul behind it, beseeching that wherever it is read, men and women will remember how exquisite is cleanliness of life and how unprofitable is filth, and thus sent, will it not do its work?

What do I ask? Only this, that sex-love shall ever be a prayerful

[1] Since these lines were written General Allenby's conquering army has swept through Syria, and an actual battle has taken place in the air, in this vicinity.

love. That no lover's kiss shall be given, anywhere, until God is remembered. That no mated ones shall sink into a loosely inert sloth, when, with keenest energy, they ought to rise to Spirit heights in order to create under God's surveillance. I only desire that self-control, obedience, concentration of purpose, shall replace a loosely governed lust.

Yet simple as is this wish, were it granted the world would be saved, for a new race of children would be born, repudiating filth, greed, treachery, and bloody war.

DALIEH-EL-CARMEL

When the summer heat began Murray and I went up to Dalieh on Mount Carmel, and there we had two or three weeks of delightful respite from the cares imposed on us by Mustafa.

But our ease was short-lived, for what was supposed to be cholera broke out in St Jean d'Acre, people falling dead in the streets. It turned out to be very bad drainage in the end, but the scare sent about a dozen Arabs to us for refuge, among them being the family of Mustafa.

He and his wife slept in a room below our bedrooms, and more and more frequently we were called on, in the night as well as by day, to protect the poor woman from his drunken violence.

One afternoon, when Murray had been obliged to go down to Haifa on business, I was resting in my room after a disturbed night, when Mustafa had been unusually brutal.

Suddenly Lisa, our English servant, appeared in my room with distended eyes, and said that Mustafa had piled a lot of straw mattresses the Arabs had brought with them, in one of the downstairs rooms, had drenched them with paraffin, and was setting fire to them to burn down the house. I hurried downstairs and found Mustafa alone in the room, he having chased everyone out. The affrighted Arab men and women and a number of Druse men were looking in at the windows, afraid to tackle Mustafa, who was drunk and raving like a madman. He was a powerful brute of a man, very muscularly built, and, except for the bloating effects of his drink, would have had a fine physique.

As I arrived, he was just striking a match to set fire to the paraffined beds, piled one on the other higher than his head. There was not a moment to lose, so I rushed into the room and confronted him.

"Give me those matches, this instant," I commanded, fixing his roving red eyes with mine. For a moment he seemed on the point of yielding, and then with an oath he turned his back, shouting:

"No woman shall master me. I'd better have been born dead than to be the slave of a woman." I felt that all his Oriental

prejudices entered into his words; in his eyes I belonged to an inferior grade, womankind.

I quickly confronted him again and repeated my words.

"Mustafa, give me those matches, this instant."

His eyes began to waver before mine, his head sank on his breast, and slowly, reluctantly, he handed me the box of matches. Then he dropped into a corner with a shivering moan, looking like a cowed animal.

"If he attempts any more violence, come for me at once," I said to Herbert and Lisa, "and keep someone constantly on guard."

As I passed out through the crowd of Druse men, they looked at me in amazement; for it was the first time, probably, that they had seen how much stronger is the Spirit than the body. They did not understand how a man who could have felled me with a blow, as Mustafa was immensely stronger than I was, could be coerced through an unseen Power.

When Mustafa was sober, he said to me ruefully:

" I wish I had been killed when I was born, rather than to suffer this humiliation which has come on me. To be conquered by a woman is disgraceful."

"You have not been conquered by a woman," I said, "but by God Almighty. I asked Him to help me and He heard my prayer. I could have done nothing in my own strength."

As I saw more of Mustafa, I understood why our Lord has told us to try and save him. For a number of weeks after the above incident he was quite sober. The mountain air clarified his brain, and the exercise I insisted on his taking reduced his flesh. I realized that he had, in his way, a potent personality, and that he possessed that rare gift, eloquence. When he talked, the Arabs and Druses drew round him to listen, and he could keep them spellbound for an hour or two. Such a personality, set straight, could do a great deal of good in a sphere, the lawyer's work, where he was master among his weaker rivals. Without doubt he could, if he would, defend many a helpless victim, saving them from the tyrannous grip of the Turkish Government, especially many defrauded widows and orphans shamefully robbed in Turkey.

The strain of looking after this large family, and of keeping the peace among these Arabs with their dirty, irregular ways, and

between them and my clean English servants told on me; and one morning I awoke overtaken at last by the paralysis I had long dreaded. I could feel nothing from the waist down, and could not move my limbs; they were like stone.

Murray had gone to Haifa to buy provisions for our large family and it was not time for Lisa to bring my bath-water, so I struggled alone with the death-in-life which had seized me, there being no one within call. I sent a cry to my Lord, strong enough, so it seemed to me, to circle the globe. I could not lie here paralysed and burden my dear Murray with a helpless invalid. I must rise and look after my chaotic household, which came to grief the moment my surveillance was withdrawn. God did not create me in order to chain me thus—my whole soul knew that He had the power to heal me, and so I clung to Him with every fibre of my being and would not permit the thought to enter my mind, even for an instant, that He would refuse to help me. My Bible lay on the table beside me, and in that book Jesus Christ had said He would heal those who asked Him. He does not lie; He does not hold out false promises; He means what He says, and He has the power to do the things He binds Himself to do, if we fulfil our part. I felt assured that He understood, scientifically understood, every element which goes to make up life, every subtlest vibration which animates it; and, therefore, He could perfectly manipulate all creative forces.

I had perceived when I had seen Him on the Altar during the Communion Service, how stupendous was His brain power, my own poor little intelligence almost reeling when His mental grasp was dimly revealed to me; and so I felt assured that He could re-create anything that the Creator had created; because, like the Creator, He our King understands how it is fashioned. All the resources of this earth are known to Him, every usable combination He has mastered, in order that He may do the Work God has asked him to accomplish. The lack was in me not in Him; He, the divine Scientist, would and could heal me if I asked Him, with a faith permitting no shadow of doubt.

And He did answer me, almost at once. I felt a slight warmth descending into my legs, and it increased, moment by moment, until I could move, slightly, one foot. Again I prayed, storming the gates of Heaven, and the influx of life increased until I could put both feet out of bed. As I tried to stand, I staggered and fell back. Again I cried to my Lord and raised myself. I took one

tottering step and then another, ever imploring, until I got across the room. There I leant, utterly exhausted, against the wall; but only for a moment, for my Lord was waiting to hear me, I knew. So I pled with Him again, until, step by step, I got back to my bed. I continued to pray, incessantly, until an hour later, when Lisa came.

I was then able to rise and with many halts to dress, and as the day wore on my limbs grew ever more serviceable. At the end of three days I had recovered my normal condition. Two weeks later I had another stroke, and again Jesus Christ healed me. From that day to this, more than thirty-five years, I have not been paralysed, although the Lord never quite takes away the weakness in my back, affecting me at each hand's turn, for whenever I use my right hand and arm I feel pain, and when I use them too much a warning numbness. He could heal me completely, were it best, but I am thus reminded, in almost every moment of the day, that without Him I can do nothing. So it is well that I am not wholly cured, and I thank Him for the weakness which keeps me closer to Him. At the same time I am ever praying to be so united to Him that I shall not need this urgence, and hence He may profitably heal me, leaving no trace of the accidents which have crippled me so many long years.

I once asked Him whether it was my duty to pray to be healed completely, and I was turned to Malachi i, where I read these words: "And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts." . . . "Ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye brought an offering: should I accept this of your hand, saith the Lord."

I understood from this guidance that He desires to deliver us completely from evil the moment that our self-sufficiency dies, and we give Him the whole of the glory. May that hour come soon. Therefore, I ever reject weakness and affirm His Power.

A few nights after I had recovered from the second stroke of paralysis Murray was by my bed with my hand in his. I had retired early as I was very tired, and he was sitting beside me until I felt that I could go to sleep. We had just said the Lord's Prayer, and he was kissing me good-night, when a strange thing happened. There was no light in the room and no moon. Outside a com-

plete darkness reigned, and the household was in bed and asleep, no one stirring, for it was now late.

Suddenly my breast was illumined with a phosphorescent light.

"Do you see that, Rosamond?" said Murray in a startled voice.

"Yes," I said, "and I see a gigantic hand holding out to me a Lily of the Annunciation. What does it mean?"

As the light faded, Murray knelt by the bed and we prayed together with clasped hands.

When he had gone to his room, I pondered long over this strange experience which I could not understand.

The Arabs left, and we heard a few days after that it was necessary to send Mustafa to Beyrouth on business connected with Armageddon and other matters.

Murray decided to go down to Haifa and to remain in Mustafa's house, watching over him during the week or two before his departure, as he had documents to prepare to present to the Serail (Government) at Beyrouth; and we could never trust him when any business was to be done. Also Murray wished to ensure that the improvement taking place in him at Dalieh—for he was like a new man, gifted with a remarkable capacity, during the latter part of his stay—this improvement should be maintained. So, for both considerations, he decided to go down to Haifa.

Two or three weeks passed before Mustafa got the papers in order, and Murray was detained in the dirty Arab quarter during a prolonged sirocco, often following Mustafa around the ill-smelling town, which was like an oven, to keep him away from the drinking shops, imported, alas, by European settlers.

Murray had little sleep at night, I was told afterwards, as the craving for drink had again possessed Mustafa, and he had to be constantly watched. So the days wore on, and each afternoon a messenger brought me a cheerful letter from Murray, although, in truth, he was labouring under an attack of Syrian fever, so I was told later; and, in spite of it, dragged himself about the malodorous and intensely hot streets to watch over Mustafa, who was ever restlessly wandering about.

Finally Mustafa managed to get hold of some arrack (native whisky) and absinthe, through one of his sons, and one morning, rousing himself from a short sleep, Murray found him dead drunk.

He wrote me, without telling me how much he was suffering

from fever, that he thought he ought, himself, to go to Beyrouth, as it was useless to send Mustafa.

The next I heard, Murray had left for Beyrouth, taking with him as interpreter an English-speaking Arab, formerly in Laurence's employ. The Arab servant told me on his return that the heat was almost unbearable, and Murray, with the fever upon him, was obliged to be out in it the greater part of the day. His room at night was like an oven.

An ever-growing anxiety drove me from room to room during these days of waiting. I could not settle anywhere, and again and again our last evening together came before me. So beautiful was it that it scarcely seemed to belong to this world of care, and the consummation of happiness we had had in these last hours which we had spent together seemed to tell me that the end was near.

We had passed the evening on the veranda. The wonderful Oriental moon rode in the starlit heavens, illumining the vivid flowers and luxuriantly climbing vines, the pomegranates, and orange and fig trees, with a magical light almost as bright as day and more mystically subtle in its traceries than sunlight. My husband lay stretched in a hammock, looking up to the moon, and my beauty-loving eyes dwelt with great pleasure on his face, every line of which meant to me goodness, sweetness, purity.

Seeing that I liked him to be well dressed, he now took pains with his clothes, and as we lived in the Orient he gave his artistic fancy a little rein. He was clad in a well-cut suit of white flannels, a white silk shirt, with a pretty cravat knotted under the turned-down collar, revealing his firm column of a throat. Around his waist was an embroidered scarf, and on his feet some scarlet native slippers; the white costume with its touches of colour suited him admirably, and at the same time, as he said, it was most comfortable.

"Ah, how I enjoy this free and simple life," he was saying. "No dress-suits with stiff shirt fronts, no late dinners, no tobacco and wine-laden air, no tiresome form and ceremony; and, above all, none of the remorse I suffered when at home, because I was too luxuriously catered for, while our workmen had almost no pleasures, save the coarse ones they snatched. Now I am free from it all," and he stretched his arms above his head with the gesture of a man relieved from bondage.

So we went on talking of many things, and at last a long, full silence fell between us.

As I leaned back in my easy chair I realized that I was achingly tired, exhausted by the long summer of constant care. I glanced at my husband, and the contrast between us struck me as it had never done before. He lay with his head pillowed on his arms, his thick black hair was swept back from his fine brow, his uplifted luminous eyes were beautiful, the warm, white skin, the fine features, the strong bared throat, illumined by the radiant light of the southern moon, seemed of an almost unearthly beauty.

I thought of my own poor little frame, aching with fatigue, and I cried to him:

"Murray, why did you marry an old woman like me? There must be days when you regret that you have bound yourself to a poor creature, who can scarcely breathe sometimes from sheer weakness."

Murray sprang from his hammock and knelt beside me, clasping his hands across my knees. The moonlight illumined his uplifted face, and it looked like the face of an angel; I have never seen any other human being look as did Murray at that instant, the memory of it has remained with me from that day to this, for the aspiration of his spotless life was written there, not in feeble lines, but in all the virile strength of his young manhood, virginal, because so passionately pure.

He kissed my brow, my eyes, my hands, again and again, and every kiss seemed to sanctify me anew.

"Rosamond," he said at last, "I never hoped, I never believed in all my lonely young life that it was possible for me to be as happy as I am now. Search my soul and you will see that I speak the truth." His eyes gazed into mine, and in them I read what he wished me to see, a blessed contentment so deep that I could not fathom it.

We sat side by side with clasped hands for a long time, with God's peace brooding over us, too deeply blessed to speak. Then he rose, and sweeping me up in his strong arms he carried me upstairs to my bed.

When he kissed me good-night and good-bye, he said, "I shall be gone in the morning before you are up. You may expect a letter from me every day until I return."

In the morning, when I heard the horses before the house, I rose in time to see Murray and the servant making their way down

the bridle-path. Turning, he saw me, and whirling his hat around his head he shouted a joyous good-bye, adding, "I shall soon be back."

The hot blast of a sirocco swept into the room as I leaned out of the window, and a fear seized me, for I knew how ill it suited Murray's Scotch blood. I watched him as long as I could see him; and, at the last turning, he again bared his head, and his powerfully vibrating voice carried back the words, "God bless you." As he turned to send me this last greeting, he was the embodiment of splendid young manhood, his alert and graceful poise in the saddle seeming to emphasize afresh the last words he had spoken to me when he bade me good-night:

"Through you, Rosamond, all the future lies fair before me."

The brow of the hill then hid my husband from view, and I never saw him again.

In the days which followed I wandered restlessly from one hot room to another, filled with a vague foreboding. But Murray's daily letters were full of cheery courage, concealing from me that he was ill with fever and tramping the filthy streets of the furnace-like town, in order to do his full duty by Mustafa. I think, had I known, I could have walked to Haifa in order to drag him back to the mountain, scorched with sirocco heat it is true, but a heat which was clean and pure.

He then sent me word he was going to Beyrouth, and my prayers followed him day and night. Presently he wrote that he was returning, fixing the date. I watched all the afternoon on the day I expected him, running many times to a vantage point where I could get the first glimpse of him as he made his way up the mountain. The day before his expected arrival I had been urged to pray almost without ceasing, as for one in danger, and when the night came and there was no news of him I grew so anxious that I could quiet myself only by holding fast to my Lord with every breath. Had he arrived safely, I knew he would have sent a messenger if he could not come himself.

The next day I waited until the middle of the afternoon without news, and then Lisa came to my room with a scared, white face and told me Alias, the servant who had accompanied Murray, wished to see me downstairs.

When I reached the veranda he mutely handed me a letter from Murray. It was written on the boat, and his usually good

and characteristic writing was indistinctly blurred, showing traces of excitement.

I read the letter, which said: "God has asked me to give my life, and I have sacrificed it for His humanity's sake."

I turned in bewilderment to Alias, and then he told me the whole terrible story.

"I saw that the master had fever, when we went on board the steamer to return to Haifa. He stretched himself in a chair on deck and asked me not to leave him. He could not, however, sit still long but walked the deck, talking sometimes to himself, sometimes to me. As the night grew cooler he seemed to grow quieter, so I went downstairs for some supper, he refusing all food."

Alias hung his head and continued in a low voice:

"I went to sleep after supper, and when I returned to the deck, not long before we reached Haifa, I found the master's clothes lying in a pile, but could not find him. I gave the alarm and the boat was searched in every part, but it was no use. He had jumped overboard and was drowned."

I looked in stunned horror at Alias, and then turned and went to my room. I must be alone to think. Precious hours had passed and no search had been made for him. He was an expert swimmer, and the distance to land on approaching Haifa was not great. Was he wandering, naked and crazed with fever, on land? Where was he; oh, where was he? I rushed downstairs, ordered Alias to go to the village and bring four strong men to carry me down to Haifa on a stretcher. I sent Herbert on horseback down the mountain to begin the arrangements for a search party, and to order a carriage to meet me at Ain-Haut, the village on the plain which a carriage could reach. I had a donkey saddled for Lisa, and, locking up the house, which I have not seen from that hour to this, we began our journey down the mountain, the most terrible journey I have ever experienced.

The air was like a furnace, the fierce sun beat down on my unprotected head, the dust, after six rainless months, rose under the feet of my carriers, stifling me, and these Druse carriers, seeing that the master was gone and I unprotected, behaved like demons. Again and again they tried to throw me from the stretcher over the steep places we passed, and they dragged the canvas bed near the ground, whenever there were rough rocks on the way, which struck my back with stunning

force. They thrust their faces into mine, shrieking over and over again the same phrase. Evidently they were possessed by some devilish influence, for I had always known them, formerly, as quiet, courteous men. Alias was lagging behind in terror, so I called him and asked what they were saying, and he finally told me that they were cursing Murray, and saying that they hoped every dog of a Christian would be drowned, as he had been. As we came in sight of the sea, they gave a fiendish yell of triumph.

As the afternoon wore away, I was terrified to see a new expression on their faces. Lust was added to hate. Lisa was a pretty young woman with a pink and white English complexion, much admired by the natives. The two carriers who were resting, in alternation, were pressing close to her side, and she called out to me in terror. I signed to the men to lower the stretcher, and bade her ride in front of me so I could watch over her.

We resumed our journey; and prostrate on my stretcher, using all my strength to cling to its sides so that I should not be hurled out of it, racked by the sharp rocks striking my weak spine, blinded and dazed by the heat of the blazing sun, stifled by the dust, deafened by the harsh screams of my carriers, shouted with their hateful, lustful faces pressed close to mine, I had a foretaste of hell. These were the sights and the sounds of the infernal regions. My heart was breaking and my body seemed unable longer to bear the strain.

But I could not give way, I must reach Haifa and institute a search for Murray, and I must protect poor, sobbing Lisa from these devil-obsessed men growing each moment more fiercely lawless. We were far away from any help on this lonely mountain path, and I must keep my senses.

Who could have dreamt, when Murray and I sat on the veranda in the moonlight on that last blessed night, in a heaven of peace, that I should be thus tortured, almost beyond endurance, in a few short days. The master was gone, his protecting care was withdrawn, his tenderly strong arms no longer upheld me, and so these rough men believed they could torture me with impunity. I had lived in so sheltered a sphere of love during these last years that the change seemed more than I could bear, my brain was reeling, my will failing, my body broken as on a rack of torture.

Then an intuition came to me; I repeated, without ceasing, the first words of the Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son our

Lord. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord."

Again and again I went over the words, and I felt that they saved my reason and cowed my obsessed tormentors.

The faith of the souls who have repeated this sacred Creed seemed to inspire me. All the majesty and dignity of the Church of Christ over-arched me with a protecting Power. The saints who have believed, have ever continued to believe, during long centuries, seemed to form a cordon around me, through which no persecutors could break. Thus shielded from harm, I looked at my Druse carriers with a compelling gaze, not because I was a strong-willed woman, but because I was a Christian, inheriting all that Christianity confers. These heathens were in error, and I knew the truth; hence I was the master and they were my servitors.

I signed to them to set me down, and adjusted my disordered clothing, gathered up my streaming hair, and wiped my begrimed face, scorched with the heat; then I looked at them, one by one, and bade them in a tone of command to hurry on to the sea in the few words of Arabic I knew.

They obediently took up my stretcher and we journeyed on in silence, until I saw Herbert coming to meet us. How glad I was to see a sturdy Englishman!

The Druses, their native courtesy restored and now humbly apologetic, returned to Dalieh, and I lay on the ground under a tree waiting for the carriage which was long in coming. In that one evening spent in a fever-ridden plain, I caught a low malarial fever, which returns even to this day. I was susceptible, probably because I was so utterly exhausted.

We reached Haifa about two o'clock at night. The closed house was stifling, but throwing myself on a dusty bed I slept soundly for an hour or two out of sheer fatigue, in spite of the burning heat.

When I went downstairs at an early hour, I found that Herbert had been to the market and Lisa had put the dining-room in order, the table being neatly set and a nice breakfast prepared. It gave me a sense of comfort, in my desolation, to feel that my faithful servants were looking after my physical well-being, and I was very grateful to them.

I immediately organized the search-party, sending one set of men in boats, another along the beach, and another farther

inland, to scour the country almost as far as Beyrouth. As soon as the news spread that I had come to Haifa a crowd of our Arab acquaintances called, and began their lamentations, howling and gesticulating in a way which nearly drove me mad.

I was trying to get a bed ready in a lower room, to put the house in order, and to make all the preparations necessary to revive Murray in case he was brought home in an exhausted condition. Several times during the day people darted in crying that his body had been found. Visitors came and went constantly, and I struggled on between the visits to have everything in readiness. Finally a Lutheran pastor visiting the German colony (but happily not one of its members) came in, and detained me an hour. In vain I begged him to excuse me as I had much to do. He sat there stolidly, and went on in a loud, rasping voice, repeating:

"You are a spiritualist, you hold séances in your home, and your husband is drowned as a punishment. You are the cause of his death."

"I assure you," I said, "we have never held a séance in our home. Not that I believe God would so punish me for such a reason, but as a matter of fact the reason does not exist, we never had spiritualistic circles."

"Everyone says you have held séances," he asserted over and over, "and everybody must be right."

When he had gone on in a high-pitched, nasal voice for nearly an hour, going over and over the same ground, it seemed to me I must go into a fit of mad screaming or lose my reason. Every sense was on the alert to hear whether they were bringing my husband, and there was still much to do, but, short of having the pastor carried bodily from the house, I could not make him go. This good man was torturing me more cruelly even than the Druses had done, and again I was tempted to ask myself the old question: "Is this all their religion is worth? Of what use are their long, formal prayers when, in the end, these people are capable of unjustly accusing, and cruelly tormenting, a broken-hearted woman?"

At last he rose to go, with the words, "I hope I have taught you a lesson, and that you will never again be guilty of your wicked offence and hold another séance."

It was useless to repeat that I had not held a séance for years, so I let him go in silence. But when, at last, he had closed the

door, I cried to my Lord that I must have help. The fever was mounting to my head, my spine was racked with pain from the blows of the previous day, and every nerve was strained beyond endurance by this last experience. In my deep distress I turned, almost involuntarily, to seek the protection of Murray's loving arms, and, with a cry of anguish, I remembered that he was no longer with me.

But my Lord gave me strength to finish the last preparations, and when the house was in order and all was in readiness, I went to my room, telling Lisa I could see no more visitors unless they came with news of Murray.

I had just locked my door when Lisa knocked.

"A Sheikh is downstairs, and he is the last person who was with the master on the deck. Will you see him?" she said.

I went downstairs and found a venerable old man. His interpreter repeated to me the following account:

"I was on the deck very late," said the Sheikh, "for it was very hot down below and I could not sleep.

"I noticed your husband many times, for he was walking up and down very quickly all the night, and I thought he must soon be very tired. But he went on and on, sometimes clasping his hands and lifting them up as though he were praying to Allah. I could not speak to him, for I know no English, but I wished to do so, for although he had the form of a man he had the face of an angel. I have never seen any human face so beautiful as his."

The tears came to the kind eyes of the old man, and he raised his hands above my head in a benediction, calling me, so the interpreter told me afterwards, by a sacred name, which is rarely given to a woman, and he doubted whether ever before it had been given by a Mohammedan to a Christian woman.

The Sheikh continued: "Then I went downstairs and left him looking up to heaven as though he saw a vision."

"On what part of the coast were you," I asked in a choking voice, "when last you saw him?"

"We were just rounding the point into the Bay of Haifa, we were almost home. If only I had stayed on deck this dreadful accident might not have happened, for he turned to me once or twice as though he needed help."

"Yes," I said, " he told his servant to stay with him, but he was left alone, with no soul near to protect him."

A spasm of pain went through me as I remembered how I had

cared for him in his slight indispositions, letting no harm come near him if I could prevent it; and in his terrible hour of need I had not been permitted to help him, my tender love was of no avail.

But I would not let the thought enter, for the Voice ever orders me not to allow even a shade of self-pity to possess my soul or a complaint to pass my lips.

"If you believe in Jesus Christ," said the Voice to me many times during these days, "you must know that He was there, and His protection is infinitely more valuable than yours."

I thanked the kind Sheikh for his visit, and when he had gone I returned to my own room.

There I threw myself on my knees, offering the deepest prayer I knew how to utter, for my life seemed to be falling in ruins, and with my knowledge of Jesus Christ I knew that it would be a dire sin for me to give way to despair. I had seen Him on the Altar of the Church of the Transfiguration, and, therefore, I must believe and hope always.

While I knelt I heard the startling words: "Your mate still lives."

As I had Murray and only Murray in my mind, I thought but of him. He lived, the Voice said: and if this was true I must search for him everywhere.

In the next few days I sent telegrams to all the important ports where sailing vessels traded, as some of my visitors suggested that he might have been picked up by one of these boats. As Murray was easily described, his height alone serving to identify him, seeing that he was six feet four inches, it would not be difficult to trace him, if he had been landed somewhere.

I continued to send fresh recruits to the search party, and left my doors open at night so that he could find his way into the house, if he should wander back, out of his mind.

Every belated carriage passing along the silent Colony streets at night seemed to ride over my bared nerves; every sound of prowling dogs or jackals sounded like his voice calling for help; even the twigs rapping against my window imitated his slender fingers tapping softly to wake me. I did not permit myself to sleep soundly for weeks, but was ever on the alert. Again and again a false alarm was brought saying he was found, and I was once roused in the night by an imaginative Arab, declaring they were bringing him to the door.

Laurence's illness, when he was in the grip of cancer and spasm of the heart, had been a very hard trial, but his sickness and death now seemed almost a blessed experience when compared with this racking uncertainty. Laurence was tenderly cared for to the last; but where was Murray, naked, fever-stricken, moneyless —for he had left his purse with his clothes—where was he wandering?

As the days passed I was ever more deeply perplexed, for I realized more and more clearly that I felt Murray near me, I plainly heard his joyous laugh, I was comforted by his tender love. He seemed to be speaking to me and saying: "Rosamond, I am safe and blessedly happy." Grace also appeared nearer to me than she had ever been, the two seemed to be with me, even as they had been in the flesh, in the happy time we spent together under this roof; but now there was no hindering separation, no bar to keep them apart, as there had been on earth.

"What does it all mean?" I thought, and for the first time in my life I came near to reproaching the Voice for having misled me. I knew, at last, that Murray was in Heaven, for he was near me as a heavenly presence, and yet the Voice had said that he still lived.

Then the words returned to me exactly as they had first been spoken:

"*Your mate still lives.*"

"Do you believe Murray to be your mate?" said the Voice, "deeply as you loved him, do you think that he is the other self destined to be yours from everlasting to everlasting? Do you not think it possible that he may belong to another, and that a being closer even than Murray may have been made, by God, for you?"

I begged the Voice to let me stop thinking for a little while. The way was so long, the detours so incomprehensible, the suggestions so strange, that I longed for the homely, straightforward experiences of my sober-living neighbours.

The telegrams had all been answered, "No such person known." The unsuccessful search party had returned. A cruel letter had been sent me from Scotland, saying that I was the cause of my husband's death. The hot, monotonous days now followed each other, wherein I could make no further effort, for there was nothing more to be done. I knew that Murray had been drowned.

Many had asked me for an explanation of the tragedy and I could only say:

"He had a strong fever, and while it was upon him he was exposed to a burning heat, day after day, in the dirty Arab quarters without much sleep, and with only heavy, greasy food to eat, such as the Arabs provide. It was more than he could bear, and affected his brain. His first thought always, on waking, was 'How can I best serve God this day?' and so his delirium took this familiar form, he believed he must sacrifice his life to save Christ's humanity."

This was the explanation I had given to myself and others.

One evening, as I sat in solitude, ever pondering afresh over his tragical death, a sudden vision was shown to me.

I saw Murray received, as a royal prince, in heaven; crowds gathered to greet him, and he rode in triumph on a white horse. His face was illumined, his bearing regal and yet most meek. Then he dismounted and went into a beautiful celestial home, set in a heavenly garden, where, so I felt, he found a perfect peace.

"Do not think of the dreadful drowning scene," said the Voice, "but remember the reward of those who have given their lives in order to be faithful servants.

"Conceding that it was delirium, and not God's command, which urged him to fling himself overboard as a sacrifice to save others, what had brought on the delirium? Was it not his faithfulness to Mustafa, a filthy, drunken Arab; and his strenuous effort to do his utmost with regard to the business connected with Armageddon, and with helpless victims of Turkish tyranny, who could be successfully defended by a reformed Mustafa, a task given you by God, so you believe.

"Therefore," continued the Voice, "whether he gave his life during the long, hot, feverish days, because he would not neglect what he believed to be his duty; or whether he gave it, in one supreme moment, when he thought, sanely or insanely, that God had ordered it—whatever explanation of the mystery is accepted, Murray died because he refused to remain in Dalieh, his beloved home, at your side; and instead went to Haifa to watch over a filthy drunkard, repellent to every fibre of his refined nature, and remained at his post, no matter what difficulties he encountered.

"He believed that the Battle of Armageddon was to be won, the battle which will dethrone the city of harlots, and he has done all that he could to be a steadfast soldier in that spiritual battle. His zeal caused his death, and even though it may seem to cautious ones, a zeal misplaced, yet God easily forgives too great a generosity in sacrifice, and crowns those who have thus erred as Princes in His realm. It is the cautiously self-preserving egoists who enter the next world unheralded. Doubtless a saved Mustafa, a king among Arab lawyers, could protect many helpless victims; so Murray persevered, both because he felt he was fighting a moral battle, hidden, mysterious; but also because he was undertaking a plainly necessary effort for the poor and oppressed."

With the words a balm was poured into my wounded soul. If Murray, and I added, dear Grace, are happy, it does not matter whether I am lonely or not. And again I knew that God had guided me aright, for seeing that this twain were to find each other, very soon in Heaven, it was best for Murray to pass his few short months on earth in the shelter of my home. It would have been too miserable for him, had he wandered about the world in solitude, after his family had discarded him because he was Laurence's faithful friend and mine.

Ah, God does all things well, if only we obey Him, even when we cannot understand the reason of His commands. How could He have told me, from the beginning, that Laurence would die of cancer and Murray be drowned, and hence that I must tenderly care for them until He took them. It was kinder to lead me on, day by day, as He had done, thus giving me all the joy that could be found in the society of these, my dearest friends, Laurence and Murray, who will remain, to all eternity, my nearest of kin. Even though I was meant to live alone for the rest of my life—and it seemed to me that this might well be the case—still, I had been more deeply blessed than most women, and I must not complain. The trial which most disturbed my mind was the strangeness of the thing. My stately mate, for whom I had so long prayed, had remained throughout, as the consummation God reserved for me in this world or the next, and yet I had been led to take the names of two men, in order that I might be able to serve them unhindered. It was an unheard of experience, and I love, not mysterious deflections, but directness of purpose.

As time wore on, however, my mind fitted itself more and more into God's plan. I thought, with an ever-increasing joy,

of Laurence and Alice, and Murray and Grace, relieved of all earthly care, and as for me and my small predilections, they did not matter, and I did not wish my heavenly Guides to pay any attention to them. I was there to serve, so the only useful question to be asked was, "How can I serve best?" and even my unimaginative common sense saw that the days which remained to Laurence and Murray, before they reaped their fruition in Heaven, had been spent more happily, perhaps, in my company, than they could have been spent elsewhere.

A TESTING TRIAL

A FEW weeks after Murray's death Mustafa reeled into my house, drunk. He had come a few days after Murray had been taken from me, had flung himself on his knees before me, and in a passion of grief, which seemed to be genuine, he had begged my forgiveness.

"Had I not been drunk, your husband would not have gone to Beyrouth, and he would be alive now. I am the cause of his death, I have killed the best man on earth," said Mustafa, with the tears running down his cheeks. "If you will forgive me, I solemnly promise never to touch liquor again."

I begged him to be true to his word, and said that it would be a consolation to me to know that Murray's death had saved him.

And now only four short weeks had passed, and he stood before me, leering and lurching idiotically. His clothes were filthy, his face like a coarse mask, his small, bleared eyes almost hidden by bloated flesh. He was an utterly disgusting object, offending every sense, and as he lurched leeringly towards me, I realized that unless I could hold him in check, he might become a danger, in my unprotected condition.

Every drop of blood in my body seemed to revolt, standing still during a breath, and then racing madly on in a terrible reaction.

Yet the Voice said, "Forgive him and serve him," and I crouched in terror, for it seemed to me that I could not obey. My faith almost failed, for if there was a God, how could He permit Murray to be killed for such a creature as this. An angel had been taken and a brute remained, unchanged, unhelped, by the sacrifice. My life had been robbed of its treasure for nothing.

And still the drunkard leered and lurched, grinning senselessly and repeating his expressions of remorse with an insincerity which made them meaningless. It seemed intolerable.

But the stern Voice would not let me give way. "Are you being more offensively treated than was your crucified Lord?" it said. "And if He, the powerful Saviour of all men, could forgive, may not you, seeking feebly to be the saviour of one man, also forgive?"

The Scene of the Crucifixion rose before me, with all its horrors clearly present to my inner vision, and I bent my head in shame. What right had I to be sorry for myself, when my King had taught me how infinitely patient a forgiving Spirit may be. He, million-fold greater than I, had suffered million-fold more; and here was I in angry revolt, ready to doubt the existence of my God.

I hid my face in my hands, and with remorseful tears I said to the Voice, "Forgive me and intercede for me, so that I may have the strength to take up my cross."

Mustafa looked on, but he was too bestially stupid, for the moment, to comprehend anything. So I could only pray for him.

For three long, monotonous years I persevered. The fever sapped my strength, and sometimes I was scarcely able to work on my book, *The Mediators*, which was the one interest my solitary life now held. I could not look beyond the day, for if I did my courage began to fail. So I laboured on, hour by hour, clinging to my Saviour for the present strength which I needed. Mustafa remained sober, at times, for several weeks; at one period he did not drink for two or three months. He was at the house almost every day, and I sacrificed many precious hours. But in the end he always fell; his nature seemed too little genuine to make a sincere effort. He talked, endlessly, and did very little, and this is a character which tries me to the utmost. But I listened and listened yet again to the protestations which had so small a value, until the sound of his voice seemed to sicken me, and the sight of his red tarboosh appearing above a walled street leading to our house turned me cold with dread.

The acme was reached when a deputation was sent to me, saying that his constant presence at the house was creating gossip, exciting comment.

I turned on the man chosen to be speaker with a scathing scorn.

"I have been married to Laurence Oliphant, and to Murray, do you think it likely, then, that Mustafa, a drunken Arab, would appeal to me as a lover?"

"You are right," he said, "it is ridiculous, and I apologize."

"I am trying to save a poor sinner from perdition," I said, "and it is the hardest task I have ever undertaken. This is the whole truth."

"We believe you," said the deputation, and retired.

Mustafa was constantly pretending that he was trying to push forward the business connected with Armageddon, in order to get possession, and as constantly demanding money for his services. When I refused, he said, "Very well, if you will not pay for me to go to Beyrouth, Jenin, etc., it is your own fault if matters remain at a standstill."

Again and again he went to Beyrouth and Jenin on one pretext or another, to get the land out of the grip of the Government or of the fellaheen, or to carry out some formality of the law, known as making the *mafrous*, necessary to unite the scattered portions of land in one piece. He constantly drained me of money on these pretexts, and invariably got drunk and did nothing, no rents being forthcoming, and the land ever remaining unproductive. Between the Turks, the fellaheen, and Mustafa, it was a devil's dance.

There was only a bridle-path to the land in those days (now it is in the angle of two railways) and no English was spoken at Jenin, only Turkish and Arabic, hence I could not reach the place, and had I been able to do so, I should have been like a person quite illiterate, unable to read or write, and deaf and dumb into the bargain, as I could neither understand nor speak Turkish or Arabic, and would have been at the mercy of a group of liars, headed by Mustafa himself, my own agent.

I watched over him constantly, and over and over again started him, sober, on his way, only to see him return, a disgusting brute, with nothing accomplished. When he had been sober for some time I tried afresh, but always with the same result. He was always falling and never resisting temptation, and as time wore on new dangers became more and more evident, dangers to be described presently.

THE DIVIDING LINE

THE long, hot summer, the third I had passed on the plain, was nearing its end. My most frequent visitor, next to Mustafa, during these monotonous months was Frau F., and I was grateful to have an intelligent companion, interested in some of the subjects which filled my mind.

We had many friendly discussions, and I was struck by the fact that her education and mine had been diametrically opposite. Her father thought it best not to laugh, but always to be solemnly in earnest, whereas in my home anything savouring of heaviness of spirit had been reproved. We were taught that we were sinning when we were not gay, cheering those with whom we came in contact, while in her home a jolly mirth had been sternly suppressed.

One day we were discussing whether the severe condemnation of all beauty, taught in those days in the Colony, was right.

"You have some lace on the cover of your divan," I said, "which costs about two piastres the ell. Would you consider it sinful if you put on lace which costs three piastres or four piastres? If you allow any decoration at all, how are you to decide at what point it becomes sinful? Is the line to be drawn between two piastres and three piastres or between three piastres and four piastres the ell? There is, of course, the common-sense limitation which dictates that one must not go beyond one's income; but let us say that the income is ample, and permits decoration, at what point are you going to say, 'God permits this ugly lace or fringe, but He does not approve of this pretty lace or fringe?' Does God like ugly things best? Do His flowers, and His birds, and His butterflies, and His glorious sunsets, suggest that He does? My young and pretty cook has just taken three days to decide between two hats, both about as ugly as they could be, one having a coarse red rose stuck on it, in the wrong place, and the other a yellow one. Is God pleased, because, after spending much time, she has donned a very ugly hat, which becomes her not at all?"

Frau F. looked puzzled.

"Where, then, do you draw the line?" she asked.

"One must, of course, live within one's means, but when this precaution has been observed, there seems to be only one infallible test by which one may decide when sumptuousness becomes a sin."

"I am curious to know what you think this decisive test is," said Frau F., "for in this Temple Colony we have thought all sumptuousness to be sinful."

"It seems to me," I suggested, "that when the rich owner of the lace, gratefully thanking God, uses it solely to give work to the lace-makers and to give pleasure to the onlookers; and, where God clearly commands it, shares it with these neighbours, she, unconscious of self, is behaving righteously, no matter how beautiful and costly the lace may be, which someone has earned a well-paid living by making. When the owner of the lace, thanking God not at all, uses it solely for vanity's sake, she, conscious only of self, is behaving unrighteously, no matter how ugly and cheap the lace may be."

"That is an entirely new point of view to me," said Frau F. "Do you think, then, that a woman may be magnificently dressed in silks and jewels, and still be an unworldly, a religious woman?"

"May I answer your question by asking another?" I said. "Do you think that God can make precious stones, and furnish silk-making materials, and still be God? Does the fact that God spends the greater part of His creative Power in the manufacture of beauty make Him less divine? This is the difference between the Creator and ourselves, is it not? He lavishes all things to bless us, whereas we hoard His gifts instead of yielding them, unreservedly, at His bidding, to others. If we cannot be beautiful without being vain, then it is best for us to dress in unadorned black, always; but we ought to be humbly aware that we must be thus clad, not because we are saints, but because we are sinners.

"It seems to me, then, that the effort to be made by every beautiful woman and handsome man is a simply defined one; not having created themselves, it is their duty to thank the Creator and not to praise self, for when self is foolishly praised the greater part of the charm is lost."

"I must think it over," said Frau F., "but I warn you, I shall be hard to convert, for with my mother's milk I drank in a fear of everything that the world considers gay and calls beautiful. Whenever I am tempted to be jolly, which is not often, I always feel that I am not being religious."

HOME-COMING

My relatives in America had long been begging me to come home, at any rate for a visit, and I felt when I had spent three long years in Haifa, after Murray's death, that God permitted me to go for a time.

I took Lisa with me and left Herbert in charge, as she seemed in need of a change, and he was quite willing to be left at Haifa until our return.

I journeyed to New Harmony, U.S.A., reaching there one evening when all the gay little town—such a contrast to the almost sadly solemn Colony I had left—was on its way to the theatre, where an exceptionally good company was playing. I did not wish to keep Julian and his family at home, so I went with them, and my heart was cheered by the greetings from every part of the house.

"Welcome, welcome, Miss Rose," sounded from all sides, and I realized that after all my wanderings, I had come back to find the love of my old friends undiminished by my absence.

My dear brother Julian, seeing that I was very tired, sustained me with his strong arm in the old familiar way; and my heart overflowed with gratitude, to find that I was not quite alone in the world, as I had sometimes seemed to be.

The baby was in bed when I reached the village, but the next morning I saw Grace's child, a little blonde beauty, who had been named after her mother, and a most strenuous and clever little person she turned out to be.

ABDUL HAMID'S NECKLACE

A WEEK or two before I left New Harmony, I was surprised to receive a letter from Marseilles saying that a young Arab I had known, whose father had rendered me some kind services in Haifa, was on his way to visit me, uninvited, in America. This penniless Arab boy proved to be a considerable charge, especially as I had very little money with which to keep him, and had he not started until he had asked me if I could receive him I should have told him not to come. But he followed his letter in a day or two, without a penny in his pocket, and I was detained in New York for several months, doing my own work in a little flat, while trying to find him a place, a difficult matter, seeing that he spoke no English. I also tried to help some other Syrians with whom I came in contact through this young man.

Finally I was obliged to pawn a diamond necklace given by Abdul Hamid to Laurence, and given by him to me as a wedding-gift, a chronometer watch, and my diamond betrothal ring, to help these starving people to work together in a small manufacturing enterprise, furnishing work for my charge as well.

I was directed to go to a big building on which were mounted some huge letters bearing the legend "United Charities."

I raised on the necklace with a pendant containing thirty-six diamonds and a large central diamond, a handsome watch, and a ring which had cost sixty pounds, exactly fifty pounds, for which I had to pay twelve per cent. until the time fixed for repayment; if unrepaid, my valuable property was to be confiscated. I thought if this is all the "United Charities" can accomplish, may the Lord help those in need.

But the poor proved to be no better than the rich, for the persons I set up in trade, and who promised to pay back the interest and the fifty pounds, paid neither. The small but lucrative manufacturing business in which they had had experience and had made a start, could have supported them. Instead, they wasted their substance in drink, and were soon reduced to their former condition of misery. My good brother Julian redeemed the necklace, watch, and ring, so I did not lose them. The Arab lad,

however, resisted temptation, improved much, and became finally a useful individual in a small sphere.

While I was negotiating for the loan, a refined-looking lady stepped up to the counter, and offered a handsome gold bracelet; she received one pound on it (five dollars). As she left the room, I caught the despairing look in her face, a look which remained with me for many days.

When I had done what I could for the shiftless Arabs in New York, I resumed my solitary way to Syria.

As I passed Gibraltar the Voice said to me:

"The Rock of Gibraltar symbolizes the work which awaits you in Palestine." No explanation was given, and I often pondered over this mysterious prophecy, wondering what it meant. I found afterwards that it was a merciful message, as it gave me the courage to persevere in a very long and very difficult task. When I questioned whether, in truth, I had been guided aright in undertaking it, the above sentence ever recurred to me, in order to persuade me that the work was ordained by God, for it had been prophetically foreshadowed.

When I arrived in Haifa, my house was closed, and I had no servant. But kind neighbours helped me, and my home was soon in order. After some weeks of lonely hard work, I found an intelligent girl, above the servant class, who served me in a very capable manner for several years, until she took a place as teacher in a school.

May I say here that the Temple Colony in which I lived, became more and more helpful to me as time went on. I was very grateful for this kindness in my lonely life. Throughout, there was an affectionate good will between us, before, during, and after the war, though they were Germans; and I was able to be of some service to them, I am thankful to say.

A WORLD-COURT AND PALESTINE

DURING the long and solitary days which followed, in the last decade of eighteen hundred, an idea which had been floating through my mind took a more definite shape, as I pondered alone in my home.

Although I had suffered so cruelly in the Holy Land, I grew to love it with a fervent love, and I realized more and more deeply how great a disgrace it is to Christendom that the Birthplace of our Lord should be one of the most disorganized places on the face of the earth.

He ensures for us law and order, and we in return permit chaos to continue in His Land. For may we not accept that He is not only the Savour of souls, but the Captain of Industry, seeing that the Christian countries are organized countries and the non-Christian lands are, as a rule, disorganized lands. We Christians build the majority of the railways, the ports, the roads, the hospitals, the schools; we think of the greater part of the inventions and teach their uses; we are, in the main, the administrators, organizers, writers, musicians, artists, and fill the ranks of the learned professions. Is it mere chance that those who hold His Name in reverence represent law so definitely that, so far as my experience goes, one can draw a line between the order of the Christian part of an Oriental town and the disorder of the non-Christian part?

If, then, this is our Christian inheritance, is it not a shame to us that Palestine is still chaotically misgoverned?

Urged by these thoughts, I sought a solution, my desire to find a better way being strengthened by some swift prophetic visions which were flashed before my spiritual eyes, visions of a blood-red chaos, the very antithesis of law and order; and with these visions came a growing sense of apprehension as though some great calamity, some colossal Armageddon, were threatening the earth, a calamity which could be avoided if statesmen prayed for light; and, losing no time, consented to be guided, not by their limited human vision, but by God's far-seeing Wisdom. Only if Christianity triumphed, so I saw, through the

Church and the State in all Christian lands, could the impending horror be avoided.

This, concisely put, was the thought which developed ever more clearly in my mind; and if the reader will permit me to anticipate, finally took the following practical shape, in the years ranging from 1895 to 1919. I sent abroad during these years, commencing in November 1895, letters and pamphlets, and received some answers from eminent men; but, alas, my small influence could not move the earth to see the danger as I saw it.

I wrote a pamphlet submitted to a number of learned men. In this pamphlet the Constitution of the League of Nations which was suggested resembled the one which later was adopted, but with certain exceptions:

In answer to prayer, it came to me that the countries which had been so ill-governed as to be a danger to the Commonwealth, and the countries to which various irreconcilable claims were advanced, should be turned into International Republics, thereby saving much time and strife. For to inspire countries which had not proved themselves to be capable of self-government with the idea of self-determination seemed to be an unsettling course of action. In short, any country which was a menace to the peace of the world, should be internationally controlled.

In addition to this, I suggested in a pamphlet called *The Silence of the Peoples: A Danger*, that an Auxiliary Assembly should be formed, meeting at the same time and place as the League of Nations, whose duties would be as follows.

THE AUXILIARY ASSEMBLY

In order to obtain the opinion of the masses in each country belonging to the World-Court, the suggestion was that a question which concerned these masses should be formulated and published in a numbered series of possible courses of action, by the Delegates in the Auxiliary Assembly, in the four leading newspapers, let us say, of the countries involved; and the Delegates in the Auxiliary Assembly from these countries would be empowered to receive and to report to the League of Nations the majority votes of any Society or Trade Union of a given size and importance, votes confined, within a time-limit, to simple acceptance or rejection without comment of one or more of the numbered series of actions published. In this wise a consensus of opinion could be quickly obtained, as a guide for the World-Court, without making the hearing of the World-Voice too complicated or unwieldy, for each Society would cable its officially registered number, the size of the Society, and the majority voting for a given course, by quoting its number in the series of possible actions published by the Delegates in the Auxiliary Assembly. To give an example:

The Delegates in the Auxiliary Assembly cable to their respective nations that war is threatened and tabulate, let us say, five possible courses of action. A Society internationally enrolled would cable back as follows:

Society	No. 500
Membership	1,000
Votes given	800

For Course No. 4.

Thus, by instituting simple and easily worked machinery, any citizens energetic enough to form themselves into large and responsible upper, middle-class, and working men's Societies, could telegraph or cable without delay to the Auxiliary Assembly of the League concise reports from each Society, whether composed of men or women, on any question published by the Auxiliary Assembly in the leading newspapers of the country concerned, and so keep intimately in touch with an International

League, when it was sitting, or with the Council of the League in the interim, in order to influence all decisions, closely concerning the Peoples. All the Societies of importance belonging to the League of Nations Union, or National Citizens' Union, or Rotary Clubs, or Women's Clubs, or Brotherhoods, could thus come in active touch with the League, through the simplest possible organization.

The duties of the Delegates of this Auxiliary Assembly would be, in the main, to formulate for publication, in a numbered series, the details of the question or questions under consideration in so clear a form that concise answers could be given, by the League of Nation's Societies to the Auxiliary Assembly, which could present these answers in tabulated lists to the League of Nations, the Delegates of the Auxiliary Assembly adding such condensed reports and comments as these Delegates elected to make.

In this wise no well-organized nation could be rushed into war or forced to undertake any other responsibilities without a hearing. No country would be obliged to send Delegates to this Auxiliary Assembly, but if it neglected to do so—and no great nation would be thus supine—it would suffer the consequences, as the Voice of its people would not be clearly, concisely, and promptly heard by the League of Nations.[1]

I have seen many men and women of all nations pass through Palestine in the years I have lived there, loving it as they love no other place on earth. Many hundreds of noble pilgrims prove their devotion each year, coming here from distant countries, tramping many miles on foot, and suffering, without complaint, every hardship on the way. The sight ever renews my hope that the world still ardently loves Him and that Palestine has a unique place in the world. Hence my great desire had been, in these days before the war, that the Prophecy which has sounded down the ages might be fulfilled, not through war, but through the united effort of Christendom, irresistible in its power.

"At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord, and all the nations shall be gathered unto it" (Jer. iii. 17).

[1] I have recently published a pamphlet suggesting in greater detail the machinery to be used, a pamphlet called *The Silence of the Peoples: A Danger*, and have sent a number of copies to the League of Nations.

It seems a fitting thing that Palestine, beloved of all Nations, should lead the way as an International Republic, a plan warmly desired by the Arabs, so I found, a Republic stretching from the southern boundary of Palestine to Mount Taurus; but alas, we are as yet far from reaching the Unity which would make feasible such a Scheme, so I realize more and more plainly.

Yet shall it always remain impossible? I trust not, for the eventual possibility of establishing a harmonious Holy Land was faintly foreshadowed during one short hour, in a meeting to be described presently.

The objection is sometimes raised that Palestine is a poor country, and that its Government is cramped, necessarily, as a benefactor of the people.

Nevertheless, its crops are varied, the land, when well-tilled, is fertile, and it is affirmed that in the Dead Sea alone is a mine of unexplored wealth, which, were its chemical and mineral deposits used for the Commonwealth, as Nature's deposits should be, instead of being exploited enormously to enrich individuals, these resources alone would furnish a large income for public works, so I understand.

MUSTAFA

I WAS soon reminded of the fact that I had been led to leave my beloved home and to return to Palestine in order to continue the Battle of Armageddon, the mysterious spiritual battle which I scarcely understood. For Mustafa appeared a day or two after my arrival, and the long effort to save him recommenced, although he seemed to have become now a hopeless drunkard.

I resumed the task, one of the most difficult with which a Christian is burdened, namely the task of continuing a long and arduous labour, without being able to fathom the reason why one is led to persevere in what seems to be an almost meaningless effort. This blind obedience appeared to be more and more senseless as time went on and absolutely no result was forthcoming. Nevertheless I knew, because of a still small Voice, scarcely to be heard at times, I knew that I must not yield to the weary disgust which sometimes threatened to overwhelm me. There was in the little Colony of Haifa at that time no relaxation, no superior music, no lectures, no relief of any kind in my environment, but only the horribly monotonous work of caring for this drunkard, growing worse and more imbecile, in sharp contrast to the interesting society of Laurence and Murray, banishing, in the past, all sense of solitude.

Mustafa, constantly going and coming to and from Jenin, had all the Turkish papers relative to the property in his possession, and it still remained true that he knew the Turkish law, which I certainly did not; knew the necessary languages, Turkish and Arabic, which I did not; could get to Jenin on horseback, which I could not, and come in touch with the officials when he was there, which, as I was speechless, so far as Arabic and Turkish are concerned, I would have been unable to do.

Above all, he was an irresponsible drunkard, having no sort of sequence in his business affairs. There was endless procrastination concerning certain formalities and the land was never delivered to me administratively. In short, everything was left at loose ends, and he was quite capable, had I crossed or resisted him in any way, of secretly destroying all my papers, for at the least hint of bringing him to reason he became a dangerous madman.

The mere suggestion of putting someone in his place sent him into dangerously mad rages, and had I done so my life might have been the price I would have had to pay. Absinthe combined with arrack (native whisky), which he now drank constantly and copiously, are most dangerous incentives to crime. There was only one way of gaining relief: I could have put him in prison, a prison not fit for a dog. I had once looked down into this dungeon for five minutes, and the horrible stench sickened me, for there was no sanitation of any kind; it was like a beast's lair.

I could not have slept quietly in my own clean bed, had I condemned anyone to live in this horrible place, as it was in those days, now reformed, happily. So I continued to suffer a constant and prolonged danger which was exceedingly nerve-racking.

Why did I not leave, why not go back to the home where I was beloved and protected? I continued to ask myself this question, but again and again an almost inaudible and yet thundering Voice said, "Persevere." A soldier has his companions in danger and this companionship must be a solace, but I had no one—I was alone, unprotected, helpless, enduring daily the presence of this man, both dangerous and disgusting, who had possessed a master mind, in his own sphere, but who was becoming more and more of a beast as time went on.

I only knew that I must obey my Spirit guidance; all the rest was obscure, incomprehensible, and, at times, almost maddening in the daily tension to which I was being subjected. If this was the task inherent in the Battle of Armageddon, this constant contact with revolting filth, it was not an easy one.

But I had given my *promise* in that long-ago time, in New York, when I sat watching, at four o'clock in the morning, the few passers-by to be seen at such an hour. I then gave my word that I would work for Purity, work for the sake of women-victims enslaved by incontinent desire, work so that children, though they are called legitimate, may not be born through an uncontrolled appetite calling itself love.

How was I to judge in what way God required the keeping of such promises? How was I to measure the radiations of the unseen, uncounted vibrations of ceaseless effort, silently sent out during these difficult hours, straining all my moral and mental resources to the utmost? That such vibrations are effective I have had proof more than once. To give an example: I was in a

merchant ship lying in harbour on Christmas Eve. I was the only passenger on board. At dinner champagne was freely served, which I refused. All the officers at the table had arranged to go on shore after dinner, and I felt that a loose lack of control weakened them. I prayed for them earnestly during the evening. At eleven o'clock they all returned to the ship, and the captain and chief engineer said to me: "We meant to make a night of it, but in some mysterious way your influence drew us back to the boat." "It was a higher Influence than any it is possible for me to exert, that won you to return," I said. Two years later I sailed on the same boat, and these officers reminded me, with gratitude, of this incident.

I said to the engineer, who was a student, "If even material sounds may be radiated through the air accurately and universally to millions of attentive listeners, who can tell what our souls, God-moved, can accomplish by reaching out to those who are ready to receive the message?"

Armageddon, the fight for Purity, ensuring the fall of Babylon the harlot, must be won before the world can be made a clean and wholesome place to live in, for prostitution, even in thought, apart from sinful deed, is a pest polluting that accurate carrier, the receptive air; hence, there is an immense work to be done, and it is not for us to pick and choose, how and when and where, and through what training it is to be accomplished; nor to faint, and fail when our own small task therein seems to be a puzzling, because an impotently mysterious one. For we must ever realize that no matter how secluded we may seem to be, we live in a wide world where, unchecked, vastly circling vibrations may be carried from soul to receptive soul, though these be separated by great stretches of force-filled spaces, the accurately swift ether and air spaces, which are sufficiently extended to embrace all our widest needs.

Magnificent as may become this wide influence at last, yet we must ever remember that the Central Impetus is secured not only through a life filled with mystical visions, beautiful as they may be, but through the steady and persevering performance of one's daily duties, often commonplace and tedious duties. When these are shirked, no accurate and lasting vibrations are sent out, for idly inert ideals are inoperative. We live in a strictly law-governed world of cause and effect, and a self-centred and lazy egoism has no causal value, it moves nowhere and accom-

plishes nothing which is solidly, because eternally, useful. Force cannot be fooled into being forceful by vagaries. The most materialistic natures are now ceasing to be materially sense-bound, for all know that lips need not speak close to one's ear in order to be heard, but that messages may sweep in a great circle of radio-activity touching receptive senses, everywhere; hence the great need is not physical proximity in order to do widespread moral work, but an utterance coming from a great soul, great because having lost all confidence in its own small human powers, it humbly clings close to the all-comprehending Maker of heaven and earth; and hence is able, through His Spirit-ether, to reach kindred souls, no matter where they are found, at the other end of the world, it may be.

So I laboured on with poor, drunken Mustafa, bearing his almost unbearable filth as best I could, day after day, until the days stretched into years, trusting that my effort was of use, somewhere, somehow, for I knew, at any rate, that it was an effort so difficult that it strained me almost to the breaking point, at times; and hence if the vibrations of influence may be measured by the vibrations of the effort made, I trusted that I might be of some wider service than the one to which I was chained in caring for this mad drunkard. It seemed that I must touch this depth in order to measure a corresponding height.

For, confronted daily by this bestial man, and suffering this year-long monotony of disgusting toil, against which my whole nature revolted, I was led to pray and ever to continue to pray that the Sir Galahads and their answering brides should know, more and more, the virile and the exquisitely receptive twin-purities which, when attuned by Heaven, may save the earth. Only by parents answering one another with the precision distinguishing a perfect dual harmony, may God's fair children be born; and thus only may it be lastingly ensured that no unhappy sot shall be bred to live a tormented and tormenting existence. Only by cleansing the source of life may the stream of life run clean.

Can one picture the contrast between perfectly poised angels blessing all space, and this uncertainly staggering drunkard? And yet we, God's humanity, are asked to rise from this depth to reach that height, in order to meet Him, safely balanced, in the air.

It behoves us, then, having so long a journey before us, not

to fail and faint by the way. This fact I impressed on my weary brain again and again, but again and again did the task have to be freshly begun, wresting an infinite variety from a long, long continuance of sickening monotony, and this is one of the greatest tasks imposed upon us while on this slow earth. We are asked never to forget the glad, pure, ever-changing joys of Heaven, while working continually amidst bestiality, and this is not easily accomplished, as many a struggler knows.

For three long years after my return to Haifa I continued to labour in vain, spending time and money and accomplishing nothing whatsoever. Again and again Mustafa went to Jenin to redeem my property by having it delivered to me administratively, according to the Contract between myself and the Turkish Government, and again and again he returned home drunk. Yet I felt obliged to persevere, for this was the object for which I had been sent to Palestine. One task only remained to me, the task of getting practical, usable possession of Armageddon; the reason was obscure, but the injunction not to become inert clearly persisted, and to obey a quite obscure injunction, which heavily, monotonously, burdens one in each day of one's life for years, is not an easy task. A very strong faith is required.

As time went on, it became more and more clear to me that this fallen Mustafa was in league with the corrupt Turkish Government, and instead of seeking to put me in possession of the land, rightfully mine, he was joining the treacherous Turks in cheating me. Yet there was no help I could invoke, as all means had been tried and had failed, in order to secure this outward sign of an inward, a hidden triumph. Neither the Embassy, the Consul-General, the Consul, at Haifa, nor anyone else, seemed able to manage the Turks.

The moment Mustafa began to drink absinthe his one absorbing desire seemed to be to kill me, hoping, I suppose, that if I could be put out of the way, he would permanently get the land. He threatened my life several times before witnesses, and prowled about the house both day and night. On more than one occasion the Colony Guard was obliged to take him in charge.

The Vice-Consul, under whose care I was, expostulated with me, and said the Consul-General had written from Beyrouth,

saying that he would himself come to put Mustafa in prison, for it was believed everywhere that he might kill me, seeing that it had become a mad, a fixed desire with this absinthe drunkard. To imprison him was the only solution offered, no other way seeming to be open, so I was advised by the various officials I had consulted.

One Sunday afternoon Mustafa had made a terrible scene in my home, yelling like a maniac, so that the passers-by ran in to offer assistance. The Vice-Consul came in the evening, and begged me to give him permission to put Mustafa under lock and key.

"It is hot weather," he said, "and your doors and windows are all open; you cannot shut yourself in during this stifling heat. You are, therefore, in a dangerously exposed position. At any moment he could shoot you when you are sitting on the veranda or at an open window, and he is constantly threatening to kill you."

I was well aware that the Consul spoke the truth, for my nerves had been on the rack for months, fearing a sudden attack from Mustafa. He was growing more and more brutal and losing any good qualities he may have possessed. He was now too far gone to listen to reason, or to remember the reverent affection which, I think, he had for me in the beginning. Drink, once it wholly possesses a man, destroys all traces of his true self, and the true self of Mustafa had been a fine one. I felt that I was no longer dealing with my old friend, but with a stranger, with an obsessing demon, who had taken possession of that friend. Mustafa was no longer Mustafa, but had become a murderous devil. All his former desire to serve his kind, in the way he could best serve, namely by legally protecting the many victims of Turkish tyranny, this altruism was quite paralysed. It was in order to do this very necessary work that we had perseveringly served him; but now that task had become impossible, for the devil drink, a devil which, for the sake of weakly tempted ones, the world would do well to chain, had killed in him all his former generous desire to serve his fellow-creatures. Why, then, should I persevere?

I asked the Consul to give me the night for reflection. I was shaken by the mad and dangerous scene through which I had passed, and felt that I was not in a condition to come to a decision.

I went to sleep from exhaustion, and in the middle of the night I was wakened by the words:

"Vengeance is Mine."

I knew, then, that I was not to have Mustafa put in prison.

The Consul thought me an exceedingly foolish woman, and said that I was putting him in a difficult position, as he would be blamed were a fatal accident to befall me.

But I could not disobey the prophetic Voice, so I said to him that I would state in writing, if he chose, that he, the Consul, had done his utmost, and that if I was killed it was my own fault.

A Turkish official also came to beg me to imprison Mustafa. But I said to him:

"The God of my religion promises that He will protect me, and says that I must not imprison him, no matter how dangerous he becomes."

Two weeks later I woke in the night and heard the words, "It is done"; and immediately I felt a great sense of relief, a huge load seemed to have dropped from my burdened soul.

The next morning the Turkish official rushed into the drawing-room without waiting to be announced, and said excitedly:

"The God of your religion has kept His promise, for sixteen members of Mustafa's family are in prison; not only has Mustafa himself been shut up, but all his sons, nephews, and cousins. He, aided by the others, killed last night in a drinking-shop brawl, wherein he was mixed, a very old man belonging to a well-known family here, and this influential family has demanded that they shall all be put in prison, as all of them were implicated in the murder."

A friend came to me a few weeks later and said he thought Mustafa, who had heard of my refusal to have him put in prison, would now be ready to hand to me, willingly, all the papers in his possession, and joyfully I realized that, at last I was freed from the constant terror of assassination, which was imminent the moment I crossed him in any way. My release had come, so I most gratefully realized, through no self-defence, which would have filled me with a constant concern for Mustafa in that horrible prison, but I was delivered from evil through a saving interposition, leaving me filled with compassion for Mustafa and his family and the aged man who had been murdered, it is true, but permitting me to rejoice in the fact that I was blameless. I had

deprived no man of his liberty, even when that liberty had turned into a murderous licence. I further realized that I had been delivered not of an imaginary, but of a very real danger, for Mustafa had murdered a helpless victim mixed in this drunken brawl, and that victim might have been myself, in my unguarded home.

I was sorry for the helpless women of the family and had helped them in their distress, an aid which further touched Mustafa's heart, so I learned.

Had I put Mustafa in prison, he, being a revengeful man, would never have given me the papers, short of violently wrenching them from him, nor would he have given to his successor the necessary information and instructions; also, when he was freed from prison his mad desire to kill me would have been intensified. As it was, when he was released some years later, the first act of this broken man was to beseech me for a pardoning mercy. He died, a repentant sinner, shortly afterwards.

My new lawyer went without delay, as soon as he obtained the necessary coaching and the papers, to Jenin to put Armageddon in order.

I had laboured and waited many long years to reach this point, and every Consul and every business man I had consulted said that the delivery never would be practically accomplished, because it was impossible to take the property from the grip of murderous Mustafa. He had everything on his side, the papers in his possession, and an unscrupulous influence with the corrupt Turkish Government ever refusing to fulfil its duties. They all declared I was helpless, under so tyrannical a master as the Turkish Government in connivance with treacherous Mustafa, who had so much power in his hands, while I had so little.

"I would not give you twenty Napoleons for this valuable land," said my Consul.

Even at this stage of progress when Mustafa was no longer a danger, it was still thought that I was not freed; for besides Mustafa, I had two other enemies. A bigoted Mohammedan Pasha, who was Dictator in that part of the world; and the head Sheikh of the village. These two influential persons were against me. The Pasha, especially, had an almost unlimited power, and he hated Christians, so it was said.

When my new lawyer arrived at Jenin, he found that the Pasha had been temporarily exiled, for some political offence, and the

Sheikh was in prison for a theft; so my three powerful enemies were swept out of the way not by my hand, but by the hand of Providence.

When, at last, all the imposing-looking deeds of Armageddon came safely into my hands made out in perfect order, I believed that my troubles were at an end, and my hopes rose high. But I soon found that the grip of Governments was, if not as physically dangerous, yet was so enslaving as to shackle me during the many long and difficult years which followed.

I should have been amazed, had anyone told me that in the year 1926–7, eight years after the British Government of Palestine had been in power, that I would not have made one inch of progress, so far as my practically usable ownership of Armageddon is concerned, the final hindrance raised being prescription.

So long as the Turks were in power endless trouble was my portion. The land was *mousha*, namely was in a quantity of small pieces, numbered and put in a bag once in two years. When one drew one's numbers one discovered that the land was peripatetic, not pinned to the earth as it were, for the piece which had been in the south-east corner was now located, it may be, in the north-west corner of the village properties, and this constant shifting of one's pieces of land, a system which only a Turk could invent, prevented all consecutive cultivation of one's fields. This system, called *mousha*, has now been changed, but it was in full force, at that time, and I could not gather my scattered pieces of land into one, or even into four large tracts, without the consent of the other landowners, a consent which these fellaheen were never willing to give.

In addition, when I sought to engage an engineer to give me an exact measurement of these scattered bits of land, the fellaheen were so fierce that he refused to proceed, and even had he been allowed to go on with the measurement, the land was divided into *faddans*, and a *faddan* is determined by guessing how much a man and a pair of oxen can plough in a year, so I was informed, whether truthfully or not I cannot say, for it was exceedingly difficult to get any correct information about anything; in any event, I could not get my peripatetic land measured. My head swam with the hopeless effort of bringing some sort of order out of this confusion, balking me at every step.

Throughout, the Turkish Government only increased the

difficulties which enmeshed me, and did nothing whatever to free me from them, unless promises and contracts never fulfilled may be called a help.

For I next discovered that I had no control of the land whatever, as the renters I tried to put on it, among them the British Vice-Consul, were incontinently chased off, and no European would buy this *mousha* land. For one year I managed to rent it, at last, to the fellaheen themselves, and spent the greater part of the rent in keeping them in order.

Then at last came the joyful news that we were freed from the Turks. General Allenby had conquered Palestine, and a just British Government was being installed. All hearts beat high with hope, and from all sides congratulations poured in on me, rejoicing that at last my patience would be rewarded. No one doubted that the land would now be delivered into my hands.

But my hope almost died when, up to the year 1926–7, not one inch of progress had been made, as I have said.

It has been a very long, varied, and dangerous experience, this strain, lasting from the year 1889, for I have been extraordinarily balked at every step.

I had sold another small piece of property on Mount Carmel, contracting to put a wall around it. Each time I sent workmen to build it, thirty or forty men at a time, the villagers of Tyrie, where the property lies, stoned and beat my workmen; and again the Turkish Government, after endless promises, gave no help whatsoever, although the Tyriotes threatened to kill my agent and myself, and attacked me as I walked along the road. These were not idle threats, as this same village had recently killed, in a dispute, a prominent young German colonist. My European neighbours begged me not to yield, as there would be no safety for them if I allowed the Tyriotes to master me.

I was domiciled, at this time, in an isolated Hostel Convent on Mount Carmel, my room being far from the nuns in a lonely wing of the building, and there were no other guests. I lived in this one room doing my own work, and my own cooking on a little lamp, so reduced had my means become through the constant drains and losses I suffered. The house was only one story high, and anyone could have shot me through the iron-barred windows of my sleeping-room. One night, when the storm-wind howled around the exposed wing I occupied and the jackals added their dismal note, in this defenceless solitude, tired out by a long strain of literary work, I became increasingly nervous, expecting at each moment to see a dark face pressed to my window, easily accessible from the ground, and a gun levelled at me, for only that morning the Tyriotes had threatened murderous violence. As the night advanced and the fierce storm raged with increasing violence around my room, exposed on three sides, my fear became almost uncontrollable. Again and again I thought I saw wicked eyes glaring at me from the windows, such eyes as I had seen daily when I encountered some of the Tyriotes in my walks, and a nervous paroxysm seized me, which threatened wholly to unbalance me.

I knelt in fervent prayer and instantly my fear vanished.

I went to bed and slept like a child, in spite of the fact that there was no corner where I could safely place my bed, out of the range of the Tyriote guns. From that time onward I was entirely delivered from terror, although I remained at the Convent some months longer, and the Tyriotes invaded the place more than once and peered at me savagely through the low windows, with, as the nuns said, "murder in their eyes."

Throughout these trials the Turkish Government helped me not one particle in bringing these lawless fellaheen to reason; and I was left to cope, unaided, with my difficulties pressing on me from all sides.

Nevertheless, mine was at last the moral victory. Slowly, but surely, through His constant help I have won my way. Through prayer I was able to overcome the obstacles which Turkish tyranny has been piling up during hundreds of years. Through the help not only of our Lord, but the ever-present influence of His Mother, the sweetest, meekest woman who ever walked the earth, in sight of the place where I was struggling—thus helped, did savagery yield, and my foes become at last my friends. Through year-long sacrifices on my part two of the three villages were won over. The Druses responsible for the most hellish day of my life, have repeatedly begged me to return among them, and promised that if I came I should live a protected life at Dalieh; and even the Tyriotes and myself achieved peace. Only Armageddon, among the native villages, remains unredeemed, unfriendly.

The head Sheikh of Tyrie, a fine young savage, and myself have had a meeting, when my would-be murderer and I sat side by side on a divan and came to an amicable arrangement. The interview ended with a hearty laugh at some jokes of mine which seemed vastly to amuse him, and murderous promptings do not thrive in an atmosphere of hearty laughter. When we shook hands at parting, I felt that the evil spirit had been exorcised.

On another occasion a grinding mill, in which I had a part interest in payment of a debt, was the cause of much trouble. My agent was thrown into the street, and the Government, as usual, gave no protection. My antagonists, who were Russian Jews of the low type, had been so fierce that no one would accompany me to visit the mill. So I went alone to bring order out of disorder.

When I first walked into the engine-room two savage-looking

men glared at me viciously and seemed on the point of treating me as they had my agent. I sent up a prayer and asked our Lord and the Virgin Mary to form a gentler sphere, such a sphere as She would have commanded had She been there in the flesh.

I was led to begin by admiring the engine, as I am fond of machinery; presently we were examining together all its shining parts. Then the men dusted a chair for me and brought me a cooling drink; a sirocco was blowing and the smell of the oil sickened me. My prayer was answered, for I could scarcely recognize in these men, courteously caring for my comfort, the fierce dark faces which had at first menaced me. When I joined the Arabs who had been afraid to come with me, they were amazed at the result of my visit. The engine was wrecked during the war.

TWO PROPHECIES

But should all things fail, as they seemed to be doing up to the year 1926, yet was I led to believe that I shall succeed through some unforeseen help, which could be perceived only by faith.

This faith was strengthened by two prophetic visions which were vouchsafed sometime before the war, the first a homely little hint, the second of wider import.

In the first I saw a rose, the stem covered with silver paper. This paper was rolled, presently, into two balls, the smaller of the two balls fell from the stem, while the second, the larger one, adhered to it. I gathered from this that, although I was to lose money temporarily, a substantial success was ensured to me in the end, enabling me to do my work.

The second vision, which was of prophetic importance, made a profound impression upon me, and this vision is now in process of being fulfilled:

I saw a deep valley where the sunshine scarcely penetrated, and in this valley a number of mechanical little figures moved to and fro, actively advancing and receding as such figures do, but this activity produced no result. This valley represented, so I understood, an unenlightened country, modern Palestine, and the mechanical figures were its inhabitants with their ineffective though bustling show of energy, which rarely brought my affairs to a satisfactory, a practical conclusion.

Presently I saw a White Horse standing in the midst of these little figures which made no real progress by their movements, and on this fine creature sat a Jew. In his arms he held his son and heir. A horse signifies power, in the symbols used, as a sort of shorthand, by the Voice, and the colour, white, typifies a righteous power.

I understood this to mean that God's promise to Israel would be fulfilled, and that the Jews would return to the Holy Land, not as they then were, under the harsh tyranny of the Turk, but as a free people.

When I had saluted the Jew, an ever-burning light was placed in my hand, and I floated, on happy wings, along the dark valley, the spirit-light illumining its sombre recesses, as I was carried

from one end to the other by a Power not my own. I finally left the valley through a very narrow egress.

God grant that my vision may be wholly fulfilled. May He not only bring Israel back to Palestine, an Israel retaining their love for their own great Prophets and all the dignity, all the powerful Individuality of this foundation family. But an Israel which shall be redeemed, sanctified, by the King of the earth, our Lord Jesus Christ, adored as the supreme Head of all the Prophets, while displacing none of them. Thus illumined, and not until they are thus illumined, may Israel become, even as my vision prophesied, a splendid Jew-Christian race wielding a righteous power, for none but true Christians may fitly govern the Holy Land.

THE HELP FROM HEAVEN

In the teeth of the discouraging lack of success in my more important undertakings, still burdening my life up to the year 1926, and crippling me in many ways so that I can never make any settled plans and am always held in suspense, not being able to render the services which I so long to do, yet the courage He gives me does not fail. For in the midst of this trying uncertainty, seemingly endless, my hope still lives and grows that eventually, in the far-distant future, it may be, shall be established a magnificent International Republic in Palestine, nobly planned and nobly governed, as an example to other nations, a Republic in which all things, because they are Spirit-guided, will be practically well done. We are entering a wonderful age in which this dream is not impossible in the Birthplace of the greatest Being who has ever trod the earth. Considered even from the ordinary historical standpoint, is He supreme, seeing that millions of men and women still buy and read His Book, the Bible, and keep His Birthday, Christmas.

Humanly speaking, mistrust should hold me in its paralysing grip, but having seen Him I know, I ever continue to know, no matter what may befall me, that, in the end He will conquer, not only in Palestine, but throughout the earth, triumphantly, gloriously. No believer, no matter of what creed, need be asked to sacrifice his allegiance to his own revered Prophet, provided he unites with all other believers in adoring Christ as the supreme King of all Prophets, fully endowed by our Creator with the capacity to meet every human need, not in a weak scheme which removes all strength-testing obstacles, but by ever lending us wings, if we choose to borrow them, when weary feet fail.

I know this to be true, for my own tired feet have often quite failed. I have had no strength left, and yet, when I have been able to overcome by clinging to Christ, my whole being continues to rise to God's blue heaven, there to fling myself joyously through splendid spaces of which no man and no fate can rob me.

This, then, is where I find myself in the years 1925–1926, my 80th year, after long and weary sufferings; and the miracle is that through Him I am not weary, for my heart still sings and my old feet still dance with a lightness my youth never knew. If there is no God, no Christ, no spiritual world, from whence does this gladness come? Certainly not from "A Religion of Humanity," when the majority of my fellow-creatures have quite failed me.

MY VISION OF THE JEW ON THE WHITE HORSE

Now that a rightful dominion has come to the Jew, what will he do with it?

Now that he has a land of his own in Palestine where he is becoming the dominant influence, a dominance his energy and his remarkable gifts are bound to accentuate more and more, as time goes on, what will be the result? Will he become the Jew on the White Horse, the Jew of my prophetic vision, wielding a righteous and not an aggressive power? Crushed as he has been, it will not be surprising should there be a reaction into an undue masterfulness, a masterfulness which may not only rouse antagonism in his non-Jewish environment, but create fatal concussions among the massed Jews themselves. God grant that the wise leaders among the Jewish people may see the danger, and ever counsel moderation; for Israel, splendidly endowed with true humility, may become a leading nation, second to none; whereas Israel, domineering, with arrogance, over the weaker peoples among whom the Jews now dwell—this fatal reaction from long oppression, although quite comprehensible, may bring them, afresh, the dread hatreds from which they may now escape in Palestine. Only the Wisdom of Love may win for them, in the Holy Land, a righteous Power, the Power symbolized by the White Horse, with the splendid rider proudly carrying his heir. God grant that Jewry may choose this difficult, this hardly earned wisdom.

Perceiving, as does a dweller in Palestine, the energy of the freed Jew in his own land, astonishing in its virility, it may well be asked, a little anxiously, Shall this remarkably efficient energy be used to build or to destroy? Shall an eye for an eye be exacted, thereby increasing blindness, or shall a love-lit vision be chosen, thereby doubling sight?

May I not hope that the prophecy of the Jew on the White Horse, the prophecy of a lofty Israel coming, at last, into its true place, may be fulfilled in the great end, seeing that the portion of the vision is spiritually, if not materially, fulfilled which concerns my own small life?

I have suffered long and cruelly in the Holy Land, as the reader knows, for in my outer life there has been no striking consummation whatever. Everything has been a failure after long, monotonous, and most difficult and dangerous years of effort. Only an aggravating devil's dance of fates which would have been ridiculous had they not been tragically hard, have I known, and yet my cry has been, "Lord, deliver me from my too great joy." He has put the ever-burning lamp into my hand; He has carried me through that dark valley with its ceaseless and yet useless show of energy, accomplishing very little. He has led me through the narrow exit of my mean little trials; and He has carried me into spaces so vast that I have no longer any doubt that an eternity of joyful life is a reality, because the foretaste of eternity has already been given me.

May it not be true, then, that Israel also may arise, remaining for ever Israel, and yet blessing backward Palestine as it never yet has been blessed, because it is a Christian Israel, proudly great and yet most meekly humble, losing none of its great ancient Prophets, while furnishing present Prophets yet greater; nevertheless, yielding itself unreservedly into the holy keeping of the Nazarene who forgave utterly when crucified most cruelly?

They, the Jews, are coming into His Land; may God grant that they may enter also into His Kingdom, so that welcomed and beloved they may bring at last Peace to Palestine.

If my hard, narrow, stiff-necked little self has been so blessed, may I not hope that this great Race may rise from its depths of suffering to glorious heights, now that their year-long petition is being answered?

May Jewry come into its heritage at last, through a splendid patience, even as my vision foretold, the prophetic vision of the White Horse, and may that victory be achieved by finding the supreme Jew, who built on Jewry, Christianity.

What must Israel accept in order to become a Christian Israel? Must Jews sacrifice one line of their splendid lore; lose any part of their dignified antiquity; forget any chapter of their age-old history; and discard any symbol of their long-observed rituals? In short, must they cease to be Jews because they have become Christians? No; individuality is a precious thing to be most preciously preserved, but preserved not through antagonistic rivalries, but through an accordant and yet diversified Unity.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

"The Rock of Gibraltar symbolizes the work which awaits you in Palestine"

A Prophecy Fulfilled

One afternoon, when I was sitting on my veranda, shortly after I had returned to Palestine after visiting my home, several young men I knew called to see me, bringing with them a new arrival, the son of a Consul established at Haifa, *pro tem.*, until the resident French Vice-Consul arrived.

This young man, whom I will call Carlos, did not make much impression on me, for he seemed to be a highly excitable person, talking almost incessantly.

I found that although his father was acting as French Consul, this lad was, in truth, part Spanish and part Italian, his strongly marked face being more Spanish than Italian.

A day or two later he called again, and after a few moments' conversation seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the fine Steinway piano, which our Scotch friend had given us as a wedding-gift.

After a few chords he began to sing, and my delighted ears drank in the sound, for he had a beautiful voice, and the one I love best, a robust tenor, almost a baritone, little trained, it is true, but it was evident that he was a born musician, for his style was perfect, simple and yet subtly artistic.

He rambled on, when he had finished singing, improvising with fine skill.

He asked me if he might come to practise, sometimes, as they had sold their own piano on leaving their home to come to Haifa, and had not yet bought another. I told him he was quite welcome, and could come as often as he liked.

He visited me almost daily after this, and began to compose an Ave Maria, which seemed to me to show a marked talent, a verdict afterwards confirmed by well-known musicians.

But I found that he was in so highly nervous a condition that he could remain on the piano-stool only about fifteen minutes at a time. He told me that he slept, as a rule, only two or three hours in the night, and sometimes scarcely closed his eyes. He

had graduated at sixteen, and taken an Honour's B.A. degree with men of twenty-four or five, and since then had learnt several languages, as he was constantly studying. When he could not sleep he spent the night poring over his books.

I soon began to perceive that this was no ordinary lad, for he was still only a boy, but I feared that his talents would become useless through ill health.

We were much drawn to each other, having many interests in common, and it was a great pleasure to find an intellectual companion, for my life was very barren.

After we had become friends, he told me his history: when he had graduated and left College he began going into society in one of the large Oriental towns. He found, however, that the worldly atmosphere did not suit him, and although he was a good deal sought after, for he was a gay and entertaining talker, an accomplished dancer, besides being gifted in music, he felt out of his element, and he did not wish to waste his time in this frivolous manner.

He then decided to enter a Jesuit Convent, where he remained for two years. Here his health broke down, failing completely after a Retreat of thirty days, during which he was not allowed to speak to anyone. His nerves seemed to give way and he was a wreck.

After a good deal of heart-burning, he had left the Convent two or three months before he came to Haifa. Again the pleasures of the world both allured and repelled him, and he was in a miserable state of mind and body. A few days before he had seen me, he had gone to Communion to beseech the Lord for help, for he felt that he was reaching a crisis in his life. The monastic life did not suit him, and the world did not suit him; where, then, was he to find rest?

Two or three days after he had offered up this earnest prayer for help to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil, even while he remained a denizen of the world, he met me, and it had seemed to him on closer acquaintance that I was the person God had sent to give him the help which he so much needed.

A few days after this conversation, we were sitting on the veranda, when a company of young people, the fashionable set of Haifa, passed the house on the way to the sea.

Carlos turned very pale as he looked after them.

"What is the matter, my boy," I said.

"I am invited to a dance at the house of the H——'s on Thursday night, and I always go to Communion early Friday morning. The dance will last until very late, and I cannot go to this ball, go to Communion, and study my appointed task the next day. I will not give up the Communion, so I must give up the dance, and I am obliged to go down to the beach now and tell them my decision. I dread it, for I know they will ridicule me and try to force me to give up going to Communion."

He rose and followed them to the sea. Presently he returned and said that when the company found they could not persuade him to put off going to Communion, they decided to put off the ball until the following Monday, as they were very anxious he should be present.

A few days afterwards there was to be a fashionable luncheon on a French warship lying in the harbour. His father, being the Consul, was, of course, invited as an honoured guest, and he wished Carlos to accompany him.

"My boy," I said, "I want to ask a favour of you, and one you will find it difficult to grant, I fear."

"I shall certainly not refuse to do anything you ask me," he said, "if I can possibly agree to your request."

"I should be glad if you would refuse wine and tobacco at the luncheon to be given on the French ship, and not join in any of the vulgar stories which may be told, or even to laugh at them. I understand there will be only men, no ladies, hence there will be no restraint."

Carlos again turned white to the lips, with the quick pallor of the high-strung temperament.

He leaned back in his chair without answering, and I noticed how strong a face he had. The virile black curly hair; the shapely, but large aquiline nose; the big, dark eyes, with their flashing lights; the firmly closed lips; the well-cut chin—all denoted strength, and there were also lines which indicated a high temper. One could see that it was possible for him to get very angry, and that when he was roused he would be a formidable enemy. He was not at all of the gentle type to which Bedi-Allah belonged. Even his voice, though a tenor, bordered on a baritone, possessing both in singing and in speaking, strongly masculine vibrations. He was an embodiment, so it seemed to me, of the best Spanish character, and this is a noble strain of blood.

Presently he turned to me and said:

"You realize that my own father will ridicule me and say I am behaving foolishly?"

"No, I did not realize it, and this will make a test, which is already sufficiently difficult, still harder. No doubt you admire these officers, and may even stand somewhat in awe of them, especially when they are on their own ship, and hence assume the authority of naval commanders."

Carlos bent his head in silent assent, and then wandered off into the garden, where he walked up and down for some time; then he came back and said:

"It is no use to talk in the air. I have affirmed that I wish to live in the world, and yet not to be of it. Here is an opportunity to show whether I am in earnest or not. I intend to do as you wish."

"I thank you, Carlos. I am proud of you."

"Don't thank me yet, for the luncheon is not over and perhaps I shall fail."

"I don't think so," I said. "Once you have given your word, I believe you will keep it."

On returning from the warship he came immediately to my home.

"I think I have pulled through fairly well," he said, "but I came so near to failing, that I feel no great sense of elation."

I drew him down and kissed him on the top of his curly black head. There was no trace of wine or tobacco about him, and his clear, honest eyes looked straight into mine. Afterwards several of his companions told me that although he was something of a laughing-stock, he adhered to his resolution.

It was a hard trial, for it was not easy for a boy like Carlos to resist these worldly officers, backed by the prestige of their naval authority. Their ridicule might well have influenced a man much older than this young lad and turned him from his purpose.

But, so I was told, he stuck manfully to his resolve to the end, although the conversation was more coarsely witty than usual, possibly for the purpose of forcing Carlos to join in the laughter which followed each sally.

"But," as Carlos said afterwards, "one cannot go to Communion, and then fill one's mouth with foul talk."

Had he been less gay, less musically gifted, his influence would not have been so pronounced among the young people of the town. But seeing that he was always the centre of fun, and that

no party was considered a complete success without him, they knew that the serious vein running through his character was genuine. He had far more power for good, because he was not a solemn bore.

After two or three months Carlos' family left Haifa for Cairo. A week or two before their departure Carlos came to me and said:

"I do not wish to leave you, for I feel that I need your influence. Will you take me into your home, for a time at any rate, if my father and mother consent?"

"Let me pray about it. Personally it would be a great pleasure to me, but I do not know, as yet, what the Will of God may be."

Owing to his knowledge of languages, the French Foreign Office had at this time made him the offer of a promising position in the Constantinople Embassy.

The next day he came again, and I said to him:

"This is the answer which has been given, after asking God to guide me.

"I will be very glad to take you into my home on the following condition:

"I will do what lies in my power to give you an education in music, if you will devote your talent to the service of God."

"It has been my dream to be an apostle through music," said Carlos. "It has never been quite clear to me how, when, or where I could follow my ideal, but for several years this desire has moved me potently. Hence I can agree to your condition with all my heart. For I prefer this service to any success I may be able to win in a diplomatic career."

I had an interview with his parents, who consented to leave Carlos with me, and shortly afterwards he came to my home.

Then a strange thing befell us, an experience lasting fifteen long and trying years, before we achieved a victory.

Carlos was Spanish and Italian; I was Scotch, Welsh, and Puritan.

Carlos was a Roman Catholic; I was a Protestant.

Carlos had been bred by the Jesuits, and I had grown up in the free-thinking American village of my grandfather, Robert Owen.

Carlos was an artist belonging to the emotional Latin race; I was seeking to be a philosopher, and was of the Scotch type,

accepting, with difficulty, anything that could not be logically proved, mathematically demonstrated.

His family lived luxuriously in the French style. Elaborate meals, tobacco, wines, liveried servants, gay company, etc. Whereas my habits were of the simplest, most strict, and most retired kind, and nearly the whole of my time was devoted to hard work.

In a word, I found, as our acquaintance progressed, that when he liked a thing hot, I liked it cold; when he liked it short, I liked it long; when he liked it round, I liked it square. Our tastes, our habits, our education, and our temperaments were totally different. We had only one thing in common, a deep love for Jesus Christ, and for the Holy Mary, for whom, although I am a Protestant, I feel a passionate devotion.

I foresaw, then, that it would not be easy to establish complete harmony between us, especially as he was in so highly nervous a state that, sometimes, he could not sit still for five minutes.

At meals, for instance, he ate most rapidly, and then raced around the table, talking with nervous excitability, until I had finished my repast. I am a quiet-nerved person, but his restlessness was sometimes hard to bear when I was very tired.

I perceived, however, that it was a nervous disease, and not a flippant character which made him seem so unhinged.

His brothers and friends had all said to me, "Carlos has brilliant talents, but he will never accomplish anything, for he has no perseverance, no steadiness of purpose."

I thought they were mistaken, and that the trouble was, to a great extent, physical.

So I asked him, from the beginning, to reform his habits. He agreed, and by degrees cut off tobacco, wine, coffee, tea, and late, heavy meat dinners.

He grew so weak under this change, at first, that he almost fainted in the street; but I found that he was sleeping more and more soundly until, at last, it was difficult to get him out of bed in the morning, and his nerves grew much quieter in every respect, so it seemed well to persevere.

Both he and I, then, grew hopeful for his future.

In spite of the great differences between us, he had shown, so far, a reasonable spirit, and a firm perseverance in reforming the habits, which evidently did not suit him. As he was very high strung by nature, he certainly did not need to be whipped up

afresh by a highly stimulating diet, and he had the good sense to perceive this and the self-control enabling him to adhere to his resolution.

We were beginning to settle down into a regular and studious life, he learning English with marvellous quickness, besides continuing his studies in his other languages.

He began to like the simple and regular life of my home—indeed I think, as a rule, true students, no matter of what race, prefer regularity and simplicity—and all seemed to be going well. He was now growing not only much less nervous, but also much stronger.

And now came the strange experience to which I have alluded, which made my life seem lonelier than when I lived quite alone.

At this juncture the Catholic element began to realize that Carlos was not a mere visitor in my house, but was settling down, permanently, as a member of my family. A storm then arose, growing so violent, at last, that not only the priests and nuns were affected, but the new French Consul, replacing Carlos' father, asked the boy to leave me, because I was an heretical Protestant.

The cloistered nuns, living just out of Haifa, sent word to Carlos that they were all joining in a nine days' prayer in order to separate him from me, a Protestant. The priests visited him in order to expostulate with him, for the same reason, and finally two of his brothers, who were Jesuit priests, threatened to detain him by force when he went on business to Beyrouth. But Carlos took a small coasting steamer, a tramp not under the surveillance of the priests, and got back to me.

Curiously enough, these conscientious Roman Catholic priests, sure that they were right, repeated the same phrase concerning their brother that Murray's conscientious Scotch Presbyterian friends, also sure that they were right, had used concerning Laurence and myself.

"We would rather see you dead than have you remain with Madame Oliphant." Thus, I was condemned, in similar words, by the good men of two widely separated Churches.

As a matter of fact, during the many years that Carlos has now lived in my house, we have discussed Catholicism versus Protestantism during about ten minutes.

We began one night to talk about the infallibility of the Pope, but after a short discussion I said:

"It is not likely, Carlos, that the Pope will enter practically into our lives. He certainly won't come to live with us. So we can each hold our own opinion, and when we get to Heaven we shall discover who is right. Until then it will not affect our daily movements, is it not true?"

We talked about the Bible and its teachings during many hours; we sought to live up to these teachings during many long and difficult years; but, with the exception of this ten minutes, we spent no time in discussing our respective Churches. Hence the fear of his brothers that I should seek to draw him away from his Church was quite ill-founded. The form was immaterial to me, it was the Essence I sought. I asked that God should take the place of self.

Carlos was led to take, at the Communion Service, the following threefold vow: he promised to be, with the help of our Lord and the Holy Mary, *Sweet*, *Meek*, and *Pure*, and, as he often said, the effort to keep his vow was so great that he had no time left to trouble about disputed differences of creed.

In so far, then, as he has been driven away from his own Church, the estrangement has been caused by the year-long and ever-renewed attack of the Jesuit priests, who gave him no peace.

I was always spoken of as a wicked and dangerous woman, and as he knew this to be false, the Catholic Church gradually lost its hold upon him, so far as some of its priests and their ceremonies were concerned, but he has ever held firmly by its Creed, in essential doctrines.

For a year or two, however, he was an almost daily communicant, and I in nowise discouraged him, and arranged our meals to suit his convenience, for it seemed to me that he needed, during this period, the help of the services of his Church.

When the attack of the priests began, I noted in Carlos the change of which I have spoken:

Whereas there had been a remarkable harmony between us, considering the differences which divided us, he was now seized with an antipathy which he seemed unable to overcome. It lasted during fifteen years, and finally broke down his health, the health which is so essential to a singer, and which had been improving so rapidly. I thought a little change might help matters. So we went to Jerusalem, which I had not visited. But although our stay was most interesting, Carlos seemed like a man possessed of an evil spirit. He could scarcely speak to me.

On our return, the strange obsession continued, making both of us miserably uncomfortable, and I began to wonder whether it would not be best for him to return to his family.

One evening Carlos had gone to pay a visit and I sat alone, pondering over the question, when the mysterious prophecy of the Voice was recalled to me:

"The Rock of Gibraltar symbolizes the work which awaits you in Palestine."

The Voice then explained to me this riddle:

"The Rock is an English fortress on Spanish ground. The mission of a fortress is to resist the enemy. You and Carlos have been brought together to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil, i.e. the enemy. He belongs to the Spanish race, you belong to the English race. Is it not true, then, that the Rock of Gibraltar is typical of your present work, for are you not as an English fortress, set on his Spanish ground, to resist Satan, the enemy of all mankind? You have promised, with the help of God, to *give*, to *forgive*, to *believe*, no matter how difficult it may be to keep your vows.

"He has promised, with the help of God, *to be sweet*, *to be meek*, and *to be pure*, no matter how difficult it is to keep his vows.

"If you are true to your words, you will succeed in the end; if not you will fail, and if you fail you are not true Christians, for the central Power holding you together, is neither race, a common Church, nor compatibility of temperament, but only Christ. If you love Him better than self you will not fail in your task and separate. If you love self better than your Saviour, then you will fail in your task and become as strangers, for you are warned that this is the sole link that can possibly hold you together.

"In addition we give you one simple rule: Judge Carlos not by his conduct to you, but by his conduct to others."

I realized after the Voice had given me this explanation, that the advent of Carlos in my house had been clearly prophesied, and that we were meant to persevere, no matter what difficulties we had to encounter, and I may say here that these difficulties proved to be enormous.

If there is such a thing as telepathy, and if there are adepts in throwing thought to a distance, then certainly Carlos was a victim of this art; for on thousands of occasions I have seen him come into my presence his natural, gay self, and in ten minutes he seemed to age ten years. There were times when he looked

as though he would like to kill me; and that the hate was not self-born, not voluntarily felt, was proved by the fact that he ever entreated me, when this curse was upon him, to kneel with him and to beseech our Lord to deliver him from evil. On days of especial importance the attack grew stronger, so strong that Carlos sometimes seemed to be beside himself, growing either furiously, almost dangerously, angry at some slight word of mine, or else falling into a moody silence. Sometimes I scarcely knew which way to turn to keep the peace.

But the Voice ever reminded me that I must judge him by his conduct to others, which came to be a difficult task; for as time went on I grew ever poorer, so poor, at last, that I had to deny myself even the necessities of life to be faithful to my promise to help Carlos. And he also suffered severely, because, although I gave him the lion's share of the little we had, he was by no means luxuriously situated, and had to work his way as a musician and a linguist with very little help from me for scholastic expenses. I could only manage to give him a poor home while he studied.

When I was almost hungry, and had not enough clothes to keep me warm, because I was sharing my small income with him, it was very difficult not to judge him when, after some marked rudeness or neglect of me, he would turn to serve others with ready kindness.

Yet I perceived that the simple rule given me was indeed sufficient, when I refused to be sorry for myself, and so was not blinded; for Carlos devoted himself, with an increasing earnestness, not only to the powerful and rich, but to the poor and needy, being ever ready to sacrifice himself for others, when that sacrifice brought him no personal advantage whatsoever.

So I often had a strange experience. He would fly into a passion when I asked for some slight service, which, with my slender strength, I could not perform for myself; and the next hour he would devote himself, with an almost pathetic patience, to some tediously exacting claimant. Yet the claimant greatly bored and tried him; whereas, in his normal moments, he always said that I was the best, the truest friend God had ever sent him.

I dislike mysteries, and am ever seeking for some common-sense explanation, but I was unable to explain this experience through any ordinary reasoning. I knew that Carlos had a strong affection for me, for he proved it more than once; yet, in spite of all his resistance, and against his will, he sometimes treated

me abominably, whereas to those for whom he had no affection whatever, and from whom he gained nothing but trouble, he ever showed the kindest and most self-sacrificing courtesy.

"I cannot help it," he would cry, "my conduct to you shames me, until I am humbled to the dust; every gentlemanly instinct in me revolts against it, and yet I fall into the same sin again and again. In one sense I cannot blame myself, for I am utterly helpless; yet in another I despise myself, and am ashamed to call myself a Christian, for I return evil for a goodness which has not failed me during all these unhappy years."

Can the reader explain so mysterious a dispensation save in one way?

God permitted the influence, sent across space by our powerful and mentally trained enemies, found either in this world or the next, to dominate Carlos, because we both needed to learn, perhaps more than the average man and woman, that without Him we can do nothing.

Again and again and yet again, we knelt side by side with clasped hands, the tears streaming over our faces, beseeching Christ to deliver us, but during fifteen long years we had no answer to our prayers.

That we had enemies, and that they continued to hate me and to try and separate us, was proved by the letters which were constantly being received by Carlos, until the very sight of the familiar handwritings turned him cold with dread.

Again I was tempted to ask, "What is their religion worth?" and in answer the Voice showed me, at last, in one magnificent instant, the true Church of Christ, while I was helplessly beseeching to be kept from breaking the vow I had made to forgive always:

In vast circles, as far as the eye could reach, stood the saints and martyrs of every Creed, wing joined to splendid wing; and as this feathered phalanx ranged tier above tier, an amphitheatre built of human souls was symmetrically formed, such as no human architect ever imagined. Every diversity was joined as a unity, because, rising above this massed human power, floated our Saviour, made in the image of our dual God; and His double-streaming effulgence fused each man and woman into an all-absorbing Heavenly Harmony.

"So great and so splendid is the Church of Christ," said the Voice, "then forget the present fanatical blindness of your enemies;

because, in the end, the Roman Catholic Church will add a magnificent chord to the Harmony of Heaven, a fact foreshadowed in its present music, more dignified than that of any other Church."

I accepted the rebuke and struggled on as best I could in my own little place, which seemed to be growing ever smaller and meaner; for, as the years rolled by, we finally became so poor that I had to act as a servant, in a little house in an English village, and opened the door to Carlos' pupils, who, until they came to know me, treated me as though I were his elderly housekeeper and maid-of-all-work combined.

Seeing that I had been the great lady and he my protégé in the beginning, this seemed to be rather a reversal of positions.

But our Lord is great; for, sometimes, when I stood at the foot of the stairs, in our little home, so tired I seemed unable to get to the top step after a heavy day of manual toil, He lifted me in His arms and carried me to my bed, and so refreshed was I often that I could have begun the hard day all over again.

There is only one thing in this world that is of supreme importance: to hold fast to our Lord Jesus Christ, always and under all circumstances, for when we are filled with His Life, every difficult fate is changed to a glorious triumph.

I was willing that all the hard Presbyterians and the censorious Lutherans and the fanatical Jesuits, through whom I had suffered, should rain blows upon me, if, in the end, I was taught to draw closer and closer to my Lord, excluding none who would come with me.

So I prayed from the depths of my soul to be allowed to bring all my enemies at last, hand clasped in hand, to His Mercy Seat. Seeing that the mission of building the glorious Church of Christ awaits us, it did not seem worth while to lose my time in anger or self-pity, when one moment of Christian Unity will atone, in the end, for the centuries of discord Satan has sought to foster, in order to hide from us our heavenly privileges.

Jesus Christ is going to conquer in the end. This fact I set before me, and I sought not to forget this truth no matter how long and seemingly devious the path might be.

So I cooked and swept and dusted, and was shabby and snubbed, but I grew increasingly happy, until the problem was how to keep my dancing feet still, and to behave as befitted a person of my years.

Would that I could share this experience with the whole

burdened world of aged labourers, groaning under their loads—loads which He can lift in a moment, if only one asks Him fervently enough.

At the time that the meaning of the Rock of Gibraltar was explained to me, we were still at the beginning of the long difficulties I have been outlining, difficulties lasting over fifteen years; but had I foreseen them all, I should still have taken this exceptionally strong and exceptionally gifted youth into my home.

After Carlos had been with me some time I found that the business of Armageddon would detain me in Haifa, so I decided to send him to Italy and to join him there later.

He succeeded brilliantly, passing at the end of six months an examination which the other pupils in the Conservatoire required three years to compass. He took, in addition, private lessons from one of the best teachers in Italy, who set him as an example before his other pupils, and presented him at a public performance.

When I reached Italy he looked well and happy, although he had been working very hard. But before one week had passed the former obsession seized him and he was a changed man. There were times when he seemed unable to bear the sight of me.

One day he returned from a lesson in stage deportment required by the Conservatoire, and said to me:

"Signor F. has insisted to-day, that in order to be a good singer I must have a mistress."

Signor F. was a celebrated man, training opera-singers for the stage, and many successful, and some widely noted, artists had passed through his hands.

The blood flew fiercely to my head, and I felt that I was in no condition to answer, so I said to Carlos, "I cannot speak on this subject now, because I am too angry to be reasonable, but if you will wait until to-morrow I will pray for guidance."

The next evening we had a quiet moment, and I said to him:

"You have told me that there are a number of pictures and sculptured images of the Holy Mary and of the saints in Signor F.'s rooms, did you not?"

"Yes," said Carlos, "there are several pictures of the Blessed Virgin, and other sacred paintings, on the walls of his handsome studio. You understand that Signor F. is as good as most men, agreeable, well bred, and acknowledged to be one of the finest masters in stage deportment. He is much better known and much more successful than you are, and he expresses what many men, perhaps most men, think. How, then, am I to know that you, with your strict notions of morality, ridiculously strict it seems to me, are right; and that Signor F. and other men are wrong? Are you not placing an impossible ideal before me, when you ask me, a Southerner and an artist, with the hot blood coursing through my veins, to lead a perfectly pure life? I am not an old woman like you, but a young man with strong passions, which I am ever tempted to gratify. Aye, furiously tempted sometimes, for I do not belong to your cold-blooded race."

Carlos stood before me with flashing eyes, his black, curly head thrown back in mutinous revolt, his strong and rather sensuous features working angrily, his whole muscular body tense with resistance.

"I tell you I cannot and I will not bear your chains any longer. So far I have kept my word to you and have lived a pure life, but I am a man, and I warn you that I intend to be free and do as I like. Signor F. understands the needs of an artist, and you, what do you know about it?"

He turned from me with a gesture of contempt and was about to leave the room.

I sent up a cry to the Lord to help me, for I felt we were reaching a crisis, a crisis so dangerous that even the Rock of Gibraltar might totter under Satan's assaults; for I saw, with a sudden clear sight, that it is he, the evil one, who blinds men, even good men, making them believe that a short and poor physical pleasure, having a reaction into disgust and possibly into loathsome disease, pays.

Were there no power of evil, all sensible men would see that prostitution, which is all evil and owns no virtue whatsoever, is not worth while, even as most well-bred men are beginning to see that drunkenness is not worth while, the price to be paid being far greater than the advantage to be reaped; namely, the disgusting delirium of the sot. But so fierce and so subtle is Satan's onslaught, where sex-temptation is concerned, that I perceived that I must indeed be as the Rock to resist his evil influence.

"Carlos," I said, "do not go, for I have something to say to you. I wish you to ask Signor F. a question."

Carlos flung himself into a chair and impatiently waited for me to speak.

"Ask Signor F. whether he thinks it would be possible to place the Holy Mary and a prostitute side by side, mingling their images in your soul.

"He will say, I think, that to put the Blessed Mary and a fallen woman together as equal claimants, as familiar boon companions, is impossible. That being so, you must make a choice between the Holy One and the *cocotte*. Either you must exclude the Blessed Mary from your daily consciousness, or you must exclude the *cocotte*. In making this choice, ask Signor F. which he thinks will give you the truer inspiration as an artist, the Heaven-taught Mary or the hell-tempted prostitute?"

Carlos dropped his face in his hands and said with a sob in his voice, "You are right and the men of the world are wrong, for Christ has commanded us not even to look at a woman lustfully. He, having given the command, will certainly show us how we may obey Him, without losing our health or our inspiration. I will put the question to Signor F. to-morrow, as you have wished me to do so."

When Carlos returned from his lesson, I asked him what Signor F. had replied.

"He had not a word to say. He dropped his head, and seemed unable to look me in the face. What could he say, for it would be blasphemy to affirm that a prostitute is more powerfully inspiring than the Immaculate One, and hence that we should choose the prostitute and reject the Bride in order to become good artists and healthy, virile men."

I may here add that Carlos gradually discovered, after many years of perseverance, a way of living which enabled him to do an immense amount of work without breaking down, and at the same time to lead a perfectly innocent life, which he has consistently done, from that day to this. To utilize a splendid virility through a purity including all noblest creative uses is the central need, so he discovered. But such an ideal requires a long and difficult endeavour. His vow was not easy to keep.

He avoided all stimulants and narcotics, for he found that when he drank wine, for pleasure's sake, smoked, ate heavy and

frequent meals, with a quantity of meat; namely, when he loosely indulged his senses, it was impossible to be both pure and virile in his works and life.

When he kept all his appetites and senses well under control, using a stimulant only when necessary, and above all, when through prayer he turned the strong sex-life he possessed into channels of usefulness, especially into his mission as a singer of religious music, he felt well and he worked splendidly. He was tired sometimes, for he laboured hard, but he revived quickly.

It took a number of years for him to learn his lesson thoroughly, so that he substituted concentration for looseness of purpose; but now that he has been taught how to live, he rejoices in the freedom it has conferred upon him.

Like Murray, he has dropped his sex-chains, not by growing sterile, but by growing prayerfully virile, the Scotchman and the Spaniard having had the same experience.

It may not be necessary for all men to be as strict in diet as Carlos had the courage to be, so long as his fiercely tempted years lasted, for he was a hot-blooded Southerner. But should not every good man take the trouble to study his own nature, and to avoid habits which lead him into temptation, or give a harmful example to others? If he is not capable of this much self-control, may he claim the right to see his God face to face?

The task is to set purity, a virile, creative purity, as the chief aim; and each man must discover for himself how he may best attain this end, and must have the strength to persevere in his chosen way. As Christ has told each striver that he must be spotless not only in act but in thought, it is certain that He will show to every prayerful man, married or single, how His command may be implicitly obeyed, without loss, and only with gain. The dual Creator does not wish to rob men of a divine creativeness.

When the whole world joins the great purity-clad army, the Battle of Armageddon will be won, and may one not hope when two such different types as Murray the Scotchman, and Carlos the Spaniard, have marched under Christ's dual-streaming white banner, that many other good men will soon follow?

Shall these soldiers lose any precious pleasure or privilege? No, a thousand times no, for one exquisite kiss, given in the

presence of God, thrilling every fibre of soul and body with delight, has more value than all the debauches which have taken place since the world began.

The holy joy of true lovers is limitless, whereas the unholy joy of prostituted men and woman is snatched from them, ere it is well tasted. Should a sensualist read these words, he knows in his secret soul that they are true.

We beseech the reader to reform his life, persistently, thoroughly, strenuously, not to make him poorer, but in order to make him infinitely richer, so that the slightest touch of true love, aye, even the sights and sounds of God's beautiful world, will thrill him with a sensuous delight so pure that His angels may drink with him from the same Communion cup.

The Creator has promised this joy, and He keeps His promises.

The great change to be made is to utilize, and never to abuse, sex-virility. It should be neither paralysed nor prostituted, but should be made to serve purely, potently, wherever there is lofty work to be done. This noble use may be discovered by ever praying to the Creator to direct, unerringly, love's radiations, whenever a sex-emotion is felt.

It took a long time for Carlos to learn this lesson, but through an endless perseverance he has now begun to perceive, dimly, the secret of Christ's new Commandment. Sex-love has existed since the world began, but a creative love which wastes nothing, but which utilizes all pure power, this divine secret has not yet been discovered. When it has been learnt, the human family will be saved, for to create, through the Power borrowed from the Creator, usefully, increasingly, unerringly, and most purely, with no wasteful reactions, ensures an immortal life.

When Carlos had successfully finished his arduous studies in Naples, we went to London, and in the great city where one can be so easily lost, we began a protracted struggle.

On the ship, when he began to sing, everyone was attracted, and the warmest praise lavished on him; but when we reached London we encountered difficulties which seemed insurmountable.

The onslaught on Carlos, both through letters from without and Satan from within, continued with virulent force. In addition, he took, being in an exhausted condition, a heavy chill on reaching

London, and for years suffered from ulceration of the bowels and loss of blood.

We had very little money, and I had been so long out of the world that I had lost track of my friends, and those I could trace were alienated through the attack which had been made upon us. All doors seemed to be closed. Finally, through the strictest economy, we managed to give a concert, and he made some friends who gave him opportunities of singing; but, with unfailing precision, whenever he had the chance of being heard in an important engagement, a letter of abuse came from his blinded friend-enemies. The worry and strain of the whole situation brought on hæmorrhage, and although he had the courage to appear on the platform and sing through a heavy programme when he was barely able to stand, his voice was weak and impaired. He never failed, but he did not achieve the triumph which places a man in the front rank.

Again and again we had this experience, the letter or letters often coming on the very day of the concert, until we had to battle with despair, for it almost seemed as though God had forsaken us.

Those who heard him on less important occasions, when he was not so severely attacked, marvelled that he had not at once reached a high place.

This struggle continued for fifteen long years, but Carlos persevered. He had taken a Maestro's degree at the Conservatoire, and he studied constantly to perfect himself as a musician, until he had a thorough grasp of his art.

Finally, he was asked to sing in Stainer's *Crucifixion* in a small church. He was so weak when he started to the church that he could scarcely walk; we knelt in prayer beseeching His help; and I did not cease my petition throughout the evening. He sang like an inspired man, people speaking of it for months afterwards. A few pupils began to come after this effort, finding their way to our humble lodgings, and our situation grew less difficult.

Presently a leading rôle was written for him in an opera suiting the range of his voice. But he was pursued by intrigues, fomented by one of the leading singers, the part was given to another, and he was allowed a hearing only on a night (Friday) when there were no critics. He had been excluded from all the full rehearsals by this influential singer in the company, who evidently wished him to fail, so that he appeared before a crowded

London audience in an exacting rôle, never having set foot on a stage, never having sung with an orchestra, and never having worn a stage costume. He had a severe hæmorrhage during the week, brought on by the strain through which he was passing, and spent the day in bed almost too weak to breathe. We feared a complete failure, but we struggled to renew our faith and spent the day in prayer.

When the curtain rang up, I sent a cry to the Lord not to let him fail ignominiously; his voice was weak, but beautiful in tone, and his acting astonished me. He was perfectly at ease on the stage, and looked quite handsome.

I said to some friends near me, "Would anyone believe that Carlos has never set foot on a stage, nor sung with an orchestra until this night?"

A stranger near me turned and said:

"Nonsense, madam, that young man is a thoroughly trained actor, and of no mean talent. No novice could dominate the stage as he is doing. He is admirable, and were his voice stronger he would have a fine future before him."

But the success proved to be of no use, as the critics had given a full account of the opera on the Monday night, and there was no notice taken of this Friday's performance.

The strain had been so great that Carlos did not recover from it for months.

When we had been struggling in London for a number of years, a beautiful Hungarian girl came to Carlos as a pupil, for he was beginning to establish himself as a fine teacher, although, at times, he was almost too weak to go through the lessons, looking as though he would faint.

As time went on there was a strong attraction between the two, and, finally, a tentative betrothal.

The girl was beautiful, she had marked musical talent, her relatives were well known in the musical world, and could have greatly aided Carlos. They lived in a handsome house near our humble lodgings, and the parents were willing to make their daughter a liberal allowance on her marriage with Carlos.

As the intimacy increased he began to perceive that the family of the young girl were taking up an antagonistic attitude towards me. They thought me much too strict, and they almost scoffed at religion.

Carlos had been especially attacked during the months wherein this attachment had been forming, his antipathy for me ever increasing. On the other hand, the easy-going, well-to-do atmosphere of the young girl's luxurious home was a temptation to him, contrasted to our strenuous existence.

He told me afterwards that at this period he felt that the attack upon him, ever inciting him to hatred of me, had grown almost unbearable; and when a means of escape was opened to him, through which he could reap every advantage, a beautiful and passionately loving bride, talented, well-off, and well-connected musically, who did not require of him my strict morality—when this tempting solution of his trouble was offered to him, it seemed most difficult to resist.

He left London for ten days, in order to come to a decision while alone; and he wrote from his place of retreat to the Hungarian girl, sending me a copy of the letter.

He said to her that he could not marry any woman who was not faithful to me. He did not insist upon her joining the Catholic Church, or any other Church, but he wished his children to be brought up religiously, setting obedience to our Lord above every other claim. It was I (Rosamond) who had waked in him, as had no other person, the love of God; and hence his wife must desire to be my devoted daughter, as he desired to be my devoted son, and she must show her allegiance by adopting the strict and strenuous life which I advised.

If she did not wish to fulfil these conditions, he did not wish to marry her. If she was willing to accept them, he promised to labour perseveringly until, by degrees, she left her ill-regulated ways (such, for instance, as drinking a quantity of strong tea at midnight, and then taking a drug in order to sleep), and he promised to pray for patience in case she could not alter her life at once.

It was a noble, manly letter which, I thought, ought to have won the highest admiration from any aspiring girl, and I hoped the Hungarian would answer in the same spirit, as she had the making of a fine woman in her, so it seemed to me.

Instead, she went into a fit of passionate despair, until the parents, so they said, feared suicide. Carlos received one or two grossly insulting letters from her friends, and there was a complete break between the two families.

He, however, was firm in his attitude. He said to me:

"My wife must be a religious woman, and my home a religious home; and you, more than any human being I have known, have founded in me this love of God. If they intend to throw you over, and to ignore religion—an intention which has been made tolerably plain to me—then I have decided to stand by you, now and always."

The girl persisted in refusing to accept the ideals Carlos imposed, and the conditional engagement was broken.

From this time the attack began to grow far less violent until now, thank God, Carlos and I have lived in peace and harmony for a number of years.

It is a victory which has been won quietly, hiddenly. Few people knew that Carlos had this antipathy for me, paralysing him, soul and body, and interfering with his business success through ill health, for fifteen years; and, hence, not many persons realize how great is God's triumph.

Yet is not the conquest a remarkable one, which may bring a renewed courage to many who read this testimony?

Carlos and I are wide apart as the poles in race, creed, and temperament. We have been tried by poverty, by long-continued and undeserved failure, by year-long illness, by the monotony of a *tête-à-tête*, unrelieved, during many months, through any change or amusement, in the days of our solitude and poverty.

I had, in addition, the test of giving all and receiving nothing, for when I was depriving myself of necessary food and clothing in order to be true to my promise to Carlos, I was receiving only blows in return. He also, luxuriously bred, and waited on at every turn by the servants of the Consulate in his father's home, was suddenly plunged into what seemed beggary by comparison.

And over and above these tangible trials, we were ever pursued by a mysterious curse, harder to endure than any infliction which could be weighed and measured.

Had not this constant hate, forced upon him from without, gripped his vitals, Carlos, with his sane and sober life and his naturally fine constitution, would have come to be a strong and healthy man, for he was rapidly growing better before the attack began. And had he been in robust health, his success as a singer would have been assured after his first appearances, and our trials much less.

Under these conditions we have been held together by one

bond, our mutual love for Jesus Christ. He, our Saviour, with the saintly aid of the Blessed Mary, has brought us peace. Have I not, then, the right to say that He, thus helped, can unite any two souls if they love Him fervently enough?

For our difficulties have been enormous; and if our trial has ended in triumph, may not all strivers win a splendid victory?

Why has God permitted us to be thus pursued? For one sole reason, so we believe: Only thus could He teach us meekness, only thus could He make us understand that the love and praise lavished upon Carlos belong, not to him, but to God; for left unprotected, he has behaved, sometimes, like a demented creature.

And only thus could He make us understand that the love and praise lavished upon me belong also to my Maker, for when He permitted it, I have tasted the humiliation of being the helpless object of a year-long hate.

It has done us both a good which cannot be measured, and we thank Him from the depths of our hearts for the trial which has helped to kill conceit and to teach us how to be humble. Self-sufficiency is a folly, and any experience which stamps this fact upon us, is a great blessing. The fifteen years of tribulation through which we have passed have so imprinted this verity that no after success, so we earnestly hope, will efface the blessed lesson.

This great truth also I have learnt. Had not the Blessed Mary filled my angular character with, at least, a faint reflection of Her tender grace, I could never have won Carlos. Inevitably his positiveness and my positiveness would have clashed, for we are both very hard-set people. But our mutual love for our Lady, whom all generations are told to call blessed, has fused our resisting angularities until they have become yielding unities, our differences of character being no longer a weakness, but a wealth.

If I have taught him to adore more fervently Jesus Christ, he has helped me to love, more deeply and constantly, the Mother of Christ, and my whole character has been softened and purified by this tender passion; hence I owe to my boy a great debt of gratitude.

Finally Carlos broke down altogether in London, after passing successfully a difficult examination at the London University.

He had grown so emaciated and so pale that several people

said to me he looked like a dying man, and he could do almost no work. I had gone to sleep one night offering up a deep prayer for guidance with regard to him. I begged Christ to tell me what I should do to save his life. I was awakened in the night, and heard the words, "Go to the South Coast between Worthing and Hove." We neither of us knew the South Coast, and had no idea what towns were to be found between Worthing and Hove. Also we had very little money left, hence I did not see how we were to establish ourselves in a home in some unknown village. However, we had been told to go and so I knew the way would open. We engaged some cheap lodgings in Worthing through a Teachers' Guild List. As soon as we arrived, we visited the small towns between Worthing and Hove, found a little unfurnished house in Lancing, at a low rent, and in less than two weeks after the injunction had been given, we were settled in our new home, for I felt there was no time to spare.

We had gathered a few furnishings in our various lodgings. I ransacked the second-hand shops for the absolute necessaries, and bought a tea-kettle, pot, and frying-pan, by way of a kitchen outfit. Presently an unexpected sum came which made us more comfortable, and we felt very sumptuous when we could afford to buy sheets, pillows, and pillow-cases, instead of being rolled up in our travelling-rugs.

I prayed to be made a good cook, seeing that our food must be of the simplest; and, very soon, I learnt to prepare delectable potatoes, beans, onions, and cabbage. A few villagers who came to see us asked me where I had learnt to cook so well, and I told them that God who had made the vegetables had taught me how to prepare them, so that I should not spoil His gifts to us.

It was in this little home that I learnt how great is His Power, when one is tired to the point of exhaustion. The work would have been beyond my strength, in any event, but it was made the harder because there was no gas, the water had to be pumped, and there were none of the work-saving appliances found in larger towns.

Here Carlos rallied, and as his health returned he regained his voice. Presently he began to sing in churches, religious meetings, and concerts in the surrounding towns. He is now honoured and beloved by many who have heard him, numerous messages reaching us which reiterate that never has the writer listened to religious singing so deeply touching.

At this time he was led to devote himself more and more to the study of languages, feeling that in some unforeseen way they would enhance his future usefulness. We did not return to London, therefore, as this was a better place for study, but in this narrow sphere, although the greater part of his time is given to languages, he may still be an apostle through music, for our friends tell us that often on joining a group of men the topic discussed is the "Signor's" singing, as he is called, and wherever his black curly head appears on a platform a warm welcome greets him. His subtle artistry and simple sincerity appeal to the most cultivated as to the humblest listeners. Often, as I sit in the audiences, I hear some distinguished-looking man or woman say, "That is masterly."

A few days ago I called on a leading official in a responsible position in Worthing, to which town we have now moved, in order to obtain a signature to a paper. He said, "I have a deep affection, I had almost said a passion, for this young man, and I think the whole town prays with me that his most useful life may be preserved. We all love him and his pure art."

I was astonished to hear so warm an expression of affection from so reticent and dignified a man, and I was fully repaid for our long years of misery. Our Lord has conquered and Satan is vanquished.

Although the relief from poverty came many years after the time of which I have been writing, may I say, ere finishing this period of my life, that we were set at ease, finally, in a most unexpected way.

Murray's father was kind and generous enough to give me a modest competency, although he still believed me to be in error. Many times have I sent to him messages of warm gratitude for the relief he afforded me.

We did not change our simple mode of life, continuing the two-meal system and adding very little to our bill of fare. But our existence was made easier, and above all I could give aid and pleasure to those around me.

As the years rolled by Carlos proved, more and more clearly, that a man can live a perfectly pure life and yet do highly successful work; for in addition to the B.A. Honours of the French-Oriental University, which stands to his credit, he has become the Laureate of the Royal Conservatoire of Naples and an M.A. of

the University of London. He has now mastered, besides Latin, Greek, and Provençal, fifteen modern languages; the grammar of each of these he knows well, and speaks a number of them with fluent ease. He now awaits God's leading as to how he can best devote this knowledge of languages to His Service.

In addition, he has thoroughly learnt not only the practice, but also the theory of music, and gives promise, through such work as he has found time to do in the midst of his studying and teaching, of being a composer above the average, his music having a distinctly individual charm, being both melodious and classical.

In spite of the great amount of work he has done, begun each morning at six o'clock, he is now in far better health than when he came to me as a young lad. He still adheres to our simple mode of living, taking no tea, coffee, or tobacco, wine only as a medicine, and a very small amount of meat, as he finds it easier to keep his vow of purity, by holding all his appetites in strict check.

These details I give for the encouragement of others who have determined to remain the masters of their own organisms, by living as Christ has commanded men to live.

It is perhaps for the sake of being able to add his testimony that God has permitted Carlos to be so sorely tempted and tried through vicissitudes lasting during long and monotonous years, these trials including ill health, inability to work through weakness, and through a cramped poverty, and above all, through a mysterious antipathy, this obsession ever robbing him of the legitimate success his gifts would otherwise have commanded.

These are recognized by all workers as hard trials, and in the teeth of them the battle has been won, the spiritual battle not seen and praised by men as are the triumphs of physical wars; nevertheless, acclaimed as a victory by the angels, so we venture to hope. It is true that the long and mysterious struggle has not left him a strong man, but we ever pray that God will give him power according to his work.

Ill-assorted as are our two natures, He has now established a permanent harmony between us, the peace of our home being so far palpable that others seek comfort in its atmosphere, when they are in need of help.

If we with our faulty and incompatible characters may thus

overcome, through our Lord and Lady, there is not a man or woman, reading this book, who is not able to win the same victory, no matter how difficult their fate may seem to be.

All of us are still very far from the goal, nevertheless a certain advance may be made.

And how simple is the change from irreligion to religion, a simplicity unrecognized because of our senseless controversies over slightly differing creeds and ceremonies.

The irreligious man or woman is self-centred, each depending on his or her own masculine or feminine powers.

The religious man or woman is God-centred, each depending on the creatively full-rounded resources of the Hosts of Heaven.

Which shall conquer; those who, unbalanced, semi-lived, seek to maintain themselves? Or those who throw themselves without reserve on the Mercy of the Father-Mother, who have created a Cosmos safely poised in mid-space, and hence may certainly sustain, through their mighty Mediators, each helpless human soul?

We learnt, then, in our humble little home, not only spiritual but also practical lessons, which would go far, in this age of unrest, to bring the world back to sanity:

We met our difficulties as manual labourers, who were underfed and overworked, not by a strike either against man or God, but by cooking our simple food so well that it satisfied us, and by praying to our Creator for fresh power when our own limited strength, unaccustomed to rough work, had quite failed.

Where our poverty was caused by the injustice and the robbery of our fellow-creatures, we commended our affairs into His Hands, and patiently waited until, in due time, He would solve our difficulties in unforeseen ways, ever showing us how to use the wisest means to ensure the best end.

We have discovered, therefore, in our homely little cottage, that no human being can win a real independence save through Him, for it is certain that no human being is free from pains and penalties; these overtake us all, prince and peasant alike. Hence there is no means of escape, save to glorify pains and penalties by rising the more exultingly the deeper one is thrust down.

Again and again and yet again, we failed to seize hold of this truth; slowly did we grope our dim way, but when our faith did not fail, we came to realize in rare and precious moments that He could refreshingly uplift His children even when they were fainting from fatigue. I wonder if the angels themselves are not tempted, sometimes, to grow impatient at our continued blindness, which refuses to see that all Heaven is waiting to help us, that an infinite Power surrounds and infills us, now and always.

Later Carlos went to Washington, U.S.A., having been engaged as linguist by the League of Nations to serve in the International Labour Conference composed of Government delegates, employers, and working men: and convened to examine the needs of Labour, all over the world, from the humanitarian, the moral, and the scientific standpoints. It is said of this Conference, where forty-one Nations are represented, that it is "the first of its kind in history." He writes to me: "It is impossible to tell you how grateful I am to you for having taught me the principles which are now successfully guiding my life." And again: "I send you the most intense expression of gratitude for what you have done for me in forming my character, your example helping me to fulfil my mission happily, successfully, and in harmony with my fellow-workers." He adds: "The more I see of the world, the more closely do I desire to cling to my principles of prayer and faithfulness to God, ever remembering, as an encouragement, our gay, straightforward, simple home."

These words are as balm to my soul, for it seemed impossible, during the long years of his mysterious antipathy for me, that they could ever be uttered. I rejoice exceedingly, because they denote that the triumph of Christ over evil, manifested in almost every form of temptation, is now complete; Carlos' prayer is answered, for, leaving his sheltered home-life, he has entered the world, and is not possessed by it. He has encountered the usual jealousies and contrarieties without being angered or daunted by them; and been subject to its allurements, without being weakly attracted to his undoing. Through strenuous work, fasting, and prayer, he has done, in an entirely new field of labour, excellently well, applauded by all.

We have, however, had one little disappointment: We had hoped he would be permitted to open the Meetings of the League of Nations with sacred singing.

The prophecy symbolized by the Rock of Gibraltar, the English fortress set on Spanish ground to resist the enemy, has then been fulfilled, for we are now so close akin that he feels my prayers coming to him across the wide ocean in "palpable waves," so he tells me.

ARMAGEDDON

I AM now eighty years of age, and as yet no visible consummation has been vouchsafed to me. But with all my soul do I thank God, and shall continue to thank Him until I draw my last breath, for the lesson which this long waiting is teaching me: I can now say to all whose fruition is long deferred, to the many solitary ones, that with His help one can wait not only patiently but joyously; for sometimes I can scarcely keep my old feet on the ground, because I am so thrillingly lifted to meet the Bridegroom, the King of us all, on Heaven-seeking wings.

As the reader knows, my experience includes hope deferred; bereavement; ill health lasting many years; poverty, inflicting hunger and cold; toil, mental and physical, beyond my slender strength; the danger of an unprotected woman meeting man's unbridled savagery; dangerous accidents by sea and land (as I have been in a situation similar to that of the *Titanic*, and in a railway wreck when I had to help tend thirty dead and dying sufferers, while myself dazed with the shock); an incomprehensible and year-long antipathy, where I had hoped for a blessed consummation; fear of assassination prolonged through many months, persecution, and isolation.

Seeing that these are the sufferings which have been transmuted into joy, am I not warranted in saying to every burdened soul the world over, that Heaven can atone, now and here, for all human misery?

What, then, may be reaped from this story, the greater part of which was written on Mount Carmel in the winter of 1913–14, and which is now being brought to a close in the year 1928.

Whether we are considering the physical, visible war of wars men have gone mad in witnessing, or the spiritual invisible cause lying close behind it, what is the all-important truth which undeniably confronts us, amidst the maze of issues which have distracted, daily, our attention during the years of fighting and are still being deeply imprinted now that we are feeling the after-curse? What the central thought to be indelibly inscribed, in this age of unrest, on our repentant souls, so long as life lasts?

In analysing the lesson of our war-martyred century, the plain answer known to us all may be simply put, and as there is still threat of war in the air, should be deeply engraved on our memories:

Awful butchery; heart-breaking bereavement; nerve-racking dread of news yet more terrible; the cruel strain of overwork; pinched poverty, fainting with hunger; the destruction of thousands of hardly earned homes, of precious art-treasures, of priceless libraries, of beloved sanctuaries, built through inspired years of effort; disorganized industries, entailing burdening loads of daily care on business men; the strain of living, with soaring prices, on limited incomes; the ceaseless anxieties of heavily burdened statesmen and warriors; the distress of districts which have suffered under army occupation and the aircraft menace; dangerous seafaring; the strife-engendering friction lurking in international trade difficulties; huge national debts; the spread of loathsome diseases; and, heaviest of all, the long years wherein the after-burdens must be carried by the lame and the halt and the blind, until death brings relief—the whole of the penalties brought on by this world-war, through which we have passed, from which we still suffer, and from which, alas, we may again suffer, penalties which no words may describe—all this dread misery crowded into haunted years, and followed by a so-called peace, straining men's endurance, could have been avoided if one short word had been engraved on the hearts of men throughout the world, one word of four letters: LOVE.

Is it not fitting, then, in the face of this fact, to put in the forefront, from this hour forward, not learning, not science, not mechanical ingenuity, not trade supremacy, not military prowess, not statecraft—none of the ordinary aims and ambitions of men, for have not all these been satanically used, often, in these dread years of war?

Unless, then, we supremely exalt Love, letting all other usefully honourable aims take a secondary place, where shall we turn, where find safety, when praiseworthy human ingenuity, most cleverly inventive, has been and may again be used satanically?

What is the mightiest form of Love? Shall we set on the highest altar faithful parental love; the reverent love of children for their elders; loyal brother and sister love; gentle sympathy between true friends? Do these calmly sweet affections sweep the

souls of men and women from their moorings through an emotion mightier than themselves, sometimes lifting them to creative heights so near to Heaven as to make them afraid; sometimes dragging them, headlong, into depths of shame from which, when sanity returns, they recoil in wondering horror?

When, then, Love is invoked as the Saviour of the world, when its mighty Power is proclaimed, it is the bridal Love that creates which is exalted to the chief place, rather than the gentle affection usefully blessing those who are harmoniously akin. The one passion may lift us to high Heaven, where we may see the Creator face to face, or it may plunge us into hell; whereas the other affections only lead us, contentedly, along the pleasant and familiar ways of our homely earth.

The one mighty torrent is our imperious Master carrying us beyond our human depths; the other calm stream is our gentle servitor quietly bearing us whither we wish to go.

It is, then, the Love which only the Creator can guide aright, when it sweeps through men and women from unseen, mysterious Sources beyond their ken—it is this Love which can best save the world when it is hallowed as a Sacrament. And it is the reverse of this Love, lust, which ever accompanies blood-thirstiness, cruelty, carnage—it is this hideous caricature of Divinity which seeks to wreck tempted men and women.

So long as this most hateful egoism—so incomprehensibly demented that a man, who would not use a table-napkin which had served another, is ready to mingle his life in the closest intimacy inherent in existence with that of an abandoned creature—so long as this prostitution is tolerated, which, for one moment of lewd pleasure, is willing to defile a fellow-creature God has made, so long must the world stagger on its blind way.

Yet this utterly callous self-seeking is still tolerated by all Christian nations, and carries its contamination wherever civilization spreads. And then we wonder why the world is in so uneasy a state! Yet is not the answer plain? So long as the stream of life is ever filthily polluted at its source, it is bound to remain foul.

Through every secret love-throb in every passionate human breast is this Battle of Armageddon being fought. When the selfless soul beats in accord with God, the Creator, the battle is being won; when egoism opens the way to evil, the battle is being lost, and Babylon triumphs.

May the victory come soon: a victory for which every unmated soul can prepare the way and which every mated soul can win; for when marriage becomes a Sacrament, the children born of a God-seeking Love will never consent, no matter what their nationality may be, to hew the flesh, to blind the eyes, to torture the ears, to sever the limbs, and to craze the minds of their brother men through a surfeit of horrors.

No human creature, thrilled with the knowledge of God when first he wakes next his mother's heart, will desire so to torture his fellow-men, causing through bloody war a hell on earth, merely for wicked conquest's sake; and those who are low-lived lovers, fouling the Source of Life, are not innocent victims, but are responsible for the causes which must lastingly follow a godless creativeness, ignoring the Creator.

A great White Army whose ranks are filled by those who have sacrificially given their young lives in this war, this Cloud of Witnesses, looks down from Heaven upon an uneasy, an apprehensive world, and begs us not to fight again.

Those who have let them go, look up from empty hearths into the dim Unseen, asking to be comforted and protected from a return of the horror which has robbed them of their beloved.

May not those in Heaven and those on earth who have given their all, repeat in unison a prayer so colossal that none like it has ever ascended from poor, faulty, human lips, and hope that He, the God of Justice, will answer it?

Surely, if there is a God of Justice, and we faithfully do our part, He will listen to this Army of Martyrs in Heaven and on earth who have made the last sacrifice.

May, then, this Company, having won so great a privilege, be led to use it aright by offering up, ceaselessly, the one prayer which will save this earth from war for ever:

"Fill the earth with Love, undefiled, wisdom-taught."

Thus entreated, it is certain that the Father-Mother will answer a burdened humanity.

Is the pleading for a sacramental purity, reiterated in this book, over-stressed?

For three generations have my people given time, strength, and their considerable fortunes to help their fellow-creatures. David Dale, Robert Owen, and Robert Dale Owen: my great-

grandfather, my grandfather, and my father and mother, have laboured long and most strenuously to be of use to humanity. It was a theme constantly discussed in our home. "How can I serve," was the all-important consideration.

Yet for three generations have my people been forced to fall short of their lofty aims.

New Harmony, Robert Owen's experiment, might have been a Paradise were men and women ready to enter Paradise. Instead, the remarkable group gathered at New Harmony, who were in the main quite above the ordinary status of society, even these Representatives who had reached an unusually high development, brought the experiment to ruin in three short years, although Robert Owen had proved himself to be remarkably gifted as an organizer and all the material circumstances were excellent.

Everywhere leading masters among us are and have been formulating schemes for the betterment of human conditions, yet these schemes, no matter how cleverly organized they may be, must needs fail so long as we, who seek to carry them out, remain failures.

There is, therefore, one plain conclusion to be reached; the great need is to lift humanity above the low level where it is still believed to be a legitimate vocation—aye, even a dignified vocation—to spend years of time, countless effort, and millions of money for the purpose of butchering each other, instead of helping each other.

Until this savagery is blotted out of the world by an irresistible demand on the part of Christendom to purge the earth of war and its accompanying prostitutions, we are cursing and not blessing our Saviour. For so long as war and prostitution exist, how may we call ourselves a Christian people?

What, then, must be done in order to change this state of things? How shall men be persuaded to cease savagely hacking each other to pieces in order to settle some mooted question?

Looking back over the long and strenuous efforts of the altruists of this world, eagerly and vainly seeking a remedy, are we not brought face to face with the fact which this book was written to set forth; namely, that there is but one fundamentally effective solution to be found:

Holy children must be born of sacramental marriages, where no faintest passion is permitted to sweep through pure lovers until they are obediently aware of the Presence of the Creator

in all creativeness. For how else can Life be lastingly cleansed save by cleansing its Source?

If, through the colossal sacrifice of the young lives which have been offered up through cruel war, this conviction is stamped upon us, then we may hope for an unbroken peace. But if an unholy generation, turning a Sacrament into an appetite, still continues to breed savagery, what certain hope have we that strife shall cease?

SUCCESS

The Voice and its Prophetic Promise.

The reader knows how I have toiled and suffered in Palestine; he or she knows that I have bought the right to be the owner of Armageddon with my heart's blood, for my beloved Murray died in the earlier and useless effort to get possession of this prophetic spot, delayed through the trickeries of the Turkish Government in conjunction with Mustafa's laxity; the reader remembers that I myself was under fear of assassination for many months, when Mustafa, mad with absinthe, constantly threatened to kill me, and did end, at last, as a murderer. The reader is aware that, with the exception of the three minutes when I threw myself, dead with fatigue, on the sofa, after Murray and myself had been watching a dangerously delirious Mustafa for three days and nights—with the exception of these three minutes, when I knew I ought to be up and doing, I have neglected no duty, either moral or legal, in connection with Armageddon. Nevertheless, in the years 1925–6 my prospects still remained hopeless. For the outlook was so dark that not an experienced man of my acquaintance thought I had the remotest chance of success.

The fellaheen had sworn on oath that I had never owned a foot of land in the Plain of Armageddon, and swore this oath with the deeds to the land made out in my name lying on the table before them, deeds registered in perfect order in the Turkish Government books, and in spite of the fact that they themselves had rented the land from me for one year (the rent being paid me through the British Vice-Consul) at a sufficiently late date to forbid any claim through prescription, and that they themselves had requested the sale, being in need of money at that time rather than of the land, of which they had extensive areas.

Under these circumstances the Palestine Government reiterated their refusal to protect me, although the universal opinion was that as the Turkish Government had failed in the Contract that Government had made with me, after selling me the land at auction, a Contract to deliver it to me administratively—under these circumstances it was generally thought that the duty of

the present Government, as the successors of the former Government, was to carry out this Contract by putting me in possession.

Instead, I was told to go to law with these perjured fellaheen in a prejudiced inland Mohammedan town, with an Arab judge as associate, and all experienced men told me that, unprotected by the Government, there would be endless procrastination and constant intrigues in bringing this suit against some ninety lying fellaheen, and hence that the attempt to get possession of my land was, under these circumstances, a hopeless task. Nothing was left to us, therefore, save to return to England completely beaten.

Thus balked at all points, I struggled to bear cheerfully not only the business disappointment and the anxiety about money it entailed, but also to overcome an even greater trial, for it was very difficult to reason away a tormenting doubt: why had the Voice led me to persevere, again and again, if this was to be the result? As my hopes had risen so high after General Allenby's victory, the disappointment was doubly hard to bear.

All who knew the case were as puzzled as I was myself at the refusal of the present Government to carry through the obligation incumbent on the late Turkish Government, a failure which had caused all my trouble.

As I had reached eighty years of age, my people begged me to let Carlos accompany me, hence we were obliged, in order to save money, to live most economically, having few comforts; and in addition I had suffered compulsory vaccination on landing in Palestine, and the consequences had been serious; my usually sound lungs were attacked, and I had no rest day or night, as I coughed incessantly and violently for weeks. Hence I was worn out, and under these accumulated trials it was difficult to obey the Voice ever bidding me to believe that His was the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory and to remember that in this knowledge must I constantly rejoice, no matter what trials I had to bear.

We struggled to obey with a certain measure of success, and made ready to start on our homeward journey upheld by an unquestioning faith. Christ had permitted these trials, hence they must be gladly borne, so we knew. Always the Voice repeated, "Do not complain, do not be sorry for yourself." So I sought

to spread my wings, refusing to be heavy-footed, and it was not always an easy task, for the suffering had now lasted so long.

At this juncture both Carlos and myself were strongly led to return via Constantinople instead of through Alexandria as was my custom.

This proved to be something of a task, for everything had been left to the last moment, in spite of our efforts to expedite matters.

All the passport formalities, etc., were delayed, and we found, at the last moment, that we must get a special permit to go to Beyrouth, from whence our boat started for Constantinople.

We went to the Consul to get the necessary permission, but a formidable kavass barred the way.

"Madam, His Excellency sleeps," he said.

"But," I explained, "our boat leaves early to-morrow morning from Beyrouth; our passages are taken and paid for; we must start at once."

'Madam, His Excellency sleeps," was the sole and stolidly repeated answer we could extort from the kavass.

When His Excellency finally finished his nap, he proved to be a most courteous gentleman, who would have forgone, in all probability, his long sleep had he known of our plight; but as it was, we could not begin our long journey by automobile overland to Beyrouth until after five o'clock in the evening, having been delayed all day by these formalities, of a rather exasperating character, as many travellers know.

When we reached Sidon it was quite dark. Our chauffeur, half Arab, half Turk, had followed us into the Bank at Haifa and had seen me receive the money for the journey, which I could obtain only at the last moment, after much difficulty, owing to legal hindrances, and hence was obliged to carry on my person.

As I turned and saw him looking over my shoulder, the gleam in his covetous eyes rather disturbed me, as we had a long and lonely ride before us, where we would be at the mercy of this powerful young giant.

At Sidon the chauffeur disappeared for some time, and ten minutes out of Sidon we were suddenly stopped and the auto. was surrounded by a number of men.

I could not at once distinguish who they were in the dark, and feared they were confederates of the chauffeur, but we soon perceived that it was a squad of French soldiers who barred the

way. To our dismay they ordered us back to Haifa, as four chauffeurs had been killed on this road during the week by the Druses lying in ambush.

Without warning to the soldiers or to ourselves, our chauffeur put on full speed, scattered the soldiers right and left, and we started to Beyrouth on our perilous way at a pace we had never before experienced. With lights turned off we raced along the tortuous road, where we might have been pitched over an embankment at any moment, in the dense darkness.

There must be an elemental savage lurking somewhere in our civilized souls, for finding ourselves in this predicament we gave ourselves up to the joy of this mad race. We scarcely seemed to touch the ground, as the chauffeur whirled us through the darkness, urged by the knowledge that his life and ours were at stake. But the Turk in him evidently enjoyed the danger, and there appeared to be something of the Turk remaining in ourselves, for we also were thrilled, as we seemed to be sweeping like a bird through the air, instead of travelling soberly on terra firma.

But I must say, although it was an exhilarating ride, that we were relieved when the friendly lights of Beyrouth came in sight and we drove to our hotel in safety.

The staff of the hotel was amazed when they heard we had traversed this deserted road without being murdered, as no one else had dared to do so at night, ours being a unique experience.

His Excellency's nap and the other tedious formalities and Oriental delays might have cost us our lives, but happily no harm befell us.

We embarked early the next morning, reached Constantinople without further accident, and there a complete *volte-face* in our affairs filled us with deep gratitude.

In one short day, God's time having come, we accomplished more than I had been able to do in the barren years ranging from 1889 to 1926–7.

We had been led to telegraph to the British Consulate-General that we should lie in port during thirty-six hours. A messenger came on board as soon as we reached Constantinople, making an appointment at the Consulate for the next morning. We called at the appointed time, and there we met the British Secretary of a Supreme Arbitral Tribunal which was to be convened

for the purpose of settling outstanding questions between British nationals (which I was by marriage) and the Turkish Government. The Secretary insisted on my seeing the leading English lawyer in Constantinople, and to my surprise and delight I found that he, Mr. Henry E. Pears, and his father before him, Sir Edwin Pears, had known Mr. Oliphant well, and I found him to be a most courteous gentleman, willing to help me to the best of his distinguished ability, out of friendship for my husband.

It transpired that through the Treaty of Lausanne, I was given a good chance of success, under various Articles bearing on transactions before the war.

Article 73 states that "contracts, whatever may be their purpose concluded between individuals or Companies and the State (Turkish) provinces, municipalities, or other similar juridical persons charged with administrative functions, *remain in force*."

Article 79 states, "All periods whatever of prescription, or limitation of right of action, whether they began to run before or after the outbreak of war, shall be treated, in the territory of the High Contracting Parties, so far as regards relations between enemies, as having been suspended from the 29th October, 1914, until the expiration of three months after the coming into force of the present Treaty" (signed at Lausanne on the 24th July, 1923).

Mr. Pears advised me to prepare a Memorial to be presented to the Supreme Arbitral Tribunal, which he, with the aid of an expert Turkish scholar and lawyer, undertook to present to that Tribunal, a Memorial founded on the above and other favourable Articles, which these two experts thought defended my claim very satisfactorily.

So I suddenly found that, instead of having to wrestle in an inland Mohammedan town with a crowd of perjured fellaheen in a hopeless struggle, I was to be represented by a noted expert in Anglo-Turkish affairs and his very capable assistant lawyer before a dignified Tribunal in Constantinople, pledged to administer, as a supreme and decisive Authority, the questions brought before it. In addition, not only did the Treaty of Lausanne, and other first-hand information known to Mr. Pears concerning Oriental affairs, greatly assist me with regard to Armageddon, but this information, including details about what

is known as a *wakf*, removed serious stumbling-blocks with regard to claims connected with my Haifa affairs.

There could scarcely have been a greater change in my fate, and I now await my turn in the long list of claims brought before the Tribunal with a hopeful patience.

The question is not yet settled, but even a pessimist—and I am an optimist—even a pessimist would be persuaded, I think, that success is clearly in sight, and hence my wonderful Voice was correct when it bade me "*Persevere*," in spite of the universal opinion that it was impossible for me to succeed at Armageddon, an opinion which, humanly speaking, was quite warranted, for no one could foresee that the Treaty of Lausanne would come to my rescue, through men of whom I had never heard, until the Voice urged us to go, at some peril, to Constantinople, in order to find these good and able unknown friends.

The strong probability is, therefore, that I shall come into possession of Armageddon through the supreme authority of an Anglo-Turkish Arbitral Tribunal, so my learned advisers confidently believe.

I am thankful that when there seemed to be not a glimmer of hope, our faith, through the help of our Lord, remained steadfast, and also most thankful that we were not murdered in our perilous journey from Haifa to Beyrouth, just as the dawn of a new day of hope illumined the dark impasse, where there seemed to be no exit.

We returned to Palestine, Carlos and I, in the same year, 1926–7, and here the same good fortune blessed us, a good fortune he well merited, for he had helped me with an unfailing courtesy and capacity, the eighteen languages he had now studied serving us well. As we journeyed through various lands he was taken to be an Arab, a Turk, a Greek, an Italian, a Frenchman, and even a Scotchman, by a Scotchman, each country thinking him to be a native, which much facilitated our business, but no one mistakes him for an Englishman, although he has thoroughly mastered our difficult tongue.

With this new outlook in my affairs, two of the ablest lawyers in Palestine, after I had answered a long and searching questionnaire, undertook to defend me in my Haifa claim to some valuable land in the Haifa Station, the Station of the Palestinian Railway, which the labour and the money of my husband had initiated.

And again reverence for Mr. Oliphant aided me, for these two very able lawyers held him in high esteem and desired to help his widow. It was a Crown Case, and even the Attorney for the Government opened the suit by courteously expressing regret that his position obliged him to go against the widow of a man so highly revered as was Laurence Oliphant in Palestine.

I was deeply grateful for all this kindness, but a very serious stumbling-block remained, namely the lack of money. How was I to pay the expenses connected with the law?

God, who had opened the way so far, not by chance but by direct leading, again removed this hindrance which quite barred further progress, so it seemed.

AN UNEXPECTED RELIEF

I HAD been struggling with an Arab agent in charge of my property on Mount Carmel, inherited from Laurence, which I had tried for years to sell when in need of money, but with no buyers, as this agent balked any sale, and also because it was rather far away on the mountain. This agent managed finally to sequestrate this property, thus barring the way to raising on it the money I required, and I seemed again to be baffled, for it is certain that without money one cannot carry on lawsuits. One day, as I sat pondering over the matter, a vision was vouchsafed to me: I saw myself struggling in a confused chaos of darkly shifting masses, surrounded by black clouds gathering over this property, namely Dalieh-el-Carmel.

These masses typified, so I realized, the endless intrigues which had balked me for years, and were still being repeated by my tricky agent, a clever lawyer, seeking to possess Dalieh which, so I had been warned, he was intending to do, having laid all his plans.

I then saw, prophetically, a solution. I perceived a most powerful arm and hand holding a sword which cut straight through the writhing dark mass of intrigues I had seen in my vision with one powerful blow, and then a small crown was held out to me.

This prophetic vision of a new dispensation at Haifa was fulfilled almost immediately, for a day or two later we won the lawsuit the violent Arab had brought against me in order to take from me my property; and as I left the Court I was deeply touched by the greetings from all sides; Germans, Arabs, Dalieh Druses, joining in the warm congratulations, the Orientals salaaming and kissing my hand with genuine good feeling.

Throughout this trial a faithful friend of mine, Miss Frances E. Newton, had stood by me loyally. She offered to buy the property and engaged a well-known English lawyer to defend me; he succeeded both in the first suit and the appeal, in completely freeing me from any claim on the part of the Arab, who had vowed to persecute me to the extent of his ability. But his threats were brought to naught, although the questions raised

were somewhat involved, turning, to a considerable extent, on prescription (occupancy), and here again the Treaty of Lausanne came to my rescue.

Few friends would have shown the persevering patience under difficulties shown by Miss Newton. She is now the owner of the property, and, after much trouble, is in possession of the home which she intends to dedicate, through some good work, to the memory of my dear Laurence.

It was here he lived during some of the happiest hours of his life with his beloved Alice, and here she died, leaving him desolate. It was in this home also that I suffered the dread blow of Murray's loss, so it is a fitting thing that Dalieh should be sacred to Laurence's memory, for everywhere I find that his name is beloved and revered in Palestine.

It is the sale of this home, bought for this gracious purpose, that has opened the way for me to obtain justice, for the purchase money paid me by Miss Newton has now furnished the sum of which I was in need.

So the strong sword has cleft through serious hindrances, enabling me to persevere to the end, through God's Grace.

The Prophecy is being fulfilled therefore, both spiritually and materially, unless incredible difficulties pursue me, ordaining that I shall leave Palestine through a narrow exit, but with an ever-burning lamp in my hand.

Yet so strong is He in the heart which adores Him, that even were all things to fail, still may one rise as a giant refreshed. It is unspeakably splendid, this courage which may uplift a Christian, and I pray that all living creatures may own it, in the end, for it is the greatest Gift which life holds.

Shall the other portion of this Prophecy be fulfilled? Shall the Israel, which I saw mounted on a masterfully powerful white horse with his heir in his arms, long before the Jews came to their Home in Palestine—shall this People, whose year-long prayer God has answered, ride through the dark and narrow valley as a blessed Peace-Maker?

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

"*At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it*" (Jer. iii. 17).

HAPPILY, in ending this book, I may give my testimony that the possibility of securing a consensus among His children, which loses nothing through strife, was manifested on Mount Scopus, a hill belonging to the revered range of hills which includes the Mount of Olives. Dimly and only for one short hour, it is true, was it blessedly in evidence; nevertheless the multitude which was drawn to Jerusalem, and climbed this sacred eminence to listen to Arthur James Balfour, will not easily forget that prophetic hour.

On this hallowed spot was gathered a vast audience of many creeds and nationalities, an audience filling not only the amphitheatre fashioned out of the rock around the platform, but extending in picturesque groups over the hill-side.

This difficult audience, some members of which were, at first, distinctly hostile, Lord Balfour, at his advanced age, had the courage to address. He stood a tall, red-robed figure outlined against a historic background, for in the distance the Jordan, issuing from a ribbon of green, loses itself in the blue waters of the Dead Sea. There was no sign of age in his upright form, and none in the voice ringing over that great assembly, stronger than the voice of any younger speaker, and reaching, evidently, the last eagerly intent person on the hill-side, the restless company being stilled in a rapt attention.

When the failing flesh of old age is thus renewed, we need look to no mortal cause, for mortality is in the grip of an enslaving decrepitude, ever slowly tightening its relentless hold. From whence, then, came this strength? Assuredly not from the weakening human frame, but only from the God-lent Spirit, immortal in its Power, and that Spirit was radiated through this age-weary instrument to uplift the whole of that vast audience.

It was not the words which carried conviction to this mass of humanity, as multiform as an audience could well be, for many

did not understand the words, but the potent factor was the personality of Lord Balfour, unhindering in its humility, which was used as a transmitting medium to give a fresh impetus to his fellow-creatures, on this sacred spot.

My near neighbours were a German, a Czecho-Slovakian, a Spaniard, and four Arab Sheikhs. I had watched the latter with some anxiety, fearing that they might be intent on doing Lord Balfour a harm, as he was a ready target in his exposed position. But when I saw that even these stolid, and at first mutinous, faces were kindled as they watched him with reverent, uplifted eyes, my fears vanished, and in almost similar words the English-speaking German, Czecho-Slovakian, and Spaniard near me exclaimed, at the end of the address, "This man is not a politician, but he is a prophet?"

No aged man can upraise a great company through his own failing strength; hence, it was God's enduring Power which was prophetically radiated through a worthy human instrument to remind us that a magnificent Unity is possible, splendidly able to gather all mankind. No matter how antagonistic, how varied in creed, how wide-sundered in nationality its members may be, yet its millions may still remain fitted to achieve a Solidarity able to merge all creatures in an allied aim, the aim of building the supreme Kingdom of Christ. That Kingdom shall rob no lesser Sovereignties of their precious, because hardly earned, individualities, as each may be kept sacredly intact, even as the radii of a circle may be conserved while converging, wheel-like, to an all-including Centre, as an Axis.

Standing as the central and yet meek figure of that widely varied throng, drawing all sympathies to himself, Arthur Balfour made manifest this Truth. For this vast assembly, representing many creeds and many nations, which had come to hear him, recognized in him, not a politician on a rostrum, but a prophet on the Mount of Olives, and thus touched, remained to pray where some of them had come to scoff and to rebel.

It is true that the Nations were gathered harmoniously together at Jerusalem for only one short hour on this sacred spot; it is further true, alas, that at Damascus a satanic fury sought to end Lord Balfour's Mission on this earth. Nevertheless, faintly heard as the promise still is, may not this foreshadowing moment persuade us that in the end there shall be a universal Peace on earth, sacrificing no precious individual heritage, and yet gather-

ing all men to adore God in unison, a verity prophetically revealed to many of us in that memorable meeting, where complexity spelt not dissonance but harmony, though each note therein retained, unmerged, its own true vibration. This was the lesson we learnt at Jerusalem.

The next day, forgetting the thunders of the ovations greeting him, Lord Balfour received callers, among them myself, and listened with the most careful and simply sympathetic patience to the recital of our small individual difficulties, weary and constantly occupied as he must have been through the ceaseless public efforts he was called on to make.

One such experience suffices—the patient reader who has followed me so far will agree, I am sure—one such experience suffices to renew our faith in the latent Divinity of humanity.

What need we accept in order to believe that in the end humanity may achieve this Divinity?

The symbolic colour, white, contains all radiant colour; and a spirit-pure love, contains all richest life. When leaving our vulgarities for ever behind us, we learn this Truth, then may we see our all-comprehending God face to face and sterile monotonies can never again be suffered.

In that hour pure women, Madonna-like, and virile men, Christ-like, each sex strongly tempted, the one by vanity the other by appetite, may ensure, at the last, the certain fall of Babylon, and so secure a conquest as certain through the triumphantly won Purity-Battle of Armageddon.

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